

Australian PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

OCTOBER 1989

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SPECIAL BIRTHDAY ISSUE!

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There's One Reborn Every Minute



Pet Of The Month



Reckoning Time



California Nightmare



FRANTS KANTOR



NICK CARROLL



JEAN NORMAN



GLENN A. BAKER



BILL LEAK

HOUSECALL

SPECIAL 10TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

Welcome to *Penthouse's* 10th birthday party. Yep, our first issue was October 1979 and we're celebrating a decade of phenomenal success by giving readers an extra 16 pages of entertainment. Included in our party issue is a sizzling pictorial of Australia's Bond girl Lucinda Dunn, shot by **Nick Brokensha**, an all-new centrefold which hails the return of one of our most popular Pets ever, Kristina Dwyer, shot by **Christian Lemech**, and a special eight-page pictorial feature, starting on page 40, recording the pictorial highlights of our ten years at the top of the heap. Pop your cork with us this month.

THE FORGOTTEN VICTIMS

One in nine boys will be the victim of a sexual assault by the time they're 18. But because the figures are higher for women, male victims have tended to be ignored by a system that fails to recognise their suffering. Clinical psychologist **Dr Sandra Pertot** discusses some frightening case histories in a disturbing story beginning on page 34. **Cameron Singleton** contributed the illustration.

L.A. WAR PART 2

In the second instalment of an extraordinary piece of photojournalism, **Wayne Miles** looks at the Los Angeles Police Department's elite anti-gang units charged with the impossible task of controlling the crack epidemic which has unleashed a wave of terror across the fallen City of Angels. The story begins on page 48.

CALIFORNIA NIGHTMARE

The pop idols who weaved a fun fantasy around Southern California 25 years ago had the world at their feet — but now a spate of tell-all biographies paints a picture of astonishing decadence and depravity that turned the California dream into a nightmare. **Glenn A. Baker** waded through several thousand pages of sordid confessions to collate the damning evidence, presented for your edification on page 82. The illustration is by **Michael Farrell**.

THERE'S ONE REBORN EVERY MINUTE

In case you hadn't noticed, the world is going mad. People are shelling out thousands to have their auras read, submit to the healing power of crystals, float in sensory deprivation tanks, relive their past lives and talk to disembodied spirits from other worlds beyond our ken. **Jean Norman** took a headlong dive into the New Age madhouse and braved half a dozen "therapies" on behalf of *Penthouse* readers. Her poignant and sometimes hilarious observations are presented on page 98, with a series of illustrations by **Bill Leak**.

RECKONING TIME

The car as we know it is an endangered species. By the year 2000 it will be socially unacceptable, and legally difficult, to drive anything bigger than a letter-box. That's the depressing prognosis as governments begin to legislate against the traditional gas guzzler to put the brakes on the Greenhouse Effect. Motoring Editor **Peter McKay** looks into the dismal automotive future on page 62. The illustration is by **Frants Kantor**.



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Phil Abraham

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OCTOBER

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Head hunters

I am writing in reference to the article entitled *Head Hunters* (May *Penthouse*) by Wayne Miles. I found this story to be both angering and repugnant. These Rambo-like "thrill killers" revelling in bloodlust inspire only fear and repulsion and the last thing society needs is such glamorising of camouflage-clad ratbags. I was interested to note that no names were mentioned in the article. Was this perhaps because the hunters were 'poaching'? That would explain the use of the silent compound bows.

I am a rifleman and a hunter but I have never and will never derive pleasure or a "thrill" from the death of any creature. The very thought of this is sickening. Your article deprecates the high ethical standards set by the various Australian shooting and bowhunting associations and does nothing to help legitimise our sport in the eyes of the general public.

I do not wish to knock an otherwise excellent magazine but I suggest that perhaps you are falling prey to the anti-*Penthouse* rhetoric of feminists and are starting to believe, wrongly, that all your readers are Neanderthals and Rambo clones. They are not. — *Mark Everitt, Goodna, Qld*

The Family

While I am horrified by the senseless murders perpetrated by *The Family* (June *Penthouse*), I am equally incensed by the Rev Allen Davies' assumption that any-thing connected with the occult is evil.

It seems to me that mainstream religious exponents are always blaming the followers of esoteric branches of knowledge for various crimes, while their own Christian predecessors have committed equally repugnant acts on innocent men, women and children for the past two thousand years. Can anybody puncture their self-righteous, narrow-minded, hypocritical perspective to tell them that "cult" and "occult" are two different words with two different origins?

By the way, thank-you *Penthouse* for providing an entertaining, informative magazine. — *Ms Karen Rodrigues, Chapel Hill, Qld*

Variety's the spice

My husband and I have been subscrib-



Another glimpse of Tiffany Chase

ing to the *Penthouse* Black Label Edition for some time now. We both look forward to receiving the magazine, reading the articles together and viewing the pictorials. While the calibre of your pictorials is high, I find the proportion of your special Black Label pictorials depicting heterosexual couples is disappointing. Most couples pictorials seem to be of the lesbian variety. Sure, these are okay once in a while, but I find your constant use of them, to the exclusion of heterosexual pictorials, to be tedious and unstimulating. There is nothing wrong with the sight of a beautiful woman's body, but you have so many other pictorials of women that the sight of two more women together doesn't have great visual impact.

I realise that many male readers may not share my opinion, but please remember that women do read your magazine and for us the sight of a man and a woman pleasuring each other would be most welcome. — *Name and address withheld*

Reader feedback is welcomed on this subject. — Ed

Tiffany fan

Several months ago I and several other lifeguards saw the *Penthouse* Dance Review at a nightclub on the Gold Coast and we were captivated by *Penthouse* Pet Tif-

fany Chase. Tiffany's natural beauty, long legs and cheeky style held the audience spellbound.

After that performance we all looked forward to the July edition of *Australian Penthouse*. What a letdown! Tiffany's pictorial was hardly long enough to do her justice. A body as stimulating as hers deserves another viewing, either in your pages or, even better, at a private viewing of Tiffany's erotic dance routine. — *G. Cuppie, Palm Beach, Qld*

Samantha the fox

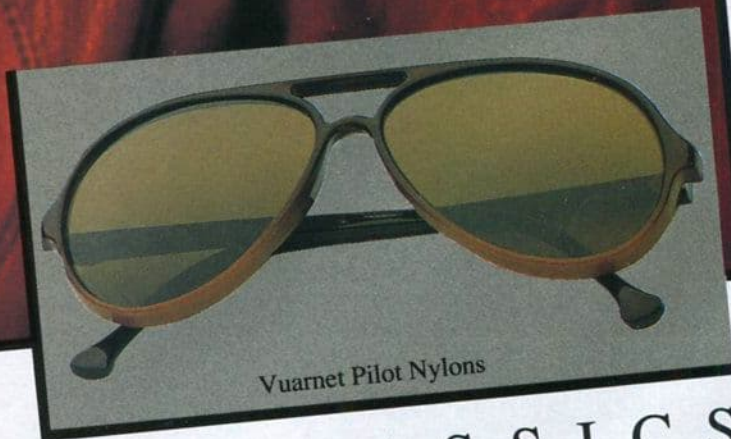
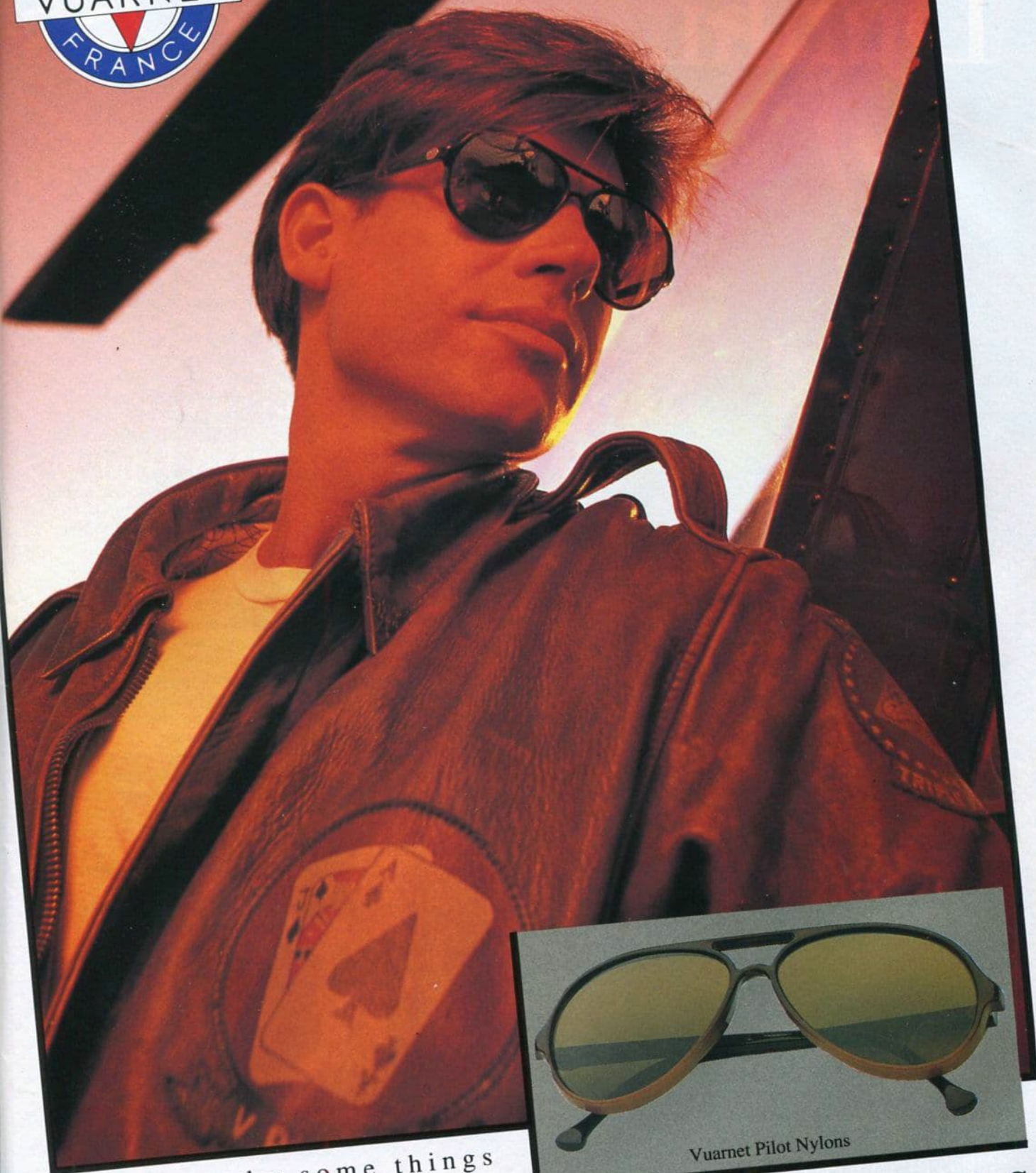
I'm an avid reader of *Penthouse* and an unabashed admirer of your girl pictorials. There was something extra special, though, about the pictorial of Samantha Townsend, titled *Private Eyes*, in July *Penthouse*. I've looked at those pages of Samantha perhaps a thousand times — you could say it's been an obsession — trying to work out exactly what it is that makes her so special. And after all those hours of speculation I still wasn't quite able, if you'll pardon the expression, to put my little pinky on it. Then it dawned on me: Samantha is simply the brightest and cheekiest Pet you've ever featured. You know how you can sense a person's intelligence by a certain glint in their eye? She's got it, and it adds so much to the excitement of seeing her naked and wonderful. Thanks for the pleasure. — *R. J. H., Armidale, NSW*

Sensitive new plan

My congratulations to Jean Norman for her column *The Thinking Woman's Nightmare* — *Suffering The Sensitive New Man* (July *Penthouse*). As anyone who's been silly enough to get involved with one of these idiotic specimens knows, the so-called "sensitive new man" is just an ordinary bloke who's devised a sensitive new plan for wooing and winning the modern female. A wolf in sheep's clothing, as Ms Norman rightly observes. I'm not saying the average Aussie bloke is my idea of a dream partner, but at least he's honest about who he is and what he believes. I'll take Norm over Norman anyday. I only wish that article could be reprinted and distributed throughout the land before the rot spreads too far and there isn't a real man any more to be found. — *Ms A. Vance, Cronulla, NSW* ☐



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Die craving

Still buzzing with adrenalin after a workout with Jade, the top aerobics lady at Fit Inn, we high-stepped into the showers. We'd been talking to a friend whom we'd invited to our party, so the showers were empty.

Lisa giggled, "Exercise always makes me so horny."

"It must have showed," I said. "Karl looked like he had the perfect birthday present in mind. He was almost dribbling in his jockettes."

"Well if that's really all his down the front of his work-out shorts it should be quite a party tonight."

She looked stunning as usual, with her green fluorescent string bikini pants over a hugging black lycra bodysuit. She pulled off her outfit and shook her hair loose from its plait. Her hair, brown and curly, cascaded almost down to her bum. I thought how those green pants had tugged at her mound as she did forward lunges. I'd watched her lithe body constantly with lustful thoughts and the hour seemed to fly by. Lisa thought I stayed at the back of the class because I was shy.

Nothing unusual about us sharing a shower. We were good friends and the cubicles were huge. I probably wouldn't have gone to fitness classes as often as I did if I couldn't ogle Lisa on the floor, and in the shower afterwards. She had a panther body, as lithe as I am solid, and as slim-hipped as I am womanly. Her pouting breasts created a fascinating fold atop her rib cage. She was an endless source of dreams erotic for me. I longed to kiss and lick her graceful neck and make her squirm.

Brushing her hair in luxurious strokes across her back, she said: "Doesn't hair against your body feel so sexy?"

My hair being only a little shorter than hers, but thicker, I agreed. "When you straddle a guy and all he sees of you is your back, your hair and your arse moving up and down his cock," I breathed.

"Mine's long enough so when I put my head back it strokes his belly when I ride," Lisa added.

The song "You Drive Me Crazy" was



on my mind. I hummed it.

"I'll brush your hair, if you do mine," she offered.

Sounded like a fun idea to me. While she brushed, I continued with my favorite subject. I was hornier than my usual self. I wanted her.

"Or when I cover his balls and cock with my hair and tease him really softly," I urged.

"Or when he fills your mouth with his dick," she said.

I groaned approval. She was warming to the subject. "That's great, Liz. Your turn."

She turned her pert little heart-shaped arse to me and the urge to eat it nearly overcame me. She flicked her hair over her shoulders and put both hands on the cool stone wall to steady herself. This made her lean slightly forward. If I was a guy I'd have had a huge hard-on. I wouldn't be able to keep off her. Making my touch deliberately long and sensuous, I whispered, "Close your eyes and think of something wicked."

Lisa gave a throaty growl and started to sway, playing my game. I couldn't handle it any longer. I blew playfully on her shoulders and neck.

"Lower, Karl baby," she giggled. "Lower."

"Holy shit, it's Christmas," I thought as I bent down and blew down her lower

back, across her butt and between her cheeks. I stood again, grabbing a handful of hair with one hand and shoving the brush handle between her legs with the other. I said in a mock male voice: "You want your birthday present, sexy lady?"

"No, no, oh yes, it's so hard," she squealed, and laughed some more.

I couldn't have been more serious. I pulled her hair aside and asked as I lapped her neck, "Still hot for some games, Lisa?"

"Hmmm, but I . . ."

"Shh, shh, sweetie. Just close your eyes and think of Karl or whoever you like. I'm gonna have you."

Lisa was anxious at having gone this far, but I was set on seducing this gorgeous girl. I'd

know how to play her body as only another female can. Turning her around, I wet her with kisses from her earlobes to her breasts. Pressing her up against the wall, I quickly nipped each nipple, and as the sweet sting subsided I held them on my mouth, flicking them with my tongue. She mewed like a kitten to my touch. Encouraged, I moved across her flat belly again, using my mouth and tongue and running small urging circles around her navel. I didn't go any lower just yet. I wanted her wet . . . wet. She moved placidly as I turned her yet again, resting my breasts against her and kneading her soft arse, running my hardened nipples across her back. Her skin was still salty to my tongue but would serve to refresh my palate before the sweet meal I planned to have soon.

I was so excited I was wet half way down the insides of my legs. I crushed myself against her, rolling her tender nipples between my fingers and thumbs, and rubbing my pubis against her. Parting her legs, I raised my knee to press firmly against her muff. She squirmed and heightened her excitement and mine. I half dragged my prize catch to the small bench and sat her right on the edge of the pine slats.

Lisa gave me a shaky smile through passion-hazy eyes and spread her bronzed thighs. I sat back and devoured

FORUM

her with my eyes before I dared touch. I could smell her from there — not as musky as me, but strong and sweet and mouth-watering. My little darlin' was so worked up she lost a dribble of juice to the floor. I wasted no more. I clamped my mouth firmly and sucked her, savoring her hot delights. She parted her swollen pussy for me herself, urging me to give her more. I sought the centre of her desire, her stiff little clit, and attacked it with a serpentine tongue. Her body was tensing, and trembling, the shaking increasing with each new wave of pleasure.

I couldn't eat enough. I drove my thumb deep into her and gave a few solid thrusts. She loved it. Lisa was completely mine at this moment. God, what a heady feeling of power. I love being the aggressor, the seducer. God knows I'd craved her long enough. Her fine hands wove through my hair and she was pushing my face into her with each new tremor, until she came, pulsating with a moan fit for the movies.

Her pleasure spent, I raised my face to hers and to my utter delight she lapped her juice from my face with a butterfly tongue. Her hand grabbed my pussy. Sensing I was on the verge, she drove two fingers into me the same time as she forced her tongue into my mouth, searching and probing and peaking me to the best orgasm I'd had in months.

We shared my juice, licking and suck-

ing it clean. We both sighed deeply and I murmured into her neck, "Happy birthday, baby." — *Name and address withheld*

Snowed under

I thought I might write to *Penthouse* Forum describing an amazing experience I recently had at Perisher. I had travelled to the snow fields with three friends from work. We were staying on snow and had decided to book a shared room to save on accommodation expenses. Jan and Leo, a couple of long standing, had the double bed, while Robert and I had the bunks. Until this trip I thought my friends to be quite staid in matters sexual.

On the night of our arrival Jan and Leo made obvious their attraction for one another. Despite being only metres from our bunks they spent a considerable amount of energy screwing one another while we lay in the dark listening to their moans and sighs, hands on our engorged cocks, wishing it was us eating and pumping Jan's beautiful body.

After our first day of brilliant but exhausting skiing we were relaxing in the bar of our lodge, with a pre-dinner drink. Jan was wearing a pair of pants that had been sprayed on and a tight sweater that displayed her ample breasts. She screamed sex.

At dinner we met two attractive young girls, Sue and Pauline, from Darwin. They were skiing for the first time. Robert and I hoped that we might be able to explore some of the wilds of Australia's Territory. We were all talking and mixing fairly well,

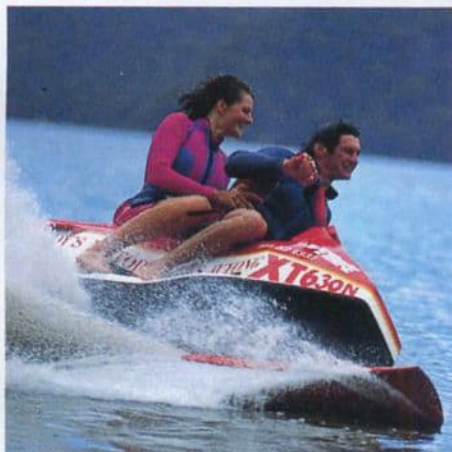
with lots of sexual innuendo being part of the conversation, when Pauline suddenly declared that she was tired and was going to bed. Sue, however, decided to continue partying. At twelve the bar closed and we adjourned to our room for coffee and port.

Our room warmed up quickly with five people in it. We were also feeling a little warmed by the port, no doubt. Leo leaned across and whispered in Jan's ear, she pushed him away and giggled. Leo stood up and suggested that we play cards. Before the deck had been shuffled, Strip Poker was agreed upon as the game. The first person-naked would have to massage the sore legs of the last person disrobed.

The game was progressing quite well with everyone seeming quite comfortable. Sue revealed an amazingly erotic black lace bra, and soon an even more sensual pair of pert breasts, with tiny hard nipples that pointed proudly toward the ceiling. Jan's bra was by necessity more substantial; so were the soon revealed fully rounded mammaries, with penny-sized nipples. We three guys all had raging horns protruding from our surviving undies.

Sue was the first person to remove her final garment, her black G-string, revealing what was the thickest map of Tasmania I had ever seen. To my disbelief and pleasure I managed to keep my undies until Leo and Robert had unleashed their throbbing members and Jan had revealed her carefully trimmed blonde snatch. After I removed my stub-

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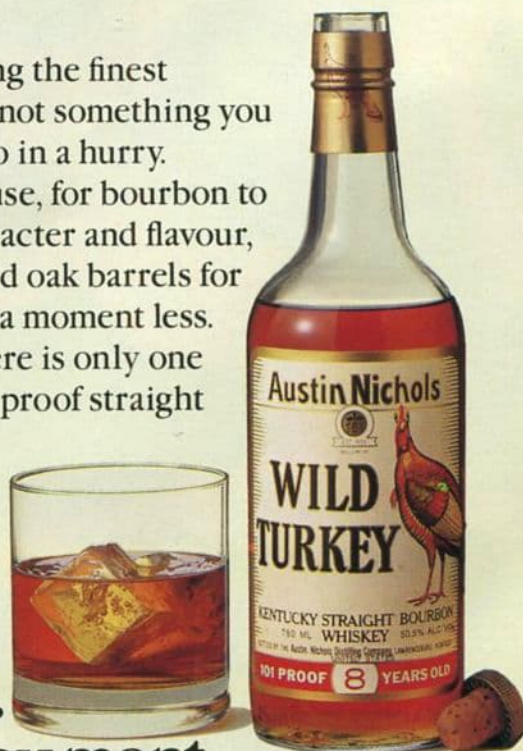


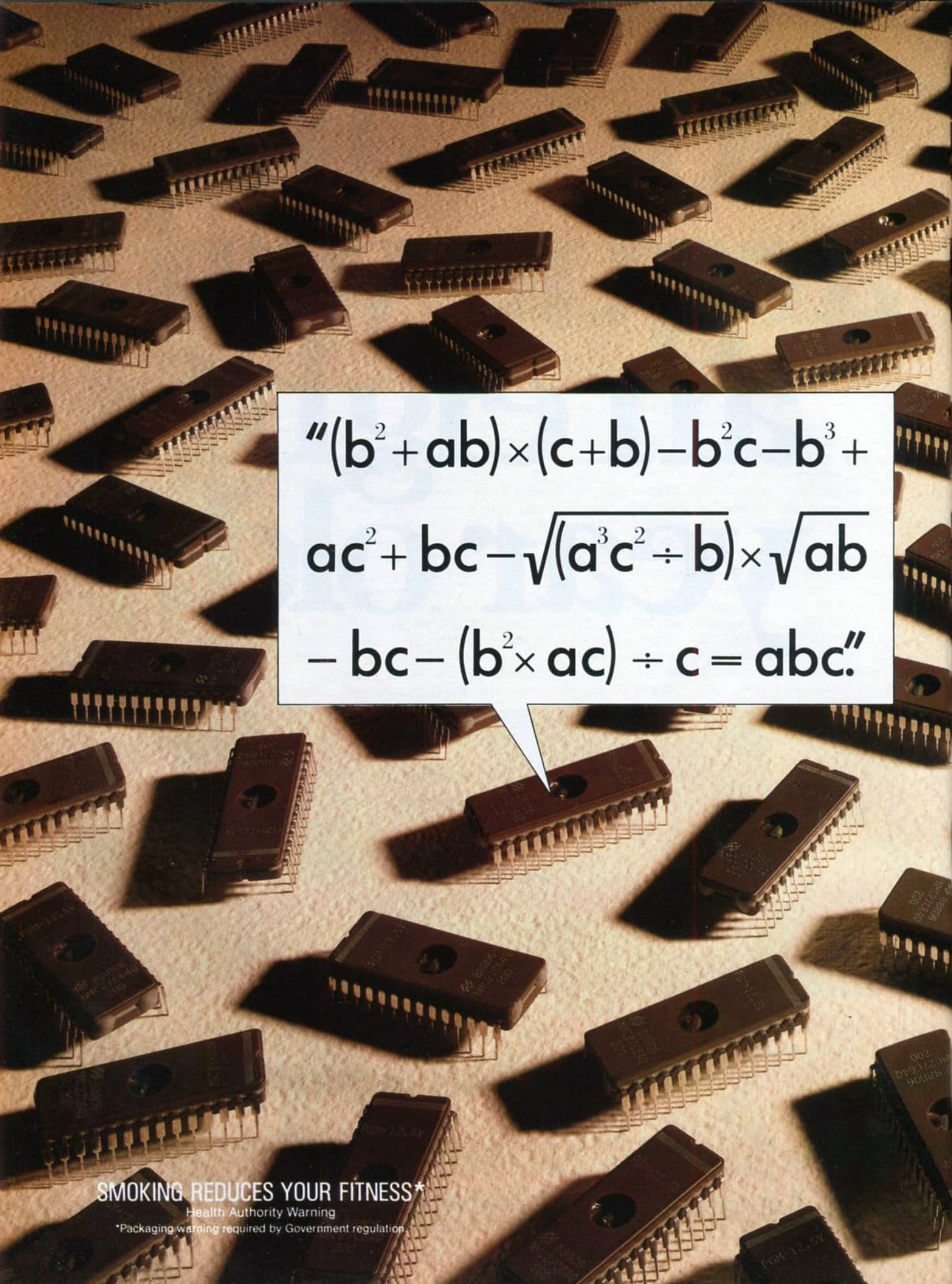
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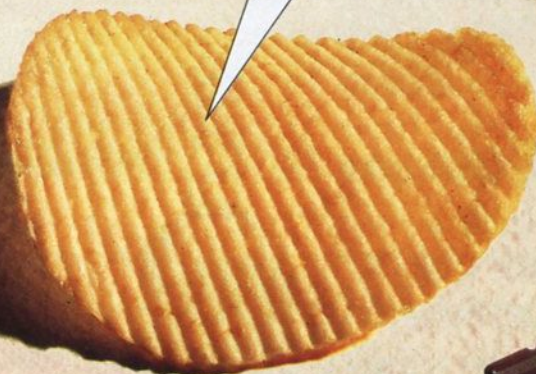
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"I know."



FORUM

born undies, Sue came toward me and asked if I was ready for my massage. She then reached for my fully erect cock and asked if this was the sore leg that needed massaging. I couldn't believe what I was feeling.

She knelt on the floor before me and gently stroked my taut penis. I was in heaven and dying to explore her forest-like pussy. She leaned forward and slowly began to suck the tip of my prick. Her warm tongue moved in a darting fashion down my shaft toward my aching balls. Soon she was really sucking and I could feel myself on the verge of oblivion.

I turned my head toward the others and noticed that Jan was leaning away from me doing something similar to Leo. His eyes were closed in lust. I lifted my hand and stroked Jan's protruding pussy lips. She turned her head around and groaned. Robert took the hint and positioned himself so that he could give Jan a good licking.

I pulled Sue up from the floor and kissed her passionately. She lay back on the bed and I feasted on her beautiful breasts, before making my way to the rainforest that surrounded her cunt lips. I rubbed my face in her soft forest and slowly licked the outer lips of her pink pleasure gash. She was grinding her hips toward my face. My hungry tongue sought out her hooded clit and circled it with gradually increasing speed and pressure. She had the sweetest tasting love juices I have ever tasted. Before too long I inserted my middle finger a short way into her love tunnel and moved it around in a rhythm that matched the tune my tongue was playing on her clit. When she came her fanny closed tightly around my finger and her whole body shuddered. She released a long moan and seemed to fall asleep.

Meanwhile Jan was sucking the last spurts of come from Leo's ample manhood and was thrusting her fanny back towards Robert's prick. Robert entered her well-licked hole, and gently began to build up a nice pumping action.

Jan was moaning continuously and pushed her cunt back on to Robert's cock to match his pump action. At the same time her face fell forward on to Sue's chest and she began sucking her tits as strongly as she was able. This really aroused Sue, who invited my impatient manhood into her tight tunnel. I was in paradise as I pounded that forest of dreams, and after a couple of glorious but all too short moments I felt an orgasm rise from my toes and wrench the remaining energy from my body out through my prick and into her warm pussy.

Robert and Jan had already come and we all lay there on the bed, stroking one another's bodies.



If you'd like a booklet about Jack Daniel's Whiskey, write us a letter here in Lynchburg, Tennessee 37352, U.S.A.

MR. CLAYTON TOSH has more good tales about Jack Daniel than most folks can ever believe.

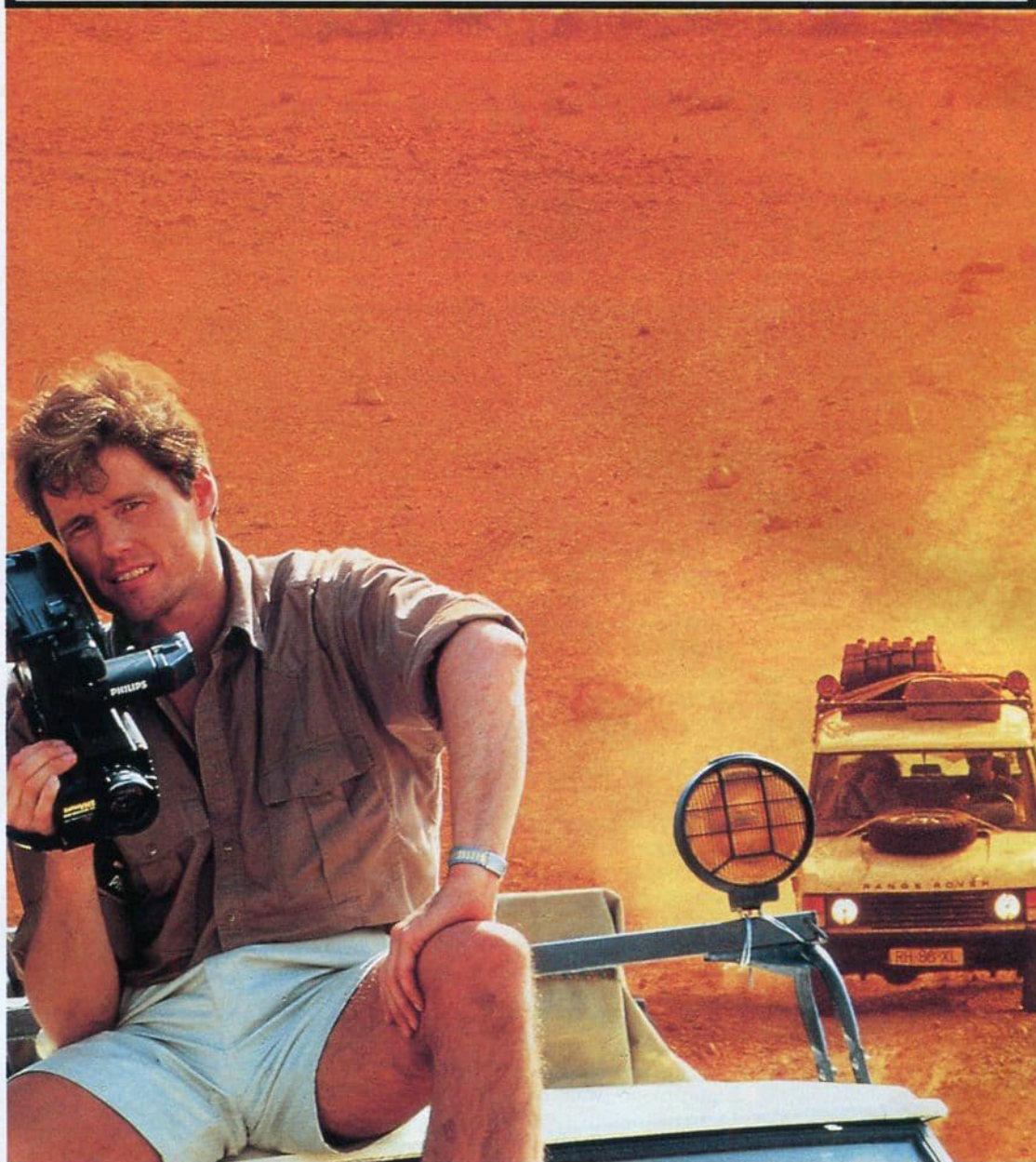


He'll tell you that Mr. Jack promised marriage to two girls at once in 1875; that nobody ever saw him without a coat and tie; and that he perfected a way of manufacturing his whiskey (called charcoal mellowing) that made it uncommonly smooth. Of course, there is no one living who can vouch for the first two tales. But after a sip of Jack Daniel's, most everyone goes along with the third.



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FORUM

Roll on the snow season of 1990. —
Name and address withheld

Just good friends

I always look forward to our occasional meetings with our out-of-town friends Sue and Andrew. I had booked a table for four at an exclusive BYO and my husband Michael, after hours of indecision, selected the fine wines to accompany our dinner. I chose an evening gown of darkest blue silk, high-collared but split open behind, revealing my back down to my bottom. My favorite black stilettos completed the outfit, with my long hair piled high with a silver comb to hold it in place. Michael, in formal tuxedo and cream shirt, drove us the short distance to the restaurant.

We arrived before our guests. We watched them descend the stairs, looking altogether a couple in love: Andrew in a charcoal grey dinner suit, Sue dressed to shock in the most revealing mini I'd ever seen her wear, with legs that went forever and her jet black hair falling loosely to her shoulders.

The exquisite food and wine re-awakened our friendship, warming our conversation and bringing us closer than ever before. After dinner we strolled along the promenade, sharing the night sky and watching the city after dark. Andrew asked us back to their hotel and with Michael driving we surrendered ourselves to the evening.

Andrew and I shared the back seat, laughing at the cramped conditions in Michael's sports car. I was a little surprised when I felt Andrew's hand brush against my thigh. I decided to leave my leg where it was, tasting this first-time experience, and feeling flattered that he was flirting with me. Sensing no resistance on my part, he stroked my legs, slowly raising my dress from my ankles. This was beyond flirting, but feeling mellowed from the wine and Michael only a touch away, I let him explore the silk stockings beneath my dress. His hand rose to the top of my stockings; it felt delicious as he played with my bare skin just inches away from my panties. The strains of Mozart on the car radio disguised my quickening breath, as I reached out to stop Andrew's hand. Grasping my own hand, he placed it in his lap and for the first time ever I felt Andrew's cock.

I was shocked at my own desire. I couldn't resist feeling the hardness of his penis beneath his trousers, and I ran my hand along the length of it. We were nearing the hotel and, sensing the spell would soon be broken, I unzipped his fly, sliding my hand inside and grasping his cock. We pulled into the hotel carpark almost at the same time and I hastily

withdrew my hand.

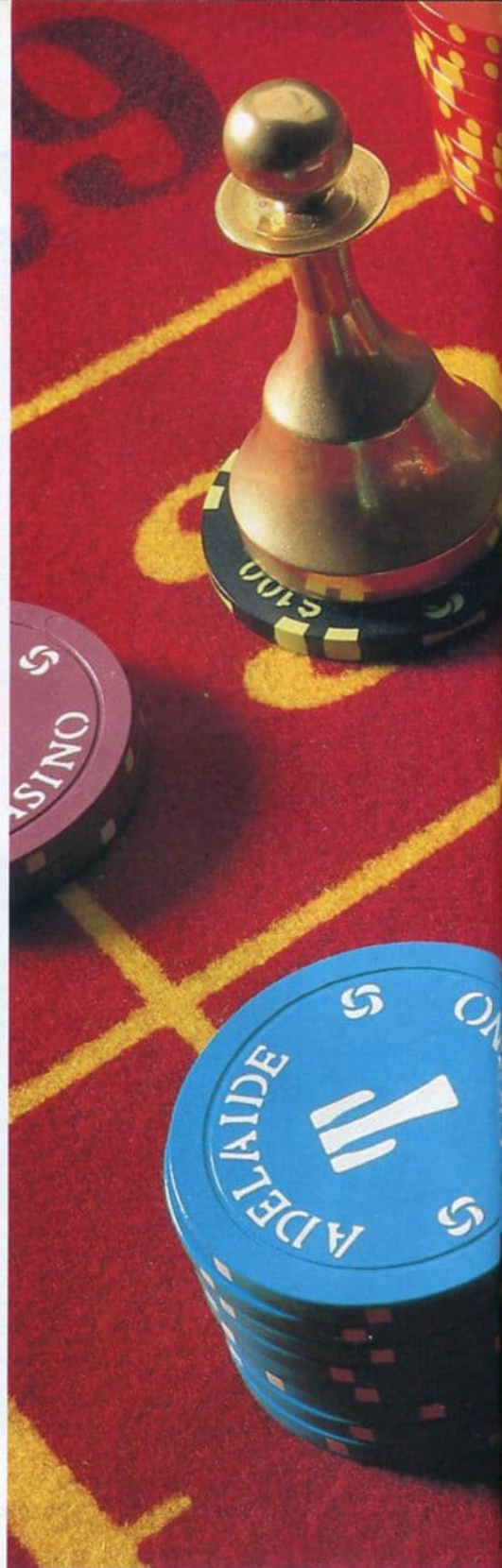
We were subdued in their suite as we settled down to brandy and warm conversation, Michael and I together on the settee and beautiful Sue and Andrew across from us. We told jokes and laughed, relaxing as old mates do, toasting each other's health and enjoying the atmosphere. Sue stretched and lay back, her short dress riding up her thighs. From where Michael and I sat we could see right up her dress to her tiny triangle of lace panties.

Sensing a change in mood, I watched my own husband's eyes transfixed by Sue's exposure. Michael commented on her sensuous legs and she smiled at him, saying she thought I had fine legs myself, if they weren't hidden by my long gown. Downing his drink and with a sly look at Andrew, Michael began raising my dress upward from my ankles. I was powerless to move, shocked that he would place me on display like this, but excited as well, watching Sue and Andrew's eyes follow the path of Michael's hands. He bunched my dress around my waist and I sat totally exposed in my stockings and miniscule panties. Feeling brazen and not knowing what their reaction would be, I stood and slipped out of my dress.

Looking at both Michael and Andrew, I walked over to Sue and calmly began unbuttoning her blouse. We laughed at each other like naughty schoolgirls, she letting me slip off her shirt to reveal her breasts. She stood and walked over to my husband, swaying her hips and looking at me. Without hesitation, she began playing with Michael's trousers, undoing buttons and opening his fly. She exposed his cock — he was clearly aroused — and began rubbing him from base to tip. I was excited beyond belief watching my husband being jerked off by my old friend. I watched her tiny dress slide up over her bum as she manoeuvred to work on Michael. Andrew came to me and started kissing me, hands stroking and covering my breasts. I've always been very vocal, and was unable to stifle a loud moan when he took my hard nipple into his mouth. I tore at his trousers, pulling free his cock, and, like Sue, using my hands.

I caught a glimpse of Sue and Michael out of the corner of my eye. They had slowed, watching me hungrily work on Andrew's length. Sue yelled at me to suck him. I don't normally go down on Michael, but I really wanted Andrew's cock in my mouth. I knelt in front of him, sliding my tongue around his shaft, and opening my mouth to receive his cock. Behind me Sue was moaning, willing Michael to come in her hand. I began sucking Andrew, sliding my mouth up and down his beautiful, wet, veiny cock. I knew by Michael's breathing that he was

Continued on page 123



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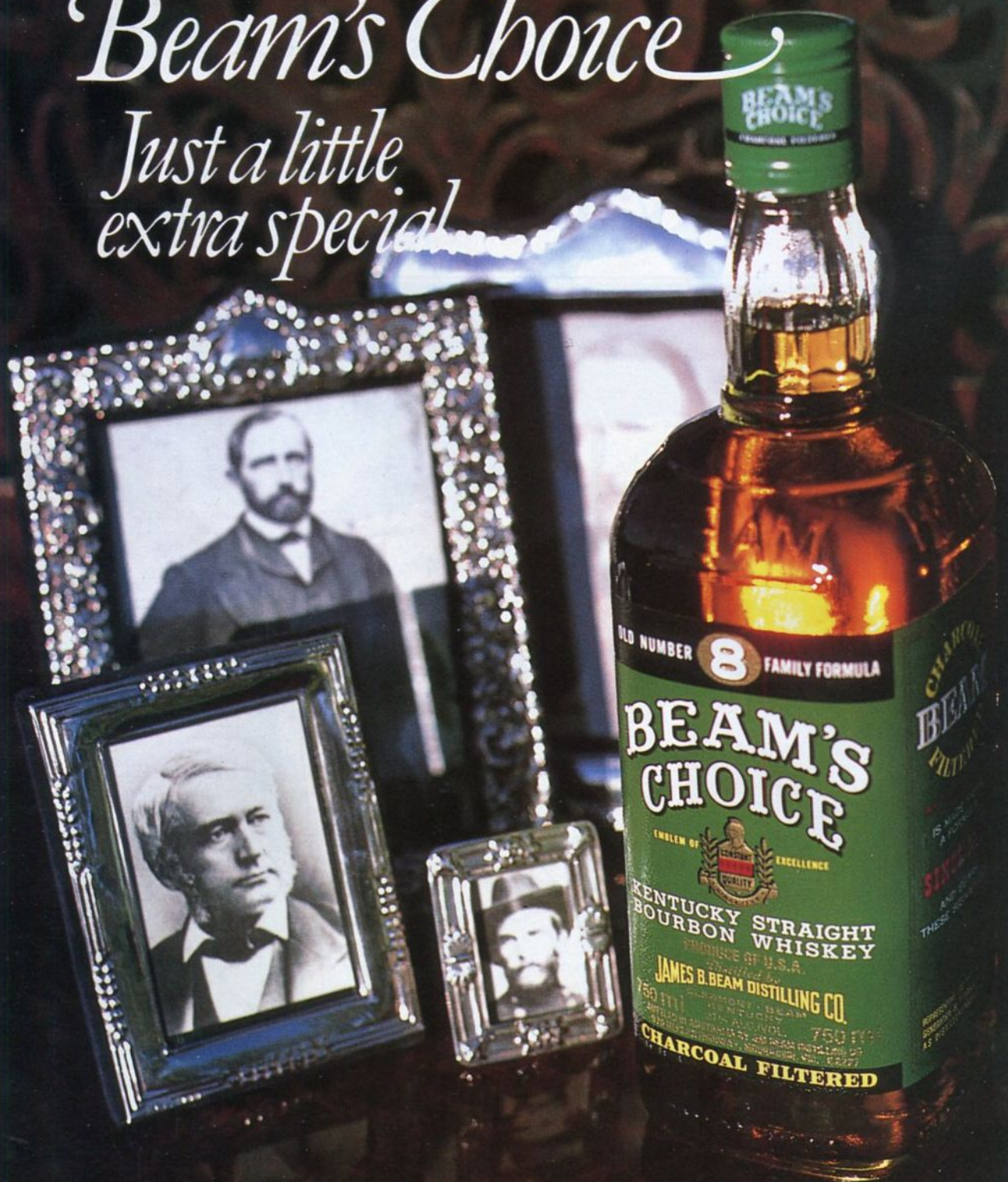
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ANGER

PARTY ANIMALS

Forget lampshades. Today's party bores wear many hats.

Why is it that parties, which bring out the scintillating best in some people, serve only to coax out the beast in others? Some people can be so infuriating at parties that they ought to be banned. That is, people like these:

- People who cry in the bathroom. They really ought to go out and cry in the garden or on the street or in their car.
- People who fuck in the bathroom. They just want everyone to know that they're Doing It. They too should go out and Do It in the garden, street or in their car.
- People who are mortified if you even suggest (for example) that the Aborigines, or at least some Aborigines, may have a slight drinking problem, or if you let slip a word like "wogs", but will then carry on to condemn (for example) the entire French nation as a pack of fascist pigs.
- People who hunt maniacally through your music collection and with a shriek of triumph pull out your favorite recording. Whether it's a tape, record or CD they always manage to stuff it up. They pump up the volume and start "dancing." Often they fall on top of the stereo in their frenzy.
- People who get pissed and pick a fight.
- People who go to get in their car, can't figure out how to turn the stupid car alarm off, and then just stand there confused.
- People who approach you with a look of insane adoration glitter-

ing in their eyes and never listen to a word you say but act all animated as they stare over your shoulder to observe the reactions of the third party they're trying to make jealous. Women tend to do this more than men.

- People who boast about being celibate and people who boast about not being celibate.
- People who dart around pompously cleaning up. They embarrass the host/hostess, who's made to feel that they've lost control of their party. Other guests

• People who try to bludge off professionals. The shrink gets to hear: "Oh really, how absolutely fascinating. Yes, well, I think I may have a persecution complex, because when I was little . . ." Journos put up with: "You should interview me . . ." or "I was going to be a writer, only . . ." Architects have to sit through: "Oh well, you'll be able to help us with our renovations. We knocked out the wall between . . ." Gynecologists get *really* pissed off.

• People who bring along a piddly little bottle of cheap plonk which they try to pass off as decent wine. They present it with a smug little smile and then proceed to devour vast quantities of

what that nice green stuff was that we were drinking." Later they insist that you provide a shot or ten of brandy to go with their coffee and if you balk they resort to emotional blackmail in the form of: "Of course we understand if you'd rather not bring out your best just for us."

• People who can barely walk, let alone drive, and who lose their car keys and make everyone join in the treasure hunt. If any measure of concern is expressed over their ability to drive, the stupid gits assume it's *their* precious hide you're worried about rather than that of some poor person they might run into. "Live fast, die young," they slur as they weave down the footpath.

• People who are ill-informed but like to pontificate about issues such as the Greenhouse Effect (I heard it called the Glasshouse Effect by some jerk the other night), the Killer Sex Plague and the economy. Their opinions seem to have been gleaned from cab drivers and they always know exactly what they'd do if they were in charge: "I'd take a bloody firm line."

• People who corner you on the pretext of conducting a normal conversation and start crapping on about their problems and past relationships . . . as in: "You have eyes just like my ex-wife's. God she was a bitch, heh heh. Nothing against you, though. Sue used to hate this kind of party . . . It took me years to realise she was so introverted . . . You know, I'm a *people* person . . . Of course, after the miscarriage things started to slide . . . And I was devastated — just *devastated* . . . It was just a fling and yet she was completely hysterical . . ."

• People who rave on about their new regimes. "And it really is incredible — after I cut out all yeast in my diet and stopped eating pasta and got into wheatgrass sprouts, I was transformed. You must try it . . ."

• People who take ecstasy at parties and meander around with this goofy smile on their face trying to feel everyone up and tell-



feel guilty as the human vacuum, with a tight little smile playing across their gruesome mouth, kneels on the floor to mop up the spilled red wine.

yours and everyone else's. Not content with consuming a couple of casks of wine, they move into the cabinet and go for the most costly liqueurs: "Oh, I wondered

AVARICE

DEREGULATION BLUES

Free market business trends are leading to a boring white bread world

Money is like an acid that burrows its way down through whatever it meets. It is the inexorable reducer. Everything has its price. Just as rivers run to the oceans things are

time being, occasionally tangential, but when they meet head on it'll be interesting. But that's as may be.

I'm more interested, at this time, in the former trend — that of deregulation.

In Australia we opened up our financial system. We can hold foreign currency bank accounts. We can invest in foreign companies and they can invest in us. We are getting rid of a lot of food packaging and labelling laws. Councils and state governments are eliminating controls on development.

In Europe the tariff barriers are already down and the national borders go in 1992. In that year the rules of business will have to be uniform across Europe. The

who don't know what anyone is talking about when they use metric measures. Metrics are logical, clean, international: so is deregulation and free trade. But metrics are also boring, and the "globalising" of the economy is leading to a boring sameness.

I saw an analyst the other day refuting the suggestion that the government should grant tax concessions to only the after-inflation portion of interest on business borrowing to balance the granting of concessions to the tax on interest income. He said it couldn't be done because business would simply move offshore to tax regimes where it gets the full tax value of borrowing, not just on the after-inflation portion.

And he was right.

That is, a government committed to doing the right thing by its people is constrained in doing so by the freedom granted to all but



Illustration by Scott Kennedy

sold to them who pay.

Let us accept as a basic truth that the world can be exploited and while ever there are some exploiters there are some who would stop those exploits. At the moment, there is a worldwide trend against certain kinds of exploitation and a worldwide trend in favor of other kinds of exploitation.

We are experiencing a peculiar Free Market trend, with calls to banish tariffs and let 'em do, make and buy what they like while at the same time the save-the-forest-don't-build-the-dam people are growing more numerous. These trends are running parallel for the

Warsaw Pact countries already have something like that, the disadvantages of which the Russians recently learned when they shifted military spending into increased production of TV sets, refrigerators and other consumer durables. The richer Czechs, Hungarians, Poles etc flooded in and bought nearly all the increased output, leaving the poor Russians with a stack of useless zlotys, leis, donges and other soft currencies — and no white goods.

So yes, there are going to be problems thrown up by the rise of the rule of logic. I compare it to the plight of people my age and older

used only by a few members of that nation to exploit that freedom.

So, can you see where we're heading? Towards uniformity. Business will naturally tend to the lower tax regimes, other things being equal. And the general trend is for other things to be equal — so that tax regimes will be equal, tariff rates will be equal, wage rates, fringe benefits, working conditions etc etc etc, all will be equal, according to both administrative fiat and the inexorable laws of exploitative economics.

As I said, money is an acid. It'll eat its way through anything. Into

ing them that they've just realised they love them. It's only good etiquette if everyone is doing the same.

- People who crap on about Great Drug Trips they've taken . . . "And so we'd had the acid and then we did a couple of moggies and then we had this great smoke — all flowering Thai heads — and it was so cathartic and we just sat there watching the goldfish and I could suddenly see — it was as if my mind had opened up."

- People who sit sulking in the corner. They radiate angst. Not to be confused with genuinely shy types who are often sweet and brainy if you take the time to draw them out.

- People who relate some long and involved plot of a novel or movie so that you're put totally off the book or film but still don't feel as if you've been entertained or amused.

- People who go on and on about someone you don't even know, often on the pretext that you remind them of that person.

- People who talk about their pets/children for ages and don't even seem able to differentiate between the two.

- People who are lechers and circle the room on the prowl. The lecherette keeps pulling at her top to display even more cleavage and the male can often be found at the mirror strategically rearranging his dick so that it bulges more. They don't flirt with any class but simply come on to most people they meet. Often they like to race off one half of a couple, as this gives them a heady sense of power and importance. Once someone has created a jealous scene they stand back happily, trying to look guileless.

- People who pass out on the floor, sofa, your bed . . . anywhere. The worst thing is that you have to dispose of them before you pass out yourself. When they telephone in the morning and coo disingenuously: "Did I disgrace myself, darling?" have the guts to tell them that they did.

They should all be put down by inspectors who patrol parties looking not for noise or drugs but for party-poopers. — Jean Norman

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From left: Niva Cabrio \$15,990, Niva Constant 4 x 4 \$13,990, Samara Deluxe by Brock \$13,990, Samara \$10,990 and above; Samara Volante \$12,490. (All prices plus Statutory Charges and Dealer Delivery Costs.)

Of course we aren't suggesting you should buy them all, but then again why not? Lada Cabrio is the ultimate fun machine, stylish, sun loving, with the get up and go to take you just about anywhere with its constant 4 wheel drive that proved itself by winning class in the Wynns last year. It's priced around one third of the cost of a you know what. Of course they're so popular that you might have to wait a while for one.

Or if your fancy is for rugged individualism without the frills of the city slickers, there's always the Lada Niva Constant 4 x 4. Dare we say that this one came in first, second and third in class in the big one the year before. They're never going to believe you when you say that the Lada Samara shows its Porsche design influence but it's true. Here is a small car that is pure motoring value. If you want the stylish extras there's the new Samara Volante, with spoiler, mag wheels, radials, sports steering wheel and superb 4-speaker stereo sound or you might prefer the Peter Brock version we call the Samara Deluxe at a little bit more.

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those holes will leap the exploiting entrepreneurs in pursuit of the money. And, *sans* the acid-resistant glass of nobility, honor, concern for the individual and the power to be different, the acid of

money and the natural drive of the entrepreneurs, assisted by the One-World bureaucrats, will succeed in creating One World — a world with all the excitement of a sack of flour. — *David Quicksilver*

GLUTTONY

SENSATIONAL SECRETS

Great things spring from the vines of the Southern Rhone

While many devotees of French wines can recite the names of numerous Bordeaux chateaux, as well as the most famous vineyards of Burgundy's Cote de Nuits and

Cote de Beaune, few wine connoisseurs have ever heard of the best of the Southern Rhone Valley. To this day, they remain producers of France's least-known great wines. Yet the top Rhone wines are sensational and vastly undervalued in comparison with great Burgundy and Bordeaux wines.

Chateauneuf-du-Pape has always been something of a mystery to me. The wines are famous, and there are a lot of them — around two million cases, a higher production than that of any other single town in France except for Cahors and St Emilion. In addition, it is a wine I have always liked. But

it has never graced notorious dinner tables, and in most of the books in my library both the place and the wine are dismissed with faint, if any, praise.

The hillside village (pop 3000) at the southern end of the Rhone River Valley is described only as the site of the summer residence that the Popes established there during the Avignon Papacy in the 14th Century; they surrounded this "new castle of the Pope" with vineyards.

As for the wine, the books (meaning the experts) all call it hearty, robust and the best of the red wines from the Southern Rhone. Mostly, this seems to mean that Chateauneuf-du-Pape is not as great as a Burgundy or Bordeaux. And in truth no-one has ever paid thousands of dollars at auction for this or that celebrated old bottle.

Thirteen different varieties of grape go into these wines. Chateauneuf-du-Pape is the highest alcohol content wine of France at 12.5 percent — 25 percent higher than most other French red wines.

To call the vineyards of Chateauneuf-du-Pape "stony" is like calling the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel an adequate paint job. The vines struggle out of a solid blanket of big smooth stones, ranging in size from coconuts to footballs. The Mistral wind blows all year long down the Rhone Valley. Clearly it is the wind and the stones together that give the wine its character and its alcoholic power. In summer the sun is blistering hot here, but the stones hold the moisture in the ground. The stones store up heat all day, and at night throw it back up at the grapes. The wind thickens the skin of the grapes, and when rain does come, it dries them off quickly.

There are 3000 hectares of vines in the area, with over 3000 different growers. Their skill is not uniform and neither is their land. Some growers produce what is called the "new style" Chateauneuf-du-Pape, which matures more quickly and has been criticised for this reason. Most people in their right mind prefer Chateauneuf in the most tradi-

tional way, from makers who make no concessions to the market's demand for fast-maturing wines.

Chateauneuf-du-Pape also produces about 40,000 cases of white wine, about four percent of total production. But most of the top properties make only about one percent whites. So these white wines are not widely available.

The red wine making area of the southern Rhone stretches from above the ancient city of Orange south to the walled city of Avignon. As well as Chateauneuf-du-Pape, the appellations of the area include Cotes du Rhone, Rasteau, Beaufort de Venise, Tavel, Lirac, Gigondas and Cotes du Ventoux. Shiraz is planted in the southern area but it is not the major red grape variety. Here the grenache is king, although several other major red grape varieties carry the "burden", most notably cinsault and mourvedre.

Styles of wine in this region are extremely diverse. Many wines are made by the ubiquitous carbonic maceration method, which produces fruity, soft, one-dimensional wines that should be drunk within three to four years of the vintage. These wines can be delightfully fresh, simple and fruity. The best wines of the Southern Rhone, however, are made in the traditional ways with long vatting, and 18 months to two years' aging prior to bottling. These fine wines, especially those from conscientious producers who maintain high standards, can be wonderfully rich and scented, and age beautifully for ten to 15 years.

The real tragedy of Chateauneuf-du-Pape is that the area produces so many simple, grapy, alcoholic wines that few people realise there are also some sensational wines. The best estates include Chateau de la Nerthe, Domaine du Vieux Telegraphe, Chateau de Beaucastel, Domaine le Cailloux, Chateau Fortia, Les Clefs d'Or and Domaine Font-de-Michelle. These estates have constantly produced wines that tend to be rich, concentrated and very flavorful.

If Chateauneuf wines can be this good, why is their price — not



Illustration by Amanda Upton

Dramatic Breakthrough in Car Audio Technology!

Introducing the Alpine CD Shuttle – the world's smallest, most versatile Compact Disc changer. The heart of a revolutionary new range of sophisticated digital car audio components.

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Versatility is the key with CD Shuttle – a versatility unmatched by any other car audio manufacturer.

Remarkably slim and compact the CD Shuttle can be installed up front in the passenger compartment of any car, truck, boat or plane. In the glove box, in door panels, under the seat or in the parcel shelf. In fact, anywhere you have the space to fit a unit measuring only 283W x 75H x 180Dmm. This means that installation is neat and easy and changing CDs so much simpler because the CD Shuttle is right there at your fingertips.

A major design plus of the CD Shuttle is its ability to integrate with virtually any car sound system. Either with the optional 5953 controller, which includes controls for CD and a remote 'black box' tuner or with any of the new range of Alpine Shuttle head units.

As the CD Shuttle holds 6 CDs ready to play there's no fuss or bother just one touch convenience and continuous music. In fact, in combination with the optional 5953 Shuttle controller you can program up to an amazing 720 tracks! The Shuttle is also the world's first in-car CD changer to incorporate 16-bit four-times oversampling digital

filter technology, which contributes to superior sound.

Alpine are so confident of the superiority of their new Duo Beta SuperAmps that they believe the day will soon come when an Alpine car amplifier will challenge the performance capabilities of top-end home hi-fi.

Alpine creates havoc with Hi-Fi stores

Alpine's 7909L Tuner/CD player is causing problems for hi-fi stores because its performance is so good it puts most home CD players to shame! People are already asking why audio manufacturers can't produce the same standard of unit for home use. (For those technically inclined, try finding a home hi-fi CD player with 18-bit dual D/A and 8 times oversampling!)



The 7909L with its true audiophile performance is the direct result of the tremendous amount of research that Alpine put into designing and building their car CD players. Because of the more demanding environment car CD players have to be tougher and more able to deal with bumps, shocks and vibrations. In the case of the 7909L they also sound better too!



Surviving the longest and toughest rally

For those of you who have any doubts about CD performance in the car, Alpine entered a long wheel-base Suzuki in Australia's longest and toughest rally. The Wynn's Bicentennial, 10,000 kilo-

The 7360E – an extra touch of Alpine genius

For those who want the ultimate head unit the choice is really limited to just one model – the 7360E. An Infra-red remote controlled Digital Compact Disc controller, AM/FM tuner, auto reverse cassette player, 7-band 3-way graphic equalizer, Surround Sound with Digital Sound Processing – all combined into the one double-DIN sized head unit!

This superb Alpine model possesses such an incredible array of features that it must be seen and heard to be appreciated. Features such as 3-way DSP Surround Sound, personal message and multiple graphic displays, Dolby B & C* NR, 6-way equalizer presets, front and rear gold plated RCA outputs help the



7360E set new industry standards – and cause consternation amongst other car audio companies!



Pure Power – truly Alpine

Surveying the world's car audio buyers has really paid dividends for Alpine. Opera lovers, classical pianists, heavy metal fans and everyone in between were all asked what they really wanted in car sound. The unanimous answer was smoother highs, warmer midrange and a tight defined bass.

The result was the development of a completely new range of Duo Beta amplifiers and American design BB Reference Series speakers. A combination of power and sonic performance guaranteed to delight on the most demanding listeners.

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to mention their reputation — not higher? To begin with, there are only two to three merchant shippers in the town — most of the selling of Chateaufneuf wines has always been done by shippers in Burgundy, who naturally give first place to their own wines. Often the Chateaufneuf wines never reached the marketplace at all, but were illegally dumped into lesser Burgundies to raise the alcohol content and the color.

It is Chateau Rayas whose wine is often called Chateaufneuf's best. Very few people have the pleasure, for out of the chateau's ancient casks in its mould-covered cobwebby cellars come only 25,000 bottles a year, about 2000 cases, at a price twice as high as its main opposition. The wine is made from 100 percent grenache grapes, and a combination of low yields and pure grenache results in a port-like wine of 15 percent alcohol, which is literally staggering.

Domaine du Vieux Telegraphe is the most readily available Chateaufneuf in Australia. The vineyard stands high on one of the three main plateaus of the area, producing what is known in local parlance as a "square-shouldered" wine. The winery uses the most up-to-date equipment in the area, producing a more modern style of wine that eschews portiness but doesn't sacrifice finesse. Each mouthful goes a long way, expanding at the back of the throat and finishing with a big shot of tannin.

A trip through the Southern Rhone and the province of Vaucluse is one of life's more pleasurable journeys. British Airways offers a free trip to Paris in the price of its return airfare to London.

The TGV, the French equivalent of the Bullet Train, takes you on to Avignon. — *Elisabeth King*

Icecream Parlor is the world's biggest sundae, served in a huge clam shell — five scoops of various tropical flavors and chunk after chunk of banana, melon, papaya and pineapple. A mere 10,000 calories the lot.

have to go through a rigorous gatecheck before entering this manicured ghetto for the wealthy. The tariff ranges from \$180 per night in the low season to \$600 a night in the sought-after months of November through April.

SLOTH

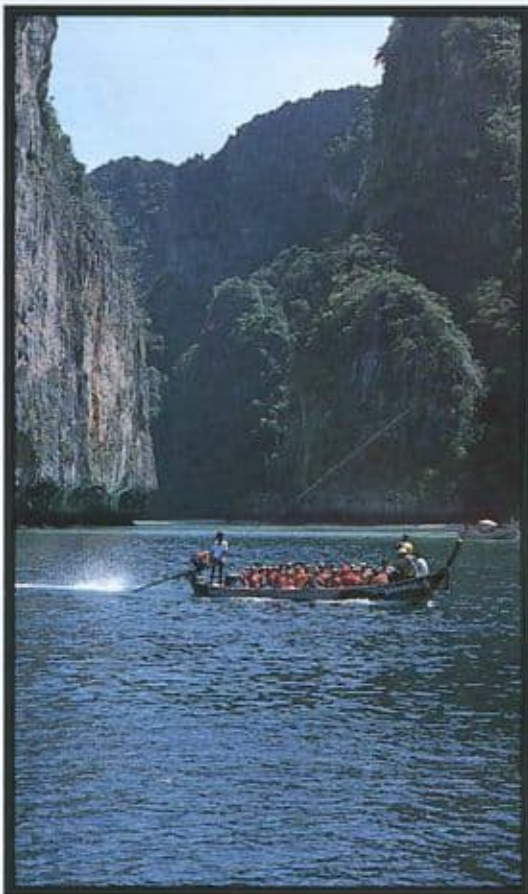
THE ORCHID ISLES

Thailand's jewelled archipelago is a wanderer's paradise

You can't miss it. The Big Buddha — Koh Samui's answer to the Big Pineapple — rising hundreds of metres in the air above a crescent-shaped bay. You'll be tempted to climb the mountains of steps to get closer to this mosaic-covered idol. Don't bother. It looks better from afar, bathed in the golden glow of the island's spectacular sunsets. The Big Buddha is a unique feature of Koh Samui, one of a trio of major holiday resort islands that represent the principal lure of Thailand's southern "elephant's trunk" archipelago. The other two are Phuket and Phi Phi island.

Phuket is Thailand's largest island, a short 900-kilometre plane hop from Bangkok. About five years ago, the island remained semi-discovered. Today, 400,000 visitors a year, mainly Germans, Swiss, Scandinavians, French, Americans, Italians and Hong Kongers, skim over the warm waters of the Andaman Sea, which formerly carried only poor fisher folk. Eighty-five flights a week touch down in Phuket and resort development remains feverish.

The action in Phuket centres around Patong Beach. Nearly 60 restaurants serve up Mexican, French, Swedish, German, American and English food along the length of Soi Bang La, a vibrant stretch of 200 bars, boutiques and nightclubs that don't roll down the shutters until dawn. Guys on motorbikes pull up beside you offering "real gems" for a few dollars. The "hostesses" of the area are mainly country girls prostituting themselves to build up a nest egg to start family life. Another speciality at Waikiki



Phi Phi Don, once named the most beautiful island in the world

Resort development has been kept away from the still idyllic beach itself, but huge hotels like the Meridien, Karon Royal Wing and Club Med lurk in the surrounding hinterland. If you're close to skint, a comfortable modern thatched hut with air-conditioning and a bathroom can still be had at the absurd price of \$10 a night in the low season, rising to \$20 in the breakneck Northern Winter months.

Amanpuri, located on hideaway Pansea Beach, is Phuket's and Thailand's most exclusive resort, built by reclusive Hong Kong millionaire Adriaan Zecha. The only way to drive straight in here is to arrive with Darryl Hannah, an emerald chip in your tooth and a bulging wallet. "Ordinary" people

Counter-clockwise from Phuket's northern tip, the major beaches are Mai Khao, Pansea, Surin, Sing Cape, Karon, Kata, Nai Han, Rawai Beach and Chalong Bay. The magnificent coastline is ideal for snorkelling, diving or lying flat on your back. There is surf, too, but it's rarely great. Phuket Town has only one saving grace — a collection of unique Portuguese shophouses that preserves this old tin town from complete banality. But if you want to get right away from the ever-growing crowd, many of Phuket's secluded beaches lie hidden by dense vegetation and bone-jarring rides along the south coast.

Phi Phi Don was once nominated by the Thai Tourist Board in a competition for the "most beau-

tiful island in the world." Make the trip while this oasis remains virtually uncommercialised (only three hotels) and the locals still treasure peace and quiet. The cheapest way to get there is the "slow" boat from Phuket, a Thirties vintage ferry that takes 3-3½ hours each way. A far better bet is the Songserm Travel Express, which gets you there in little over one hour and shields you from the screaming kids, chickens and toothless crones.

The best hotel is the Pee Pee Island Village, a dreadful choice of name for all-mod-cons thatched bungalows fronting a deserted, palm-fringed beach. The ambience glove-fits those who want a natural environment with clean sheets and some of the best diving in the world.

For those unable to sit around and do nothing, a cruise to neighboring Phi Phi Ley is home to the most delicious birds' nests in Thailand. Scaffolding graces the entrance to the so-called "Viking" cave, where skeins of swallows glide in to make their homes — if temporarily. The local Chao Ley people, an ethnic mixture of Thais, Sikhs, Indians, Chinese and anyone else who happened by, risk their lives daily to pull out the necessary ingredients for bird's nest soup.

Koh Samui, like Bali, has become a *de rigueur* stop on the international backpackers' itinerary. As the boat comes in from Surat Thani, there they are wandering the streets with an odd restraint bordering on sleep-walking. But as the local tourist office points out, "The international set have recently discovered Koh Samui." This flattering description refers to anyone who's prepared to spend more than \$20 a day and who doesn't want to haggle for a \$4 a night bungalow. Tip: on no account hire a motor bike. The roads are bad and no travel insurance yet invented will cover you.

Most of the 35,000 Thais who live on Thailand's third-largest island work on coconut plantations. The visitors spend their time driving on the stomach-churning roads in search of the best beach on a coastline scalloped with

them. For pounding surf the choice just has to be Chaweng Beach, also home of the raffish Reggae Club, where "everyone" hangs out and makes out.

But if a mixture of serenity, romance, sophistication and throbbing tropicality is more in your line, you can't do better than to book into the Tonasai Bay Hotel. For

\$120 a night, you can't find more unadulterated natural sensuality in the world.

Thai Airways International flies to Bangkok four times a week from Sydney and Melbourne. The airline's Royal Orchid Holidays represent the best value for money in the market. — *Elisabeth King*

VANITY

NOT MUCH UP TOP

Bald facts for life's losers

If friends are starting to do impressions of you by pulling out a roll-on deodorant, don't despair. Forty percent of men suffer from genetic hair loss so you're certainly not alone. Despite the efforts of countless con-men throughout the ages, no miracle cure has been discovered and nor is one likely to be in the near future. You can console yourself with the commonly held belief that bald men have greater sexual prowess than their hirsute counterparts. And besides, who wants to look like Derryn Hinch? That's life.

Total hair loss, though less common, certainly lends an air of distinction. Yul Brynner, Peter Garret and Angry Anderson would fade into the background without their shining scalps.

The point is that there is no real reason to worry about hair loss. But if you're tired of getting sunburnt in convertibles, there are a variety of ways to attack the problem at its roots and refoliate the bare bits.

We'll take a look at the non-surgical methods first. Minoxidil may be an antidote if your hair is just starting to recede and you want to arrest the fallout rate. This drug was originally developed for the treatment of high blood pressure and found to have the side-effect of producing excess bodily hair. It is available as a prescribed lotion and is most effectively used for arresting hair loss, not for actual regrowth. The only hassle

is that you have to keep using the stuff forever. If you stop you lose all the hair you saved all at once.

Hair fusion is a promising new non-surgical technique in which

artificial hair is grafted on to the existing strands. A wig is fitted over the bald area and stuck to the head by weaving some of your own hair to the base of the hair-piece. As an artificial cover this method is probably the best way to go, though it must be regularly re-fused whenever you have a haircut and kept in good nick. Also, if a tactile young female wants to run her fingers through your locks, things may get knotty.

On the surgical side there are several transplant techniques used to different degrees of efficacy. The most popular form, done throughout the world, is hair grafting. This is where small pieces of skin are taken out from a permanent area where no loss

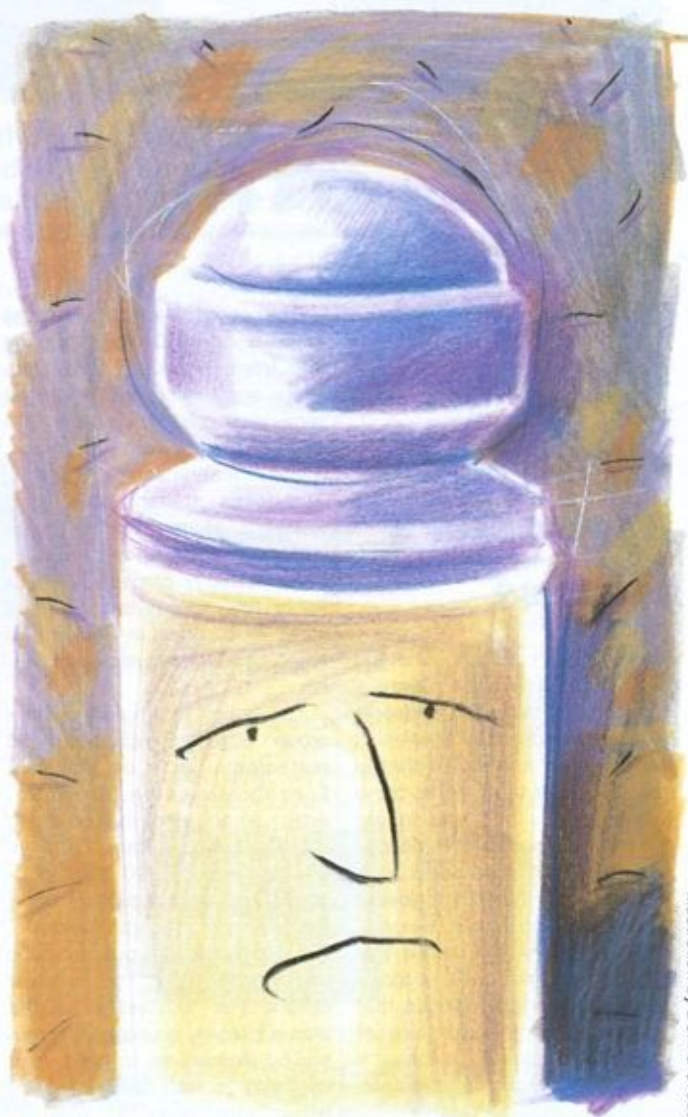


Illustration by Donna Cross

DEWAR'S PROFILE:

DARREN TAYLOR

HOME: Jamberoo, NSW.

AGE: 29.

PROFESSION: Master Chef and owner of French style restaurant/guesthouse.

HOBBY: Playing sax - music is the food of love.

LAST BOOK READ: "Rude Food" Thorpe.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Cooking dinner for the King of Spain. "Everyone should eat like a king".

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QUOTE: "Good food is like art, it should be for everyone not just kings."

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occurs and they're transplanted to an area where there's a deficiency.

It's a bit like tree-grafting and in fact the effect can look like a clump of trees until you have enough of them. A finer result can be achieved with mini and micro grafting, where hair doctors transplant fewer and fewer hairs to the point where you can have one hair put in at a time through a needle-hole.

Scalp reduction is a relatively new method developed in the Seventies by South Australian Doctor Mario Marzola. Now it's really taken on. This is where you remove the area of baldness and slide a hairy area over it by

stretching the scalp. Because of the scalp's elasticity you can move it across and stitch it over the part you've just removed. This technique avoids the tufty appearance and the effect is almost instantaneous.

The last and least popular method is the interestingly named "flap rotation." A whole strip is lifted from one end, rotated around and stitched into place. This has a lower statistical success rate than the other two procedures. The three basic techniques can be used in combination for optimal results.

If you find the alternatives too hair-raising you might consider wearing a wig. — Amanda Nash



backs, upper arms, chests and shoulders, though it can also be used for eyebrows, cheeks and the front of the neck. Many men are using this method instead of shaving because they feel the smooth look makes them appear more boyish. Results usually last around four to five weeks. Costs are around \$40 for large areas such as backs and proportionally less for smaller troublespots.

Electrolysis is not what happened to Jack Nicholson in *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest*. It's another method of hair removal. This technique is not as nasty as it sounds. A needle is inserted into the hair follicle and an electric current fed through it which partially kills off the hair root. The sensation is no more severe than a mosquito bite.

The areas most commonly treated by this method are eyebrows, upper arms, shoulders, backs, and on or in the ears and nose. Depending how strong the hair is it may take up to a year of weekly treatments to rid yourself of hair permanently and costs are around \$70 an hour for treatment — the length of time it would take a fast electrologist to remove a small goatee.

Finding a highly qualified person for the job is critical because an unskilled operator can cause permanent scarring. Look for a certified professional who specialises in the area.

The advantages of both these methods of removal are that they result in weaker regrowth, while shaving and tweezing usually make hair grow back stronger.

Depilatory creams haven't much muscle against coarse male hair, but may be an idea for those with severe shaving problems such as ingrown hairs. These creams use chemical agents that dissolve the hair above the surface of the skin. Before applying, you should test the cream on a patch of skin in case you have an allergic reaction. Results generally last as long as those from shaving. It is recommended to use it with a soothing lotion such as lanolin, mineral oil, or aloe extract.

Simple tweezing is effective for turning one eyebrow into two and

VANITY

HEY YOU, KING KONG

Some blokes have all the hair

It seems the days of long gold chains dangling in thick carpeted chests went out with Gary Glitter, and some of the manliest of men are braving the beauty salons in the quest for a baby-smooth bod. They're casting off their manly mohair in droves.

Athletes have taken to shaving their bodies to make them as wind-resistant as possible, giving them a competitive edge. Swimmers and bike-riders believe it increases their speed and many football players shave their legs to make it easier to remove the sports tape. Bodybuilders remove hair to better show off their monster muscles.

Less sportive blokes generally don't want to be completely hairless, but chances are they have some furry patches they would rather live without. No-one wants to be labelled The Missing Link.

Alexandra Stewart of the Art Of Beauty salon in Sydney estimates that up to 30 percent of her hair removal clients are men. According to Stewart the most common forms of unwanted hair are beards

and growth between the eyebrows. One of the two main techniques is the simple method of waxing. A melted wax is applied to the skin, allowed to cool and then quickly stripped off against the direction of the hair growth. It feels a little like peeling off a large Band Aid — not entirely painless, but not agonising either. The hair thins out after the second or third time and it becomes easier.

Waxing is the best form of removal for large areas such as

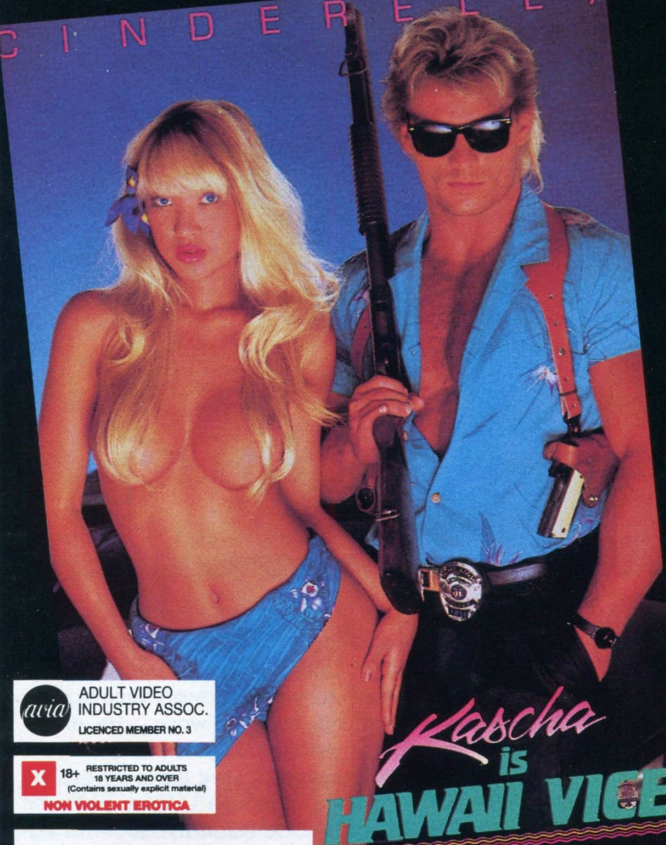


Illustrations by Paul Densen

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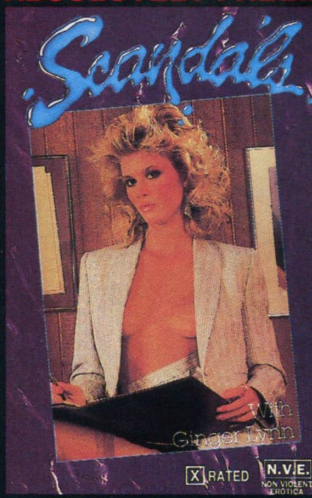
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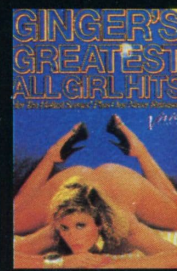
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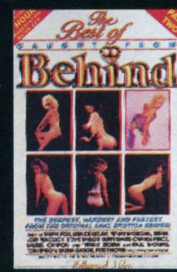
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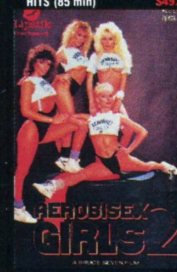
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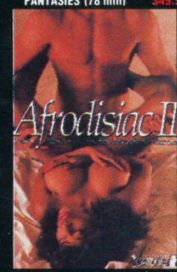
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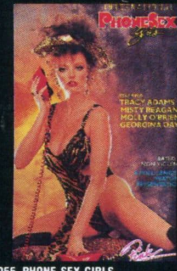
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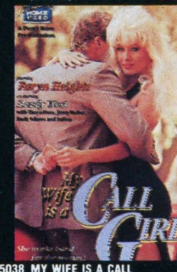
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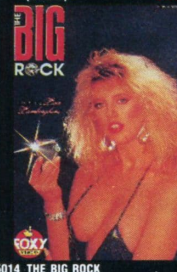
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forming quizzical arcs of surprise from bushy blobs. It can also be used for pulling out any other errant hairs — but not nose hairs, as infections can ensue.

If all these techniques sound too much like torture, beat your hairy chest and think of all the bucks you've saved on thermal underwear. — *Amanda Nash*

LUST

PICTURES IN THE ATTIC

The story behind a rare cache of Australian erotic art

A rare collection of vintage Australian erotica was recently discovered stashed in a secret alcove in the attic of a stately old home in Sydney's Hunters Hill. This treasure trove of

this that lent connubial connotations to the infamous invitation: "Come up and see my etchings."

These ribald relics were unearthed late last year when the Hunters Hill house went under the hammer as a deceased estate. Gallery owner Josef Lebovic was at the auction prior to the sale and spied the unusual collection. He saw a unique opportunity to peer through a keyhole into history and bought them for \$6000, as well as a series of nude drawings.

Lebovic says, "These are some of the best etchings of their kind ever produced in Australia for their erotic nature and for the style of work. I think they would have



been displayed during the Thirties. Lebovic says, "It would have been very much a men's parlor thing. Having real life portrayed in the nitty gritty would have been shocking to people in that time. I don't think they would have come to grips with it, and I don't think they would have seen it as what actually happens — that would be to admit bordellos and prostitution existed."

The artist was a mild-mannered recluse called Clive Wallis, a confirmed bachelor who lived with his mother and unmarried older brother in suburban anonymity. Wallis was, by all accounts, the epitome of conservatism and shyness, something that seems at odds with his familiarity with the female form.

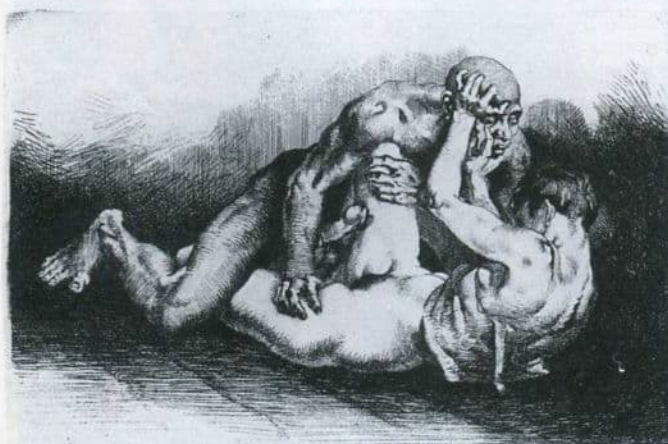
Wallis is not known to have ever publicly exhibited his work, perhaps for fear of his mother's health. He was a gentleman who lived a life of leisure on an income derived from the family funds. Wallis' flirtation with erotic art didn't outlast the Thirties, when it seemed his muse left him, and these etchings and drawings are his only known work. He led such a secluded life that little is known about him except that he was an assiduous collector of antiques and Oriental art. He died in July 1983, at 74 years of age.

Lebovic compares Wallis to the much more celebrated Australian artist Norman Lindsay, who also

enshrined the naked female form. He says, "Besides Norman Lindsay there was really no-one in Australia who even came close to his style of work." He distinguishes Wallis' output from Lindsay's lewd ladies by explaining, "Norman Lindsay portrayed mythical life in the sense of legends or fables, but Wallis portrayed real life. He actually depicted real people in brothels. It wasn't just something out of Greek mythology."

Wallis may not have quite the masterful touch of a Lindsay but he makes a very descriptive line in a piece of copper.

Lebovic featured the etchings and drawings in an exhibition at his gallery in Paddington in mid-August. He has published, from Wallis' original plates, folios of 13 in a limited edition of 50, for \$4000 each. The plates are to be donated to the Australian National Gallery. — *Amanda Nash* ○



13 etching plates, dating from the Thirties, represents some of the most explicit work to emerge on the Australian art scene.

Depression era brothels and voluptuous young wenches lasciviously draped over chaise longues wearing nought but suspenders and a smile are captured in their decadent glory.

More menacing images are also depicted among the collection; one in particular shows a muscle-bound stud striving to impale a frantic female on his donkey-sized penis. It was surely artwork like

been shocking in their time."

The socially sensitive nature of this style of art, and perhaps the search-and-destroy mechanisms of irate spouses, make this early erotica an almost extinct species. Lebovic says, "The survival rate of these sort of things tends to be extremely small." The National Gallery in Canberra even included two of the images in an exhibition on Australian printmaking early this year, considering them significant for their rarity and social relevance.

The etchings would never have





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star quality

Sara Talbot, 19, is an aspiring actress who hopes her appearances in *Penthouse* will launch her into the limelight. Such is her star quality, though, that Sara takes the limelight with her everywhere she goes.



"I've had a couple of small parts already," she shrugs. "I played a vampiress in a horror flick, and a slave in ancient Rome. Recently I was a nurse, saving someone with mouth to mouth."













**"I like pretending, playing a role.
Even in love it's fun to fantasise,
to play a little doctors and
nurses. It makes every moment
so unpredictable."**

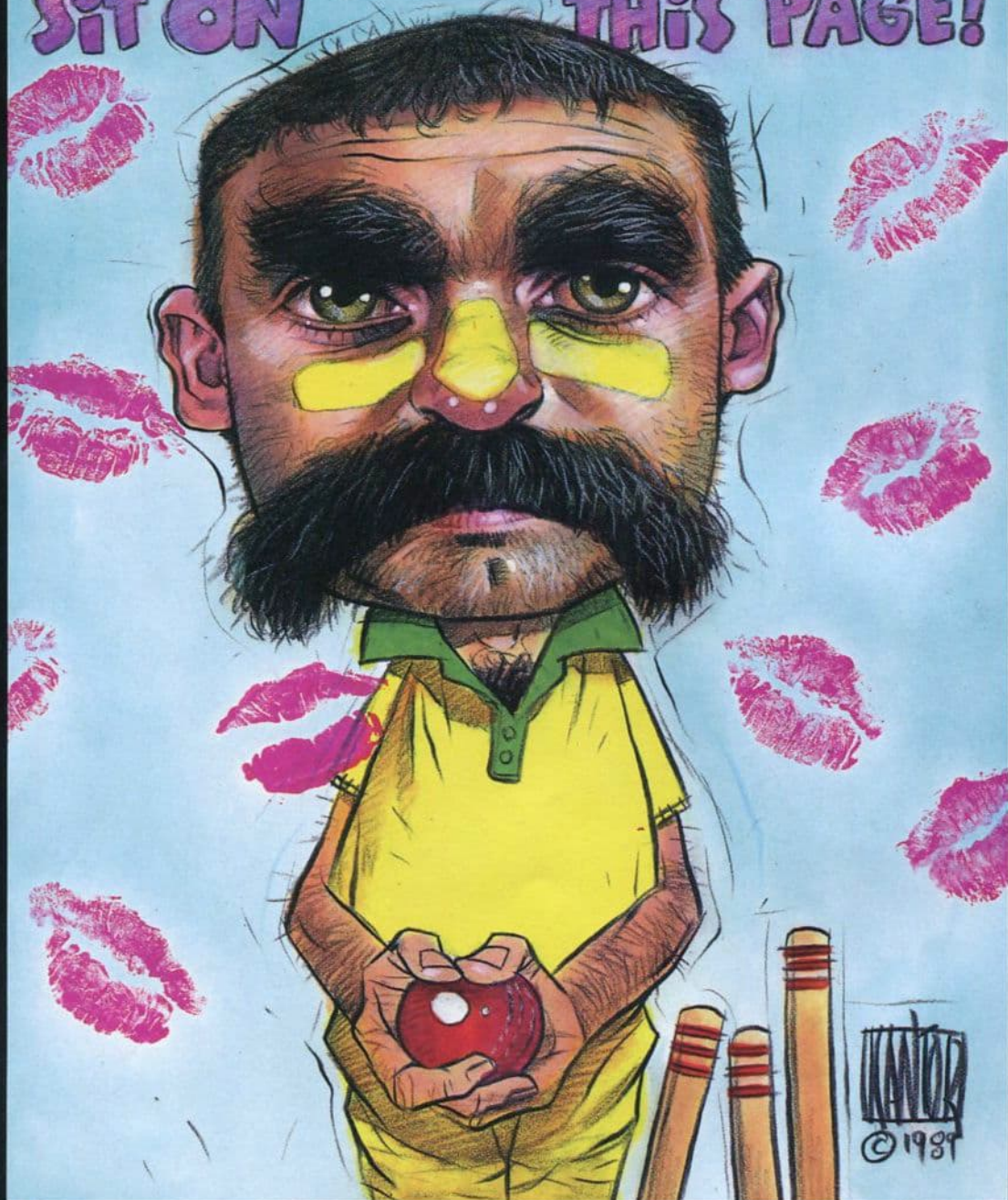


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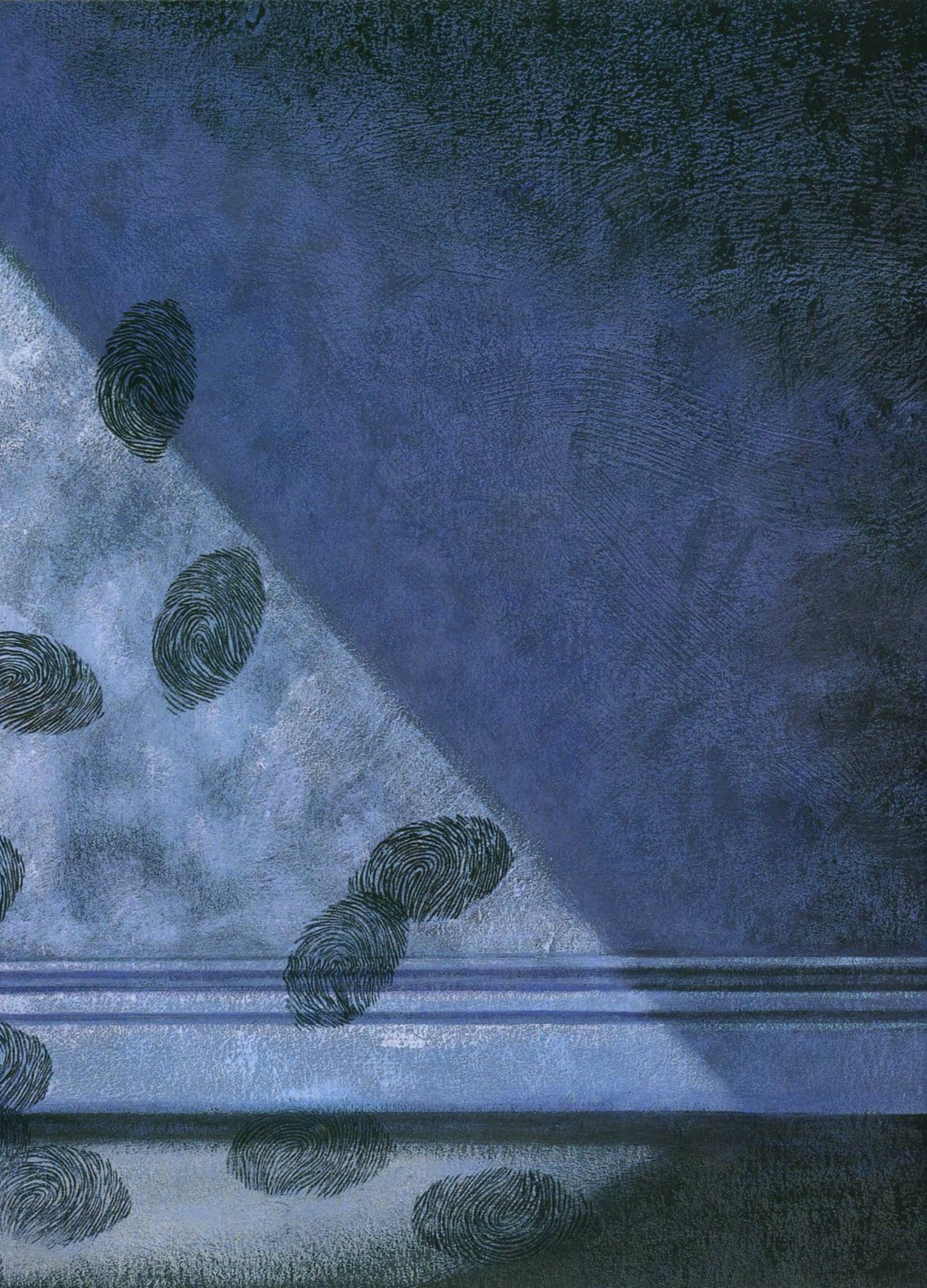
GIRLS-

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KANTOR'S GALLERY



One in nine Australian
men is sexually abused
before the age of 18.
They should not be
left to suffer in silence.

the forgotten victims

BY DR SANDRA PERTOT

ILLUSTRATION BY CAMERON SINGLETON

Robert was 12 years old when a 17-year-old neighbor tricked him into going into the bush with him. Once there, the older boy pushed him to the ground and started punching him in the face. He then stripped him of his pants, anally raped him, tied him to a tree, and tried to force him to perform oral sex on his dog. When he finally released Robert, the abuser kept implying that Robert had wanted and enjoyed the assault, and although no further abuse occurred, when they met from time to time the abuser continued to make suggestive remarks about getting together again.

John was ten when his uncle began molesting him. John and his young brother were often left with the uncle on weekends, while their mother worked. The uncle would masturbate John and expect John to masturbate him. This went on for about six years, until John felt strong enough to refuse to go to the uncle's place again. John coped reasonably well with this abuse, although disturbed by it, because he believed that by going along with his uncle he

Dr Sandra Pertot B.A., M.Psych, Ph.D, M.A.Ps.S is a clinical psychologist specialising in the field of human sexuality. In her years working with the NSW State Health Services and in private practice she has been closely involved in the treatment of victims of sexual assault.

SINGLETON

A photograph of two women in swimsuits posing on a white pedestal. The woman on the left is wearing a red one-piece swimsuit and red high-heeled shoes. The woman on the right is wearing a black one-piece swimsuit and black high-heeled shoes. They are both looking away from the camera. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

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SURRY HILLS

victims

was protecting his younger brother from the same treatment. Once the abuse stopped, John began dating girls and seemed to be overcoming some of the effects of the abuse. One evening, when he was 21, John was crossing a park when he was set upon by six males. He was held down, anally raped by three of them, and left under a bush still with his pants around his ankles.

Neville was five, his younger brother three, when a brother who was about nine years older began abusing them both. The older brother would force them to masturbate him and to perform oral sex, and he would do the same to them. Although Neville would sometimes vomit when he was forced to have his brother ejaculate in his mouth, the abuse continued, accompanied by threats of violence, until the older brother left home when Neville was 14.

Sexual assault is usually seen as a female problem. When statistics are quoted, reference is made to the fact that one in nine boys has been sexually assaulted in some way by the age of 18, yet this is then passed over in discussion because it is acknowledged that one in three females is likely to have been assaulted by the age of 18. The fact that women are more likely to be victims has meant that services for victims of sexual assault have concentrated heavily on women and children. The needs of the adult male who was either assaulted as a child or as an adult have tended to be overlooked.

When Robert sought help a few years ago from a number of newly established Sexual Assault Units, he was turned away because he was male. Fortunately this situation has changed, and at least in government-funded units males have equal access.

A further problem, due to the emphasis on female victims, has been that some of the issues specific to male victims have been ignored. While it is certainly difficult for female victims to report a sexual assault, it is even more difficult for the male victim. Consider society's attitude to domestic violence, for example. Historical acceptance of the fact that women are often the target of violence by their husbands in no way lessens the outrage felt by most people when that sort of violence occurs.

But in cases where it is the *husband* who is being beaten by his wife the community reaction is, almost invariably, *laughter*. Even though these situations are not as common as incidents of violence against wives, male victims have the right to be taken seriously. Similarly, the idea of a male being sexually assaulted is usually treated light-heartedly, with men joking that they have been waiting for years to be raped. The general assumption is that the rapist in these cases is female, and what they are talking about is the desirability of seduction. In the overwhelming majority of sexual assaults on

males, the rapist is another male.

Add to this the typical male reluctance to seek help for any type of emotional problem and it is no wonder that male victims of sexual assault find it difficult to seek counselling for either a past or recent assault.

Yet the effects of sexual assault can be just as devastating for a male as a female. The true case histories (names have been changed) introduced at the beginning of this article illustrate this point.

Robert, for example, sought professional help 30 years after the assault. The offender still lived in the same district, and since they shared a number of childhood friends and acquaintances their paths often crossed. When Robert sought help a few years ago, but was turned away, he had taken to driving around with a gun in his car, and couldn't decide whether to shoot himself or the man who'd attacked him.

Robert believed he had been "weak" to allow the assault to happen in the first place, and decided many years ago that he would never again be placed in the same powerless situation. So he studied one of the martial arts, and until a few years ago if anyone insulted him or gave him a difficult time, he would respond with threats of violence. He has been in several fights over the years, and was once charged with assault. He can't stand to be in the same room as the man who molested him, and on one occasion when the offender touched his arm during an unwanted conversation at a party,

Robert beat him up. In recent years, however, he has developed greater control, and now most of the time he maintains enough control to walk away from trouble.

Like many male victims of sexual assault, Robert was fearful that he had been chosen as a victim because he was in some way giving out homosexual "signals." He dealt with this by becoming actively heterosexual. At age 14, he began having sex with girls, and he remembers his relief at the thought that this proved he wasn't homosexual. He has continued to have many sexual partners, and sees sexual experimentation and variety as an essential part of his life.

Nevertheless, he was still taunted by the offender, who continually implied that Robert had wanted the assault and suggested that they get together again.

Down the years, it has frustrated and angered Robert that he has not been able to force the offender to admit that Robert had *not* been a willing partner, but was in fact revolted by the memory of it. So, in a sense, the offender is still controlling Robert's life just as he did during the assault. While anger at the offender is both understandable and reasonable, the only one suffering is Robert. The offender is getting on with his life and is unlikely to ever admit to himself or to anyone else that he has done anything wrong.

Despite this, and even though he is still at times so overwhelmed by memories of the assault that he considers suicide, Robert is



"I think we've discovered the lost civilization of Kings Cross."

victims

a capable, mature, sensible man who has generally succeeded in life. His main task now is to claim the future for himself, and to let go of his fixation on the offender.

John sought counselling at age 24 because he was unable to have sex with women. After the abuse by his uncle stopped, John began to experiment with masturbation and found that although initially disturbed by images of the sexual encounters with his uncle, he was able to fantasise about sex with women. He had had a few successful sexual encounters with women before the rape at age 21, but that assault revived very strong fears that he must be homosexual. Like many other males in his situation, John could remember getting erections and having orgasms with his uncle. Many victims take this as "proof" that they are homosexual, particularly if they use those memories of arousal and orgasm during masturbation. John had been able to shift his masturbation fantasies on to females, but being "chosen" again as a target of homosexual assault led him to believe that he must be inadvertently sending out homosexual signals.

He was haunted by this fear during two subsequent attempts at sex with women, leading to impotence, and his problems were compounded by some cruel off-hand comments by these women. Fortunately, John then met an understanding woman who was not upset by his initial lack of response. As the relationship developed into a caring and secure one, he was able to tell her about the assaults, and she responded with genuine understanding and concern. John became more sexually confident and his difficulties with erections eventually disappeared. His other feelings of shame, guilt, and anger at his humiliation lessened as he came to understand that he was not some freak, that many males are the victims of more than one homosexual assault, and that the blame lay with the offenders, not himself.

Of the three case histories considered here, Neville's is by far the most complicated. The impact of the abuse has been the most devastating.

Neville was very young when the abuse by his older brother began. It was persistent and frequent over nine years, and it was accompanied by force and threats of further violence. He was one of a large family which included a younger brother who was also regularly assaulted by the offender. The parents were emotionally distant, providing food and shelter but not giving a great deal of time or affection to the children. Neville believes that his father had at one stage sexually assaulted the older brother, but he himself had not been abused by the father.

Yet, while Neville was terrified of his older brother, he also developed the belief that this was the way things were in all families, and that he was somehow letting his brother

down if he didn't go along with the sexual assaults. He also found the physical stimulation arousing, so that he was put into the tormenting bind of both dreading and looking forward to the abuse.

When Neville was about ten, his mother caught him and his brother in bed together. She was outraged and made the boys apologise and promise never to do it again, but made no further attempt to understand what was happening or to follow it up. The abuse continued, but by now Neville knew that what they were doing was very wrong. This increased his distress, because he felt powerless to stop the abuse, but at the same time he continued to respond to the physical stimulation.

By the time the brother left home, Neville was 14 and full of self-loathing, as well as anger at his brother. He was tremendously relieved that his brother had gone and he was determined that he would never have sex with a male ever again. But, despite

6

Like women,
men have the right to
be distressed, to have
difficulty coping, and
to get the help
they need

9

being able to fantasise about females during masturbation, he was frequently disturbed by images of homosexual sex. He first had sex with a female when he was 18, which he found pleasurable, and for a while the homosexual fantasies subsided. However, they returned after his marriage at age 21, when his wife was unable to achieve orgasm through intercourse. He believed that this was due to some inadequacy on his part, and became obsessed with the size of his penis. His anxiety meant that he began to develop erection problems and he reverted to homosexual fantasies to help him become aroused. This terrified him. He loved his wife, and didn't want to be homosexual.

One day in a public toilet he came across two men engaged in mutual masturbation, and found himself drawn to what they were doing. When one man left, he responded to the other man's invitation for mutual hand stimulation. Just as with the abuse as a child, he was aroused but terrified of what he was doing. He left feeling great despair, yet he had started a cycle of behavior over which he had little control. Horrified that this did prove he was homosexual, he kept

going back to the toilets, drawn by a compulsion he tried to resist but couldn't.

By the time he sought counselling at age 25, he was visiting the toilets two or three times a week, terrified his wife would find out, and hating himself for what he was doing. Sometimes he would join another man in a cubicle; other times were as impersonal as sticking his penis through a hole in the wall and being manually or orally stimulated by the man in the next cubicle. As a result of his self-disgust, he became actively suicidal and on occasions would place a loaded gun to his head. He was able to avoid pulling the trigger only by thinking of his wife.

Neville's distress is great, his pain almost tangible. After months of counselling, he has begun to understand what has happened to him, but his self-loathing continues to alternate with murderous rage towards the brother who molested him. He is sometimes able to resist visiting the toilets, and recently he went in and was able to turn around and walk away. But he sometimes relapses, giving way to further despair. His journey is long and difficult.

One of Neville's steps forward was to be able to talk to the younger brother who was also sexually assaulted. They talked for many hours about their common experiences. This brother admitted that he has sexually molested young girls.

If one in nine Australian males has been sexually abused by the age of 18, where are they all? How have they coped? Some of them will have dealt with the assault themselves, resolved any issues and moved past the assault to get on with life. There are many factors which influence how well an individual, child or adult, will cope with sexual abuse. These include whether the offender was a member of the family or a stranger, whether the abuse occurred more than once, whether the victim was threatened in any way (or *felt* threatened), and whether any force or violence was actually involved.

In addition, the nature of the assault can make a difference. The range of sexual offences may include anything from enforced kissing to mutual masturbation and intercourse. Just as important as what actually happened is how the victim interprets what has happened. What might be thought of as a relatively minor assault could be quite damaging if it is perceived as a violation or intrusion. Similarly, some people can survive more traumatic sexual assaults because from the time of the assault they are able to lay the blame directly on the offender and not perceive the assault as being in any way their fault.

The self-esteem of the victim at the time of the assault is very important. People with low self-esteem are more likely to blame themselves for the assault and experience greater degrees of shame, guilt and depression.

Since a person develops self-esteem primarily from his or her family, the quality of

family life becomes a factor in an assault victim's long-term adjustment. If the victim is a child and his or her family is not a particularly caring and supportive one, the feelings of isolation and guilt may be greatly magnified, whether or not the child tells the family about the assault. However, if there is someone — a friend, a neighbor, a teacher, another relative — who genuinely cares about the child's well-being, the young victim has a better chance of coping with the abuse than a person who feels totally isolated and alone.

If someone does find out about the assault, or the victim tells someone, the reaction of that person can be critical to the victim's long-term adjustment. In Neville's case, for example, the mother knew what was happening but did nothing to protect him or his younger brother, and Neville just gave up.

People who find out about a sexual assault have to walk a thin line between overreacting and over-emphasising what has happened, which can make things worse, and not believing the victim or under-emphasising the problem, which can make the victim feel abandoned.

All these factors, alone or in combination, can mean that some people will move past a sexual assault without major long-term consequences, while others remain devastated for many years. Common long-term effects include those shown by Robert, John and Neville — low self-esteem, guilt, shame, embarrassment, depression, and anger which can sometimes develop into suicidal feelings or murderous rage. Some victims of sexual assault experience difficulties in trusting and relating to other people, and can develop sexual difficulties as John and Neville did.

When the offender is the same sex as the victim, confusion about sexual identity is a likely result. Males who have been assaulted by other males almost invariably develop great fears about homosexuality. Although there are not many reported incidences of women assaulted by other women, this certainly occurs, and the victims in these cases are also likely to become confused over sexual identity.

Similarly, the issues for a male assaulted by a female, either as a child, or in the case of some reports, a male assaulted by a group of women, are much the same as for female victims of assaults by men. Despite the belief by men that they would love to be raped by a group of women, the same sense of powerlessness, shame and humiliation occurs when a group of women strip and sexually stimulate a man against his will.

In fact, when a victim does experience arousal under these conditions, as often happens, the sense of humiliation and shame is greater, particularly when this is noticed and commented on by the offender(s). The reasons why arousal occurs have nothing to do with enjoying the experience. Fear and sexual stimulation produce similar bodily changes — increased

heart rate, increased blood pressure, muscle tension, and so on. When physical stimulation is then applied to the sexual parts of the body, the victim may find that he or she is in such a state of tension that sexual response occurs. If the offender(s) try to claim that the victim really wanted what was happening, the victim, although greatly distressed, feels helpless to deny it, adding to the sense of guilt.

Even when there has been no response on the part of the victim, some offenders still insist that he or she actually wanted the assault. The desire to have the offender(s) acknowledge that this isn't the case can become an obsession with some victims, particularly when the offender is known and continues to be part of the victim's life. The fact that many offenders seem to get on with their lives while their victims are left to deal with the consequences of what they have done leaves many victims with a great sense of injustice.

It is important in that context to reject the claims by various pedophile groups that sex with children can be a positive experience for the child. While it is true that some victims of sexual abuse experience few long-term problems, this can hardly be used to justify any argument that it is all right to do it. Children are not capable of informed consent when it comes to engaging in sexual activity with an adult, and studies show that offenders often insist that the victim wanted the sexual activity when the victim was des-

perately trying to stop it. Also, some victims, like Neville, become trapped into believing that they should go along with the sexual activity, and this can then be used by the offender to justify his own behavior. Sex with children is not acceptable under any circumstances, and the responsibility to ensure this doesn't happen always lies with the adult.

A major issue for many victims of sexual assault, male and female, is the sense of powerlessness they experience during the assault. Some interpret their inability to stop the assault as weakness on their part. This can lead to the victim relinquishing control of his or her life, becoming desperate to please others to avoid punishment or criticism. Or, as in Robert's case, it can lead to aggression and a determination never to be put in such a powerless situation again.

A major cause for concern is that some victims of sexual abuse go on to become offenders themselves, like Neville's brother. It is not clear why this is the case for some victims and not others. However, by bringing the issue of male victims of sexual assault out into the open, the vicious cycle of sexual assault may be broken.

Perhaps, as more males gain the confidence to admit that they have been sexually abused, the problem will be taken more seriously. Then men won't be left to deal with these traumas alone.

Like women, men have the right to be distressed, to have difficulty coping, and to get the help they need. ○✚



Australian

PENTHOUSE

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Australian Penthouse turns ten with the publication of this October 1989 issue and we've got plenty to celebrate. Thanks to your support we're Australia's leading monthly men's magazine, easily outselling the opposition in the men's, motoring, business and current affairs arenas. Since the magazine's launch in October 1979 we've striven to provide the best adult entertainment for the Australian male. Market research and reader feedback let us know what you want and we plan to keep on providing it.

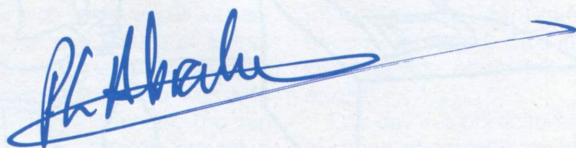
The following pages present flashbacks featuring the magazine's greatest asset — the *Penthouse* Pets. The Australian girls featured on the covers and centrespreads of this magazine over the last decade are the key to its success. We put plenty of effort into finding and photographing Australia's finest and we believe we do it better than any other publication in this country. That's a boast that's borne out by the fact that shots of our local models are regularly purchased by European editions of *Penthouse*. We're proud to be doing our little bit for Bob Hawke's balance of payments problem.

But the pictorials of Australia's and the world's most beautiful women are only a part of the successful *Australian Penthouse* formula. The editors are dedicated to bringing you powerful journalism each month. We've enlisted this country's finest humorists and cartoonists to keep you laughing as well. We've presented insightful interviews and profiles of Australians who make headlines, and we've delivered fiction from big name authors.

Some of the other supposedly "Australian" men's magazines on the newsstands beside *Australian Penthouse* like to promote themselves as local products. But they're just pale derivatives of their American parents — relics of the sexual revolution. The editors of *Australian Penthouse* believe that the 270,000 people who read this magazine every month recognise that it is the only *real* Australian men's magazine.

This publication will continue to bring you the facts and the figures that matter to the modern Australian male. We've got big plans for the 1990s.

On behalf of the staff and publishers of *Australian Penthouse*, I'd like to express appreciation for your support and invite you to join us for another ten years at the top.

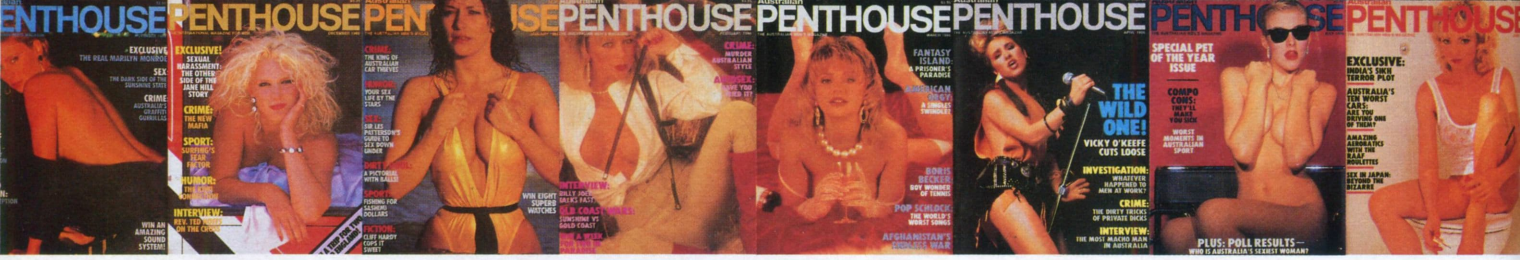


PHIL ABRAHAM
EDITOR



AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE'S GREATEST HITS

The pictorial highlights of ten years at the top

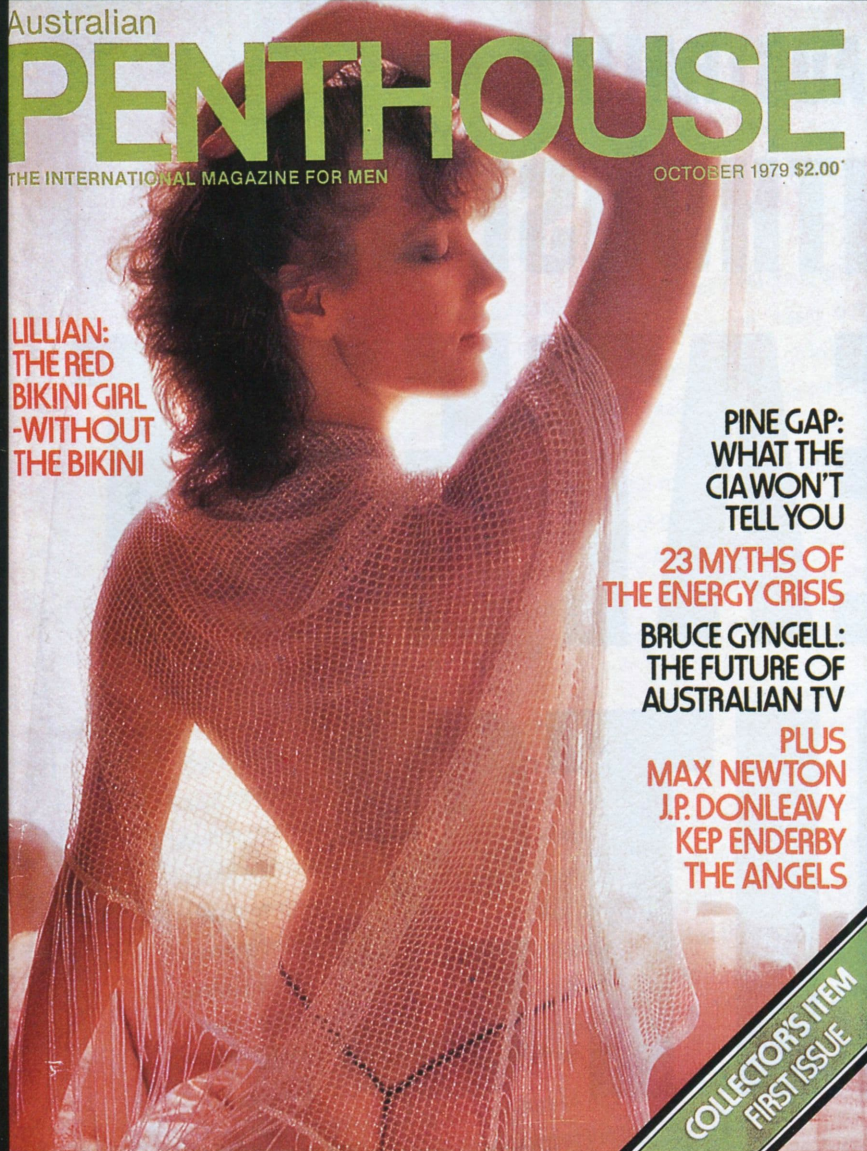


Australian PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

OCTOBER 1979 \$2.00

LILLIAN:
THE RED
BIKINI GIRL
-WITHOUT
THE BIKINI



PINE GAP:
WHAT THE
CIA WON'T
TELL YOU

23 MYTHS OF
THE ENERGY CRISIS

BRUCE GYNGELL:
THE FUTURE OF
AUSTRALIAN TV

PLUS
MAX NEWTON
J.P. DONLEAVY
KEP ENDERBY
THE ANGELS

COLLECTOR'S ITEM
FIRST ISSUE

from Russia with LAUGHTER

Australia's leading monthly men's magazine was launched with a splash in October 1979 with a scoop centrespread featuring the notorious Russian Red Bikini Girl — without the bikini. Lillian Gasinskayay was the young Soviet stewardess who sought political asylum in Australia after squeezing through a porthole of the Russian cruise ship *Leonid Sobinov* while it was berthed in Sydney Harbour. Within 24 hours she had become the Red Bikini Girl, a face and name on the front pages of the world's newspapers and a figure which featured exclusively in the pages of the first sell-out edition of *Australian Penthouse*.

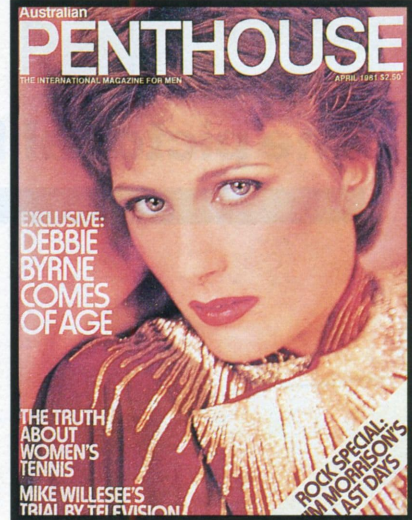
BY SPECIAL REQUEST

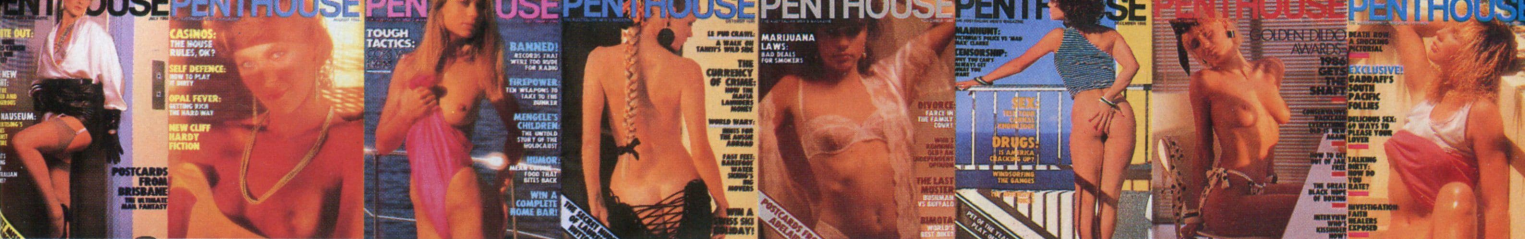
Following issues fulfilled the policy of bringing you Australia's most beautiful women. In February 1980 we featured Pet Of The Month Lyn Barron, the Gold Coast girl who went on to marry the American star of *Blue Lagoon*, Christopher Atkins. Miss World runner-up and one of Australia's most familiar faces, Karen Pini, was the star of the March 1980 issue in a steamy pictorial shot by acclaimed American photographer Eddie Adams.



HARD ROAD

Editor Phil Jarratt's April 1981 scoop cover story on former child star and Queen of Pop Debbie Byrne's struggle with heroin addiction reinforced *Penthouse's* reputation as a magazine which brings you fine journalism as well as riveting pictorials.





The feature which created the greatest storm of controversy during the Eighties was the revealing centrespread of Queensland Sunshine Coast mother and daughter Sue and Louise Elvin. Sue and Louise's unique, groundbreaking pictorial in the September 1984 edition broke new records for the magazine when it sold out across Australia. But their "No Secrets" pictorial feature also outraged the conservatives. The magazine was pulled off the

newsstands and banned in Queensland amidst calls from crazy Sunshine State preachers that the mother and daughter be stoned. Sue and Louise's decision to pose for *Penthouse* was vindicated when their centrespread and cover shot were picked up by *Penthouse* International which, in a unique tribute to their beauty, featured the couple on the cover of the American magazine—a first for Australian models.



**No
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Vanessa THE UNDRESSER

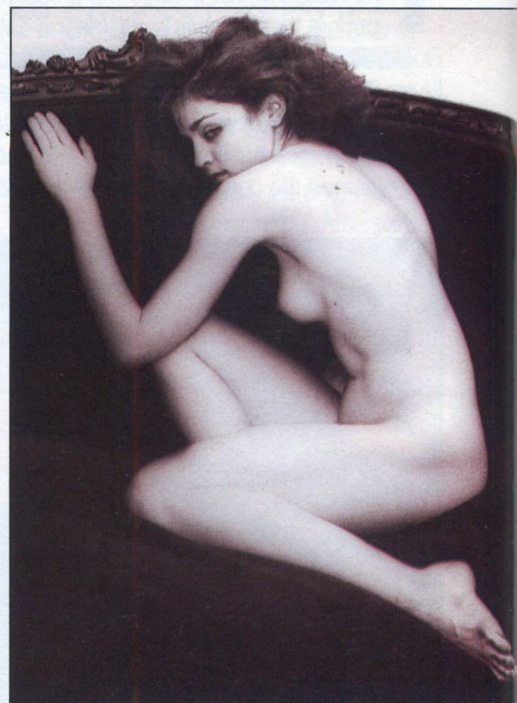
In March 1985, the lead-up to the US presidential elections was wiped off the front pages by a scandal in another great American institution, the Miss America pageant. Vanessa Williams, the first black Miss America, resigned her title when it was revealed that she had posed naked for an American photographer. *Australian Penthouse* was the first local magazine to feature those remarkable nudes of Vanessa The Undresser.



LIKE A VIRGIN

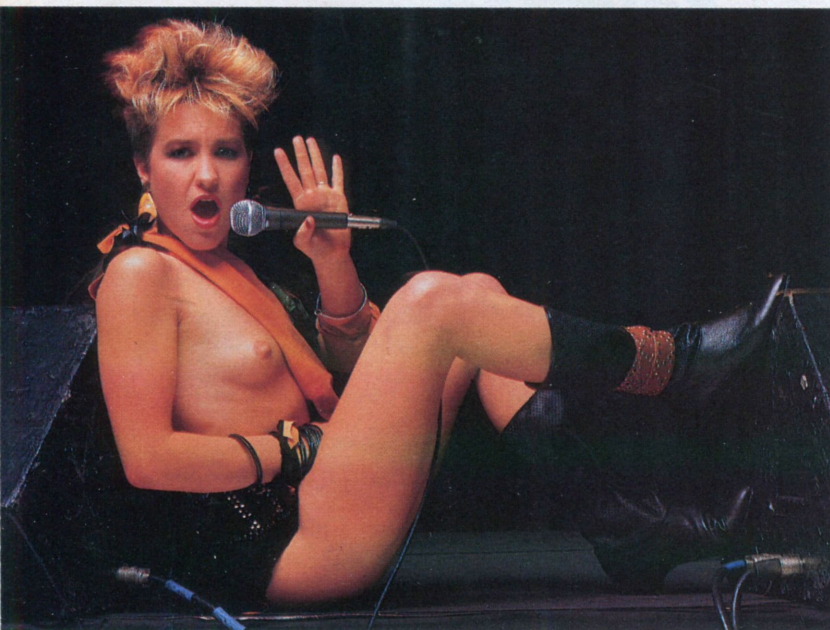


Just six months later the magazine had another sell-out on its hands when it featured the Madonna nudes. In 1985, Madonna was the most celebrated young woman in the world. With a string of hits behind her and fresh from the success of her first movie role in *Desperately Seeking Susan*, Madonna was the queen of pop culture. The 16-page *Penthouse* lift-out feature gave Australians a glimpse of Madonna as they had never before seen her.

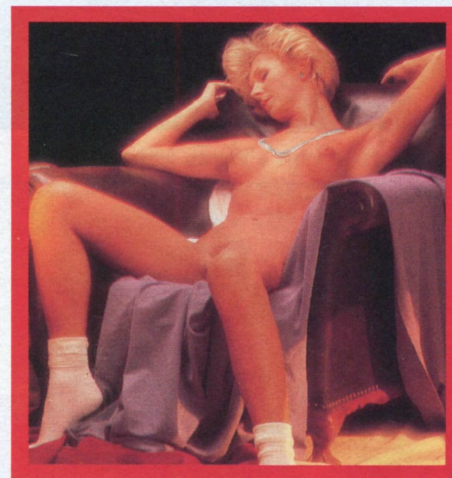


Vicky O'Keefe, daughter of the original Wild One, Johnny, created shock waves through the Australian entertainment world when she undressed for an exclusive *Australian Penthouse* pictorial in April 1986. "She's apolitical, agnostic and practically amoral," said her brother John in the accompanying text, and Vicky's pictorial proved him correct.

THE WILD ONE



BOYS WILL BE GIRLS



A few months later *Australian Penthouse* was back in the headlines. When the August 1986 edition hit the stands it was revealed that Pet of the Month Julia Sommers was once a boy. A demure and absolutely undetectable transsexual, Perth-born Julia told her sex-change story to the Australian press, pushing herself and *Penthouse* into the limelight.



indecent exposure



Queensland stripper Margaret Duncan, aka Fifi The French Maid, had the boys in blue seeing red . . . or was that pink? Her act resulted in charges of indecent behavior after it was alleged that she had illegally exposed herself to an appreciative all-male audience. Fortunately for Fifi the charges were dropped, but not before she had become the most famous Australian stripper since Sandra Nelson. And fortunately for *Australian Penthouse* readers, Fifi posed for a sizzling 15-page pictorial which graced the pages of the December 1987 edition. The same issue revealed for the first time the charms of newly elected Italian porn star and politician Iona Staller, another feature which gained a unanimous vote of thanks from *Penthouse* readers.



Australian Penthouse presents another great Australian beauty this month, with an exclusive pictorial featuring the girl who won the James Bond *Licence To Kill* competition, Adelaide's Lucinda Dunn. Take a look at Lucinda on page 88 and you'll agree that she's undoubtedly licensed to thrill.

THRILLER





THE WINNERS

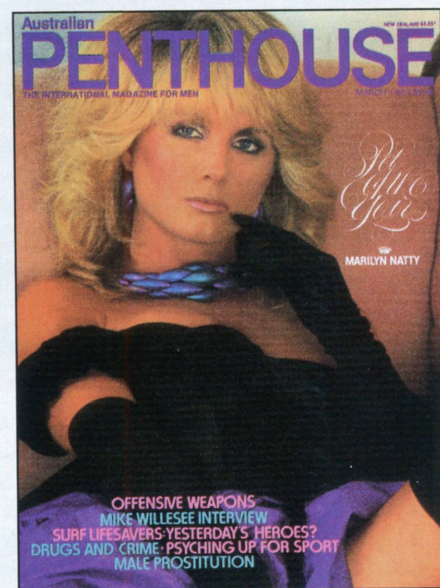
Australian Penthouse has made its mark with tough journalism, blunt humor and stunning pictorials of Australia's finest women. The *Penthouse* Pets are the magazine's greatest asset. Every year a dozen Pets Of The Month vie for the Southern Hemisphere's richest glamor prize – *Penthouse* Pet Of The Year. On our tenth anniversary we take a look back at the nine beautiful winners.



1981 TRACEY WALLACE



1982 HELEN BROWN



1983 MARILYN NATTY



1984 DONNA BURNS



1985 BOBBIE WALLBANK



1986 JULIE MULHERIN



1987 KATHLEEN AZZOPARDI



1988 EMMA STONE



1989 TERRI BOWIE



L.A. WAR

PART 2 — THE LAW

Part 1 of L.A. War focussed on the "gangbangers" of Los Angeles — 70,000 armed and dangerous hoodlums, aged from nine upwards, whose battles over cocaine and colors escalated into a campaign of terror in 1988 and '89, resulting in a record number of homicides and other gang-related crimes. The neighborhoods of South Central and East LA are controlled by the two largest and most powerful gang factions — the Bloods, sporting red, and the Crips, sporting blue. They vastly outnumber police and have far superior firepower. Part 2 of L.A. War looks at the law's desperate attempts to control them.

TEXT AND PHOTOS BY WAYNE MILES

ROBERT MOLLER REPORTING

Los Angeles Police Department's elite anti-gang units are continuing the battle, even though America is losing the war

CRACKDOWN

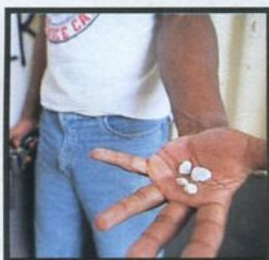
Friday, 17:30 hours. Officer James Gordon's shift has just begun. The station's sergeant informs the young black officer of a message passed from the street. There is talk of another cop killing — an execution to be carried out by the most powerful confederation of Crip gangs, the Rolling 60s. "Watch your backs," comes the staunch command from Sgt Sweet. "Tonight we take back the streets."

All is quiet on the battlefield as the squad cars pull away from the headquarters of South Bureau CRASH (Community Resources Against Street





Above: The first call-out. Officer James Gordon tries to save the life of 21-year-old Raymond Smith, victim of a drive-by shooting. Below: What it's all about — crack and cash. The money was confiscated by South Bureau CRASH officers in a raid on a crack house.



LA WAR

Hoodlums) on 102nd and Avalon. This is the Los Angeles Police Department's major hotbed of violence.

After an hour of relatively uneventful patrolling through the seedy neighborhoods of Compton and Watts, Officer Gordon's radio crackles to life with the report of a drive-by shooting not more than a few blocks away. Screeching to a halt on the corner of West and 84th, Gordon finds a young black member of the Playboy Gangsters writhing in pain on the sidewalk. He has a serious shotgun wound to the stomach. Another shot has blown off his elbow.

This drug-infested sector of Los Angeles is home turf to the LAPD CRASH units. Officer Gordon already knows the victim, his habits and his continuing rivalry with another gang, the Swans. The dying man is 21-year-old Raymond Smith. "What a fucking mess," Gordon mutters as the paramedics pull away.

Los Angeles, now America's gang capital, has much more than a mess on its hands. Tonight's incident is only a minor skirmish in what long ago exploded into open warfare over control of the crack trade. Gang violence in LA now claims on average one life each day. Last year there were a reported 30,000 gang-related crimes. The true figure would include countless cases that terrified victims failed to report.

21:30 hours. Gordon's patrol car is now cruising along the alleyway adjacent to a dimly lit park which is a favored drug dealing haunt. A gang of F13 Mexican youths leaning against a graffiti-smeared fence is taken completely by surprise. Gordon hits the brakes abruptly and summons the teenagers to his car by torchlight.

"Yo! Over here. Let's see some hands. Don't fuck around. Get 'em up in the air!" shouts Gordon from behind the sights of an automatic 9mm pistol, police radio in hand.

He knows these gangbangers. They've strayed from F13



Above Left: Police hardware. Choppers are called in immediately to back up officers on the ground in a "jack up."
Below Left: F13 Bloods being searched by police during a jack-up in the suburb of Compton.

Blood territory on to the edge of rival Rolling 60s Crip turf, probably looking to buy. Not wanting to run in the face of a drawn weapon, nodding gangsters strut brazenly up to the patrol car. "What's up, Pacman?" they taunt.

"Turn around," snaps Gordon. "Face the other way, hands behind your head, one line, side by side, now!" Levelling the gun at head height, he begins frisking the youths methodically, one eye over his shoulder.

The police stop-and-search is called a "jack-up." It's necessary because Gordon knows a chance encounter here between F13 members and Rolling 60s members would be deadly. A jack-up is a precisely co-ordinated operation. Suddenly the scene changes. Responding to Gordon's call for assistance, the helicopters arrive, their search lights illuminating and securing the park. Meanwhile, several other black and white squad cars, lights flashing, have barricaded the entrance. CRASH officers donning bullet-proof vests leap from their vehicles in a tactical response that would rival the SWAT team.

Two uniformed cops now grab at F13 members, forcing them to their knees. One gangster is busted carrying ten sachets of crack, or "rock" as it's called in LA — the smokeable form of cocaine. Another is carted away for questioning on suspicion of a recent murder.

Early in 1988 the LAPD CRASH units cracked down. Their controversial street "sweeps" deployed up to 1000 officers at a time in an effort to take back control of the neighborhoods with repeated drug busts. The crackdown followed the drive-by shootings of innocent bystanders Karen Toshima, nine-year-old Jorge Gonzales, six-year-old Irma Saucedo, and her father Salavador — the latter two being sprayed with bullets in the living room of their East Compton home as they sat watching the crime-busting TV program *America's Most Wanted*. The street sweeps, which resulted in 24,094 arrests during 1988 including 13,548 gang members, focussed on South Central LA and the suburb of Watts — the number one stomping ground for Blood and Crip gangs. The operation drew harsh



BUSTED AGAIN...



LAWER

criticism from black community leaders who labelled it a disproportionate response, albeit the death rate continues to escalate.

22:00 hours. Back at the scene of the jack-up, Gordon paces up and down behind the kneeling gangbangers, checking the wooden fence lines for fresh graffiti. These scrawlings and F13's proximity to Crip turf tell him much about current tensions and upcoming events in the "hoods" (neighborhoods). His diligent gathering of intelligence at least shows the gangbangers their activities are being closely monitored — a possible deterrent to major crime.

"Quiet night," Officer Gordon sarcastically observes while directing an underarm jab to a gangbanger's ribs.

"Yeah, homeboys all got funerals in the morning," a hurting youth replies matter-of-factly.

"Tough shit," comes the reply from a higher-ranking officer. "F13 hit the Crips' turf last week. They hit back. Homicide's your binge."

"You don't know me, fool," a gangster sneers, struggling to control himself.

"Don't try and act crazy with me, boy. That shit don't faze me." The officer violently jerks the gangster to his feet, pulling him in close. "Give me a reason, boy." Then he hesitates, remembering the presence of the Australian journalist, before barking: "Fuck off before some nigger Crip shoots you in the back."

A special debriefing from the ranking officer follows. Then the elite CRASH units disappear back into the black urban jungle.

22:30 hours. Night patrol continues as the midnight quitting time approaches. Suddenly, on the corner of 54th and Hoover, 16-year-old Adam Lopez hits the pavement, blown to pieces by gangsters in a passing car as he walks out of a liquor store. Just another drive-by statistic — and,

as with the first call-out, Raymond Smith, dead on arrival.

The final score for the evening on the East Side: Swans 1, Crips 1. In West LA they felt the pain, too. Three retaliatory shootings involving rival gangsters left four people wounded, two of them critical. Tomorrow night South Bureau CRASH will continue the battle, even though America is losing the war.

TRIGGER HAPPY

The rights of American citizens are guaranteed by their Constitution, the Second Amendment of which provides that "... The right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed."



**Opposite Page,
Clockwise From Top:
Officer Gordon calls
for reinforcements;
CRASH unit police car
shot up by automatic
weapon fire; The body
of 16-year-old Adam
Lopez, blown to pieces
while walking out of a
liquor store. This
Page: Automatic
weapons on sale at a
West LA gun store.**



The Founding Fathers did not reckon upon the advent of crack and the wave of terror it has unleashed. Between October and December 1988, there were five separate incidents where LAPD officers were fired on with automatic military-style assault rifles.

In a typical example, Officers Warren and Harris were in pursuit of a battered green Pontiac, charging through a congested intersection between Crenshaw Boulevard and Slavson Avenue, when a passenger in the Pontiac with a Russian-made AK-47 opened fire through the rear window, spraying 30-odd rounds into the front of the squad car. The two officers pursued their quarry to 63rd Street, where the Pontiac spun out of control, smashing into a motel. As Warren and Harris pulled up the suspects leaped from the Pontiac, one firing a .45 calibre handgun, the other shooting an AK-47 from the waist, cutting loose at the officers Rambo-style as he sidestepped in retreat. Simultaneously the police officers dived for cover, shielding themselves behind the car's engine. The shooting recalled a similar incident just a few months earlier when seasoned CRASH officer Daniel Pratt was shot clean through the head with an AR-15 assault rifle. Pratt had been cut down while pursuing a suspect from a drive-by shooting in South Central Los Angeles.

In October 1988, LAPD Motorcycle Officer Carter was fired upon with an automatic weapon during a routine traffic stop in Westwood Village. On New Year's Eve a police sergeant travelling alone in his marked patrol car was besieged by automatic weapon fire; five slugs hit the vehicle but he sped away uninjured. Another sergeant cruising through a South Side neighborhood on the same evening was also targetted, three slugs piercing the rear of the car and a fourth injuring the officer.

Such incidents involving police officers, as well as the far more frequent attacks on private citizens, have caused outrage. Law enforcement agencies, city officials and legislators are all demanding reform. Lieutenant Haggerty, officer in charge of Operations South Bureau CRASH, the anti-gang unit fighting to control LA's most crime-saturated area, believes the marked increase in homicides over the past few years is not only due to the advent of crack but also to the widespread availability of military-style assault rifles. Such weapons are easily obtained across the counter in state-wide gun stores by 18-year-olds using little more than a driver's licence for identification. "You may find this hard to believe," says Lt Haggerty, "but

there are currently 55 million registered gun owners in America. That's an incredible amount of firepower out there, and military-style assault rifles are the easiest to get."

Last year 23 cops were killed in California — more than in any other state. A special Task Force made up of law enforcement officials and District Attorneys from around the state has tentatively drafted legislation to outlaw both the sale and possession of assault weapons in California. Apart from clashes with the enormously powerful American gun lobby, the Task Force's most difficult problem is defining exactly what is an assault weapon. At the same time, the Bush Administration has unexpectedly imposed a ban on the importation of such weapons pending a review to determine whether these guns have real sporting purposes or are used primarily to kill people.

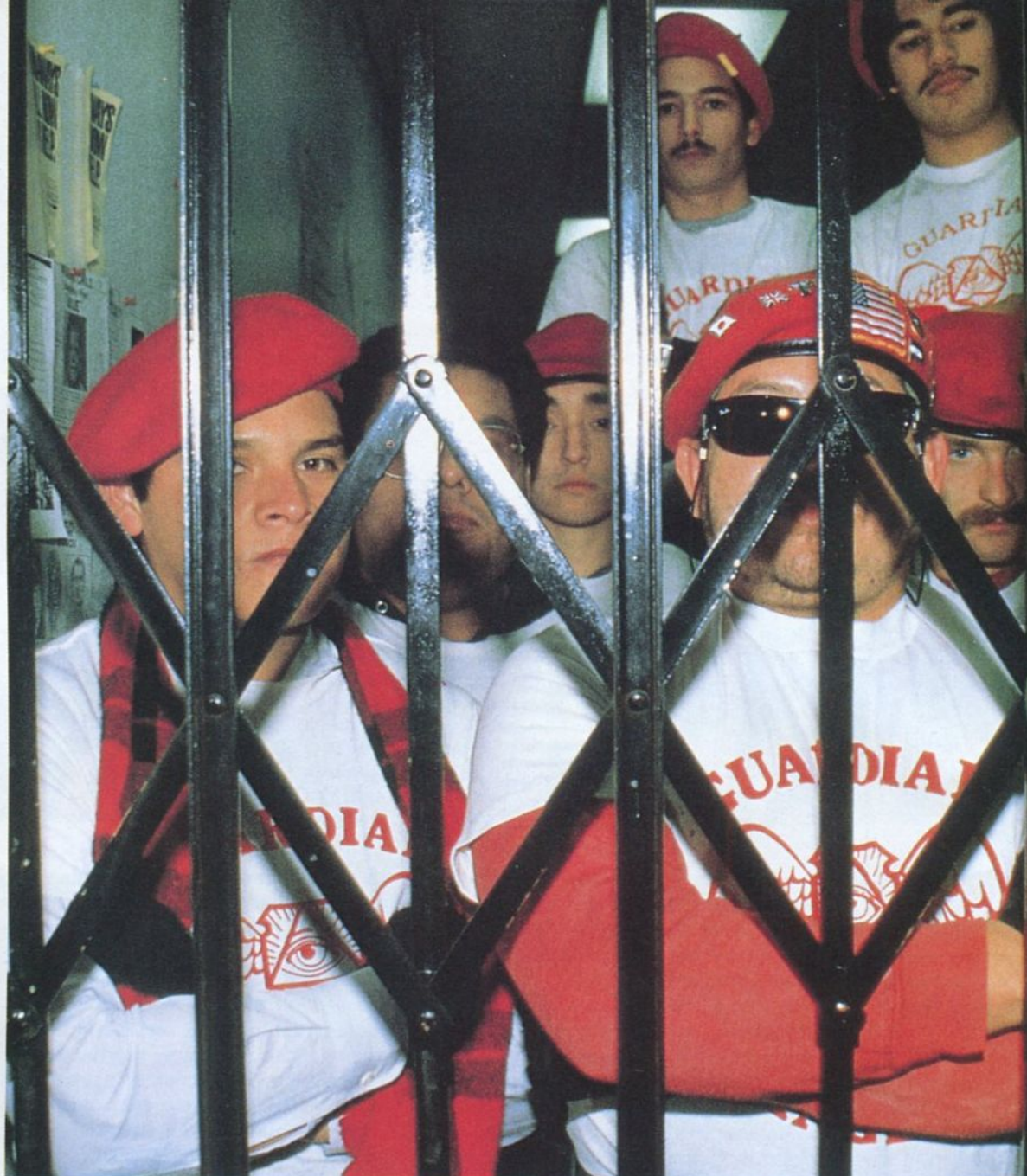
From an observer's point of view the answer seems self-evident. But such is the American fondness for firepower that the legislative battle ahead will be long and arduous.

THE GUARDIAN ANGELS

In a dark litter-strewn alleyway off Los Angeles' famous Hollywood Boulevard, an ageing crack dealer backs away from two advancing Guardian Angels. "What the fuck has it got to do with you?" he shouts. "Mind your own Goddamn business." Beyond the alleyway, a handful of other drug dealers gather beneath flickering street lights, anxiously awaiting the outcome of the showdown.

In the act of reaching for his gun the crack dealer is dragged from the alley and slammed against a brick wall. Vials of crack spill on to the sidewalk, crunching underfoot. The dealer's head hits the wall with a thud;

Clockwise From Right:
Headquarters of the Guardian Angels, Los Angeles Chapter; Venice Beach vigilante Bob Balhatchet, with weaponry on hand; Guardian Angels, unarmed but still formidable, exercising their wings on patrol; Balhatchet's invitation to drug dealing gangsters.



LA WAR

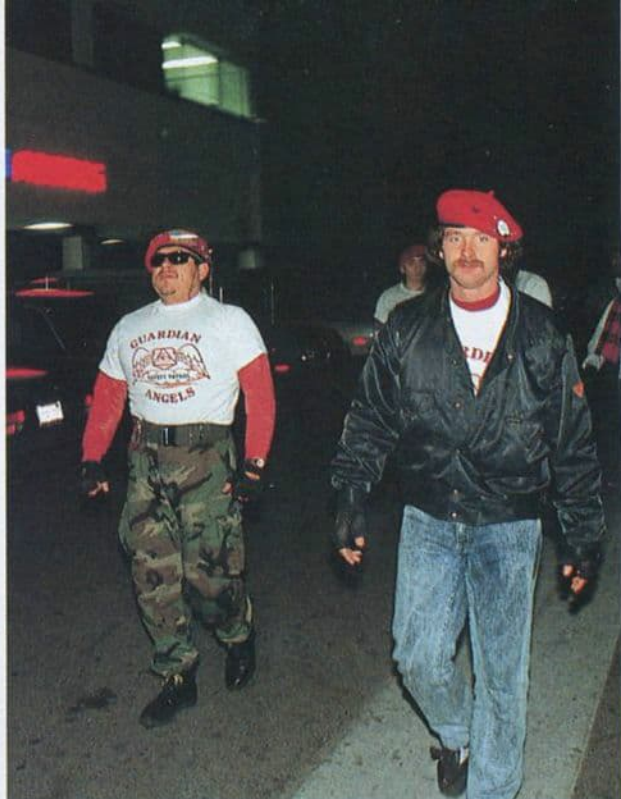
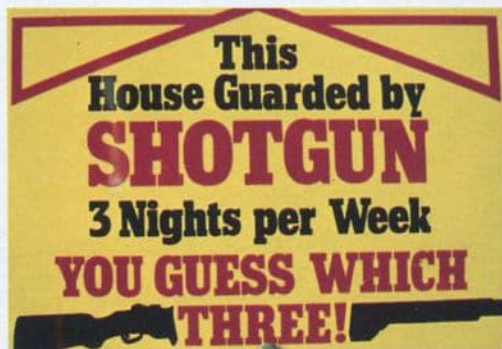
blood trickles from a torn ear. He stumbles away, screaming obscenities into the night. The other dealers slowly follow.

Neither police nor city officials can dispute the effectiveness of the Guardian Angels. All the same, they'd rather not talk about it. Controversy has raged throughout the ten years since Archangel Curtis Sliwa launched his Red Beret Guardian Angel chapters on to American streets and crime-ridden subways. Authorities still question whether the Angels are genuine vigilante crime fighters or a dangerous mob themselves. Still, thousands of ordinary citizens of inner Los Angeles breathe a sigh of relief when they see the self-appointed law enforcers patrolling. The Angels move defiantly night after night through the areas adjoining popular late-night venues, exercising their wings where the law is often absent.

Actor, film producer and property manager Bob Balhatchet currently looks after three apartment buildings on the Venice Beach shore line. He's been instrumental in bringing the Angels in to eliminate the area's crack problem. "I was more sceptical than most," he says, "but it had reached the point where something had to be done. I'm not blaming the police — they're hopelessly undermanned and overworked. The proliferation of crack has given crime a new dimension. When I took over as landlord, these buildings were being used as crack houses. The police would raid them and the dealers would go but it was always business as usual a couple of nights later.

"Initially, when the Angels arrived, I kept looking for the catch. But there was none. These guys do it to keep the streets safe. They don't get paid and they're lucky if they get respect. They've certainly got mine."

After months of continual harassment by the Angels, the dealing has stopped. Crack house closures are now



Below: Los Angeles metropolis. Not all the comic book heroes in the world could clean up this urban jungle.



followed up with patrols conducted by Bob Balhatchet, who clasps a .45 calibre pistol and a baseball bat to enforce the law whenever necessary.

The Los Angeles Guardian Angel chapter is drawn largely from the Black and Hispanic communities, where street crime is a way of life. There is no check on the backgrounds of recruits and some may have previous records. They get trained in routine defensive techniques although most are already experienced in martial arts. They seem to derive tremendous pride from doing a worthwhile job. In many cases they're the type of kids who'd be involved in crime if they weren't too busy fighting it; nevertheless, being an Angel boosts their morale and provides a form of law and order in their neighborhoods that hasn't existed for decades.

In the past ten years the Guardian Angels throughout the US have fought and arrested more than 1000 criminals, while 200 of their own members have been arrested by police. Whether due to high-level intervention or not, none

has eventually been prosecuted. During that time three Angels have lost their lives and dozens more have been seriously injured. But they keep on going. The motto: "We Dare To Care."

The Guardian Angels' popularity among citizens has stemmed largely from the age-old complaint that there's never a cop around when you need one. People have discovered one major benefit from calling in the freelance crime fighters: the police immediately turn up in greater numbers.

New York chapter leader Curtis Sliwa, after escorting a group of elderly people away from a mob, observed: "Maybe the crime rate didn't drop tonight, but in the case of these people, it didn't go up either. Personally, they find that pretty important."

Maybe when pride and prejudice are worn away, the law and the people will somehow work hand in hand to clean up the streets of Los Angeles. It looks like that could be the only hope. ○—



Pita had spent the night in a quaint hotel on her way home from holidays. She was finishing her breakfast and about to check out when John Paul, still out from the evening before, stopped off for coffee and toast at this little wayside inn. As fate would have it, there was no sugar at Paul's booth. Turning to the adjoining nook, he found something far more savory.

BREAKFAST in BED

PHOTOGRAPHY BY AUSTIN LEGREW











Pita had been travelling for more than two weeks. Her eyes and Paul's met, and as he stirred his tea, something stirred in her as well. The key to her room lay by her cup. They spoke softly, as they had never spoken before. The white linens, like Pita's blonde waves, shone softly in the morning sunlight. For the weeks of her solitary holiday, Pita had been aware of a vague romantic desire kindling. Now she felt it flare to passion.

**The car as we know it
is an endangered species**

RECKONING

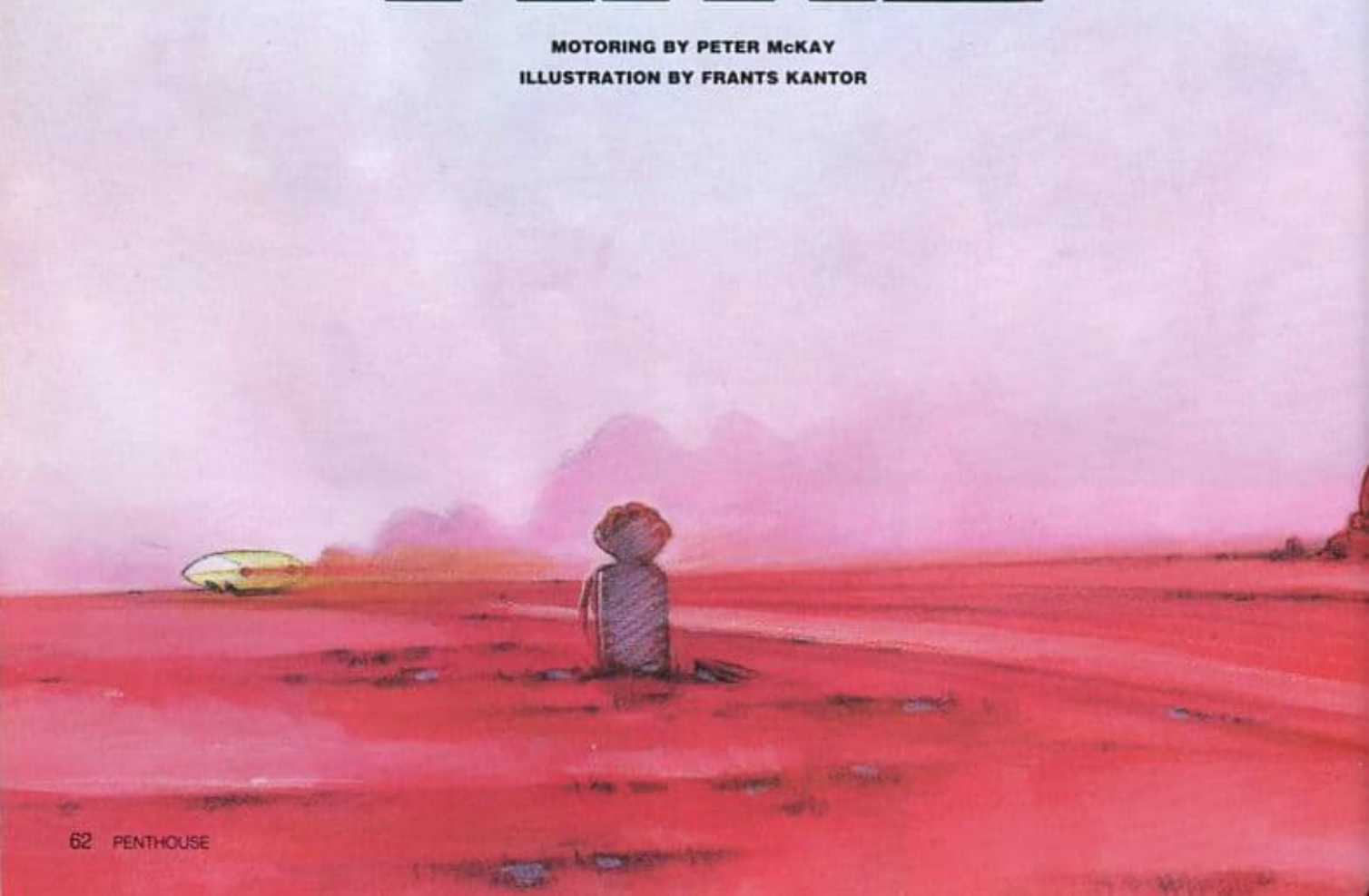
Go outside to the driveway, walk slowly around your mean motoring machine, softly caress the bonnet housing 150 kiloWatts of kick-ass hi-tech muscle, run a finger down its long, handsome flanks ... and kiss it all goodbye.

Our glorious freedom machine — the motor car as we know it — will be fortunate if it survives into the 21st Century. The international auto industry, steeling itself in anticipation of an attack of the killer greenies, is on the brink of a challenge greater even than in the Seventies when the Arab oil sheiks held the rest of the world to ransom.

The Greenhouse Effect has the world running scared, with scientists and governments frantically assessing means of reducing damaging carbon dioxide gases,

TIME

**MOTORING BY PETER MCKAY
ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR**





RECKONING

the prime contributor to global warming. Among the key targets is the motor vehicle, currently the source of about 15 percent of the destructive carbon dioxide gases gradually heating the Earth.

Ironically, the latest threat comes just as the motor car has at last powered out of the shackles of the fuel crisis of a decade ago. Present trends toward power and performance — and safer, stronger cars — are destined to crash head-on with environmental demands. Some observers are already predicting that many car companies, specifically those at the luxury and performance end of the market, will be unable to defend themselves against this new onslaught.

Revolutionary changes in lifestyle may result if the Greenhouse Effect impacts on Australia. Depending on the extent of any push for greater fuel savings, the private car could become totally utilitarian. Basic transport. Small and light. The local vehicle industry hasn't reached accord on the question of the extent of change affecting the car in the coming decade. Some Aussie car company heavies are bravely suggesting the effects will be minimal. Others are looking over their shoulders...

With Australia's motoring traditions based on large family cars with big engines, inevitably there will be serious consumer resistance to any proposal to force motorists into econoboxes. There is an inevitability about the environmental crunch hitting the industry. Peter Barber, Chief Engineer of Nissan Australia, admits to feeling intimidated by the potential of legislation to create havoc.

Maybe it won't get to a point where an Australian motorist will be obliged to plant a forest of saplings before he or she takes delivery of a new car, but in all likelihood the car of the 21st Century won't be a big and mean sports machine, a fashion accessory or an extension of the owner's personality. Notwithstanding the recent "revelations" of the NSW National Party leader Mr Wal Murray that the global warming scare is largely nothing more than propaganda emanating from a handful of pessimistic scientists, responsible governments — Australia's included — are investigating further. Some countries, convinced of the dangers, are already contemplating how they might retard the Greenhouse Effect.

Australia has been at the forefront of environmental consciousness in terms of motor vehicles, first with the introduction in 1976 of tough emissions regulations, followed a decade later by the mandatory changeover to unleaded fuel and catalysts for all new cars. It's difficult to imagine that this zeal will abate in the matter of carbon dioxide and global warming.

Besieged motorists can blame the infernal internal combustion engine. Miracles like sending men to the moon and making politicians appear smart happen regularly, but the greatest brains of the vehicle industry

POST 2000: Worst Case Scenario For Motorists

- Fuel tax pushes price of petrol to the equivalent of \$2 per litre.
- Private usage of motor vehicles restricted to alternate days of the week, or pegged by an annual kilometre ceiling.
- V8s and V12s extinct; anything larger than 1.2 litres adjudged socially irresponsible.
- The Hinch Shame File highlights drivers whose personal fuel monitor reveals they've failed to exceed legislated targets of 5.1 litres/100km, or 55mpg. Hinch recommends the firing squad for all offenders.
- Transport of the trendoids is the environmentally friendly 25-speed Peugeot pushbike.
- Biker gangs have swung over to Vespas while National Party politicians defiantly stick with the most recent Holden ute, the gas-guzzling 1.6-litre Squirt.
- Green unavailable on all new car model color charts.
- Recreational vehicles outlawed. No more dune buggies, trail bikes.
- Motor sport under increasing pressure to justify its existence. Shell Mileage Marathon supplants the annual Bathurst classic.

cannot produce an alternative to the petrol-fed piston engine. Because the amount of carbon dioxide emitted by a motor vehicle is directly proportional to its fossil-based fuel usage, the obvious solution is to burn less petrol.

The time is approaching when a car's performance will be defined in terms of how many litres it consumes per 100 kilometres rather than kilometres per hour.

Most governments recognise that CO₂ emissions would be reduced if car makers improved the fuel efficiency of their engines... and if the numbers of vehicles on the world's roads were cut back.

The car makers tend to choke when the second option is mentioned. The first option, to make engines more economical, doesn't send them into paroxysms of joy either, although remarkably, there has been broad consensus by the industry on the need to tackle the issue quickly and responsibly. In the main, the auto leviathans, so often painted the villains in environmental matters, are revealing a sensitivity not thought possible even ten years ago.

Even so, legislation on the launchpad in Washington has stunned the vehicle industry. The United States — the world's biggest market — is leading the charge with some

surprisingly tough proposals designed to force car makers to quickly adjust to creating a whole new generation of fuel-thrifty cars. While details are still being thrashed out between different watchdog departments and Detroit, it seems certain car makers — domestic and imports — will have to progressively reach a corporate fuel average somewhere between 40 and 50 mpg (5.9 litres/100 km — 4.7 litres/100 km) by the year 2000. At present, the requirement is 27.5 mpg or 8.6 litres/100 km. Some companies are having trouble meeting today's quite modest US target; others, like Jaguar, don't come within cooee of achieving that fuel consumption level and instead pay stiff Federal fines.

Since the legislation was foreshadowed, the US auto giants have been busily scratching around for ways to make incremental gains, facing as they do the awesome task of almost doubling the fuel efficiency of their passenger car range in a frighteningly tight time span of just over a decade.

Just as the fuel crises of 1974 and 1979 shook up the American market and hastened the penetration of Japanese manufacturers into the US, so too does the new purge seem to favor Toyota, Nissan, Honda, Mitsubishi and Mazda, all of whom are pacesetters in the field of small, fuel-efficient engines.

Nissan has already responded to the threat of 45-50 mpg corporate averages with: "Tell us what the target is and we'll meet it." Europe — with the exception of West Germany's Mercedes-Benz, BMW and VW-Audi — lags behind Japan in engine technology by as much as ten years.

BMW isn't underestimating green power. Dr Wolfgang Reitzle, Bee Em's head of Research and Development, believes environmental issues pose a bigger challenge to his company than even the Japanese car industry. Like most other car makers serious about forging a future, BMW is heavily into searching for viable alternative energy sources. Electric and hydrogen-engined research is well advanced in Munich but Reitzle admits BMW engineers and scientists are still 30 years from a practical application.

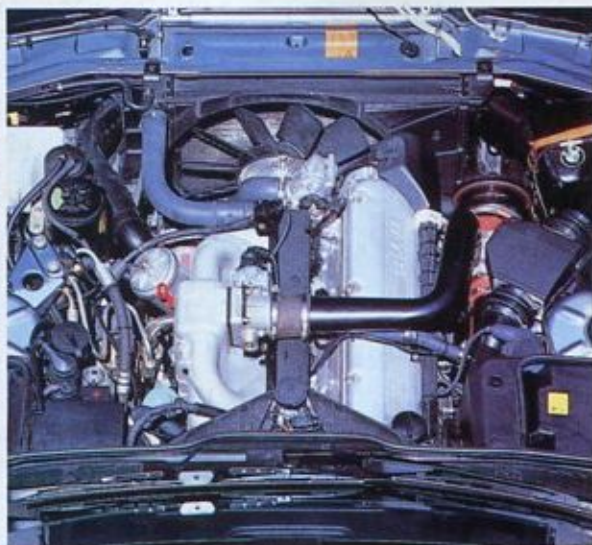
There must be serious doubts about the ability of the likes of Jaguar to ride out the rough road ahead. Seriously dependent on the US market, and with a limited range of heavyweight lux models powered by thirsty large-capacity engines, Jaguar will not be able to react with telling speed to meet Greenhouse Effect legislation.

Volvo's engines are hardly state of the art either but the Swedish car maker has the advantage of massive cash reserves which could buy it out of trouble. But it will need to revise its attitude to aerodynamics. A slippery car is more economical than a car with a toolbox shape.

The Yankee car makers have already adjusted product planning in anticipation of a higher corporate fuel average. While Con-



BMW has been concentrating its alternative energy research on hydrogen and electric power. Nevertheless, BMW admits practical solutions are perhaps 30-40 years off. The BMW electric car uses a sodium-sulphur battery that packs a more powerful electrical punch than a conventional lead-acid battery. The battery weighs all of 265 kilos, is about 1.5 metres long, and has a 600°C operating temperature. But its performance is impressive; it will propel a 3-series BMW from rest to 50 km/h in 9.0 seconds and on to a top speed of 95 km/h. Range is around 140 km and it can be re-charged from electric mains supply. Hydrogen power also has its problems, but at least hydrogen can be burned in a normal combustion engine. The real difficulty is safely storing sufficient quantities of the volatile liquid hydrogen in a vehicle to give it a reasonable touring range. BMW's prototype, based on a 735iL, uses a special double-wall super-insulated 80-litre tank which gives it a 300 km range. The 3.5-litre engine, with the help of a supercharger, develops about 100 kW on hydrogen fuel. That's still about 30 per cent down on the power of a conventional engine.



gress considers implementing new fuel efficiency measures a Draconian clean-air proposal has been proposed for California. It calls for the heavy use of alternative fuels by the end of the 1990s, and the elimination of gasoline engines by 2007. Radical chat like this really gets the fellas in Detroit on edge. However, Motown seems quite prepared to deal with rational proposals. It's resigned to accepting a dramatic change in emphasis. General Motors, the world's largest car maker, is convinced attention to fuel economy and emissions will intensify in the next year and beyond. And GM, Ford and Chrysler agree that big engines and luxury cars will assume a lower priority in Detroit. The coming months will be a planning nightmare for all car companies as they attempt to plot a course of new product towards 2000. Many car makers are now working on

mid-1990s models. A wrong decision now could spell economic disaster ahead.

Imagine the anguish at Ford Australia where the boffins have been working on a new V8 engine for the Falcon/Fairlane LTD line-up. This 5.0-litre V8 is due for a 1990 introduction. Holden already has a V8 which was recently the subject of an expensive upgrade — a fuel injection and an engine management system — designed to give it life for another decade. Not surprisingly, Holden, racking up sales with V6 and V8 Commodores — now Australia's most popular motor car — and soon to launch its even larger Statesman model, is reluctant to concede ground to the environmental onslaught.

Obviously protective of Holden's right to continue to sell big family cars such as the popular Commodore, Frank Pound, Vehicle

Safety Engineer, urges the importance of dealing in fact and not emotions. The media, he claims, has talked up the Greenhouse Effect during 1989. One fact he concedes is that the Earth's concentration of CO₂ has doubled over the last 200 years. "But how much has the Earth warmed up? Is it cyclical? We've listened to lots of predictions and theories."

Pound, whose job includes responsibility for ensuring Holden products meet all emissions regulations, believes the motor car is being asked to shoulder too much of the blame for global warming. "It's easy to point the finger at the car — it doesn't vote, it can't argue back."

According to The General's environmental expert, the Australian motor industry has

Continued on page 160

They said he'd never make it, but Martin Potter has blown the world's best surfers right out of the water

Martin Potter, 6.15 on main event morning of the Coke Surf Classic, is at the wheel of his new car, a grey 4WD Terrel wagon, slipping through the uncertain light of a Sydney dawn toward Queenscliff Beach. The swell around four feet, glassy, and he is cruising. Cool as a cucumber. He has three surfboards in the back, including the one he used to win the Bells Easter Classic the week before. Justin Rose, his mate, is in the front seat next to Martin, a tall blond boyish kid with a briefcase. Guns 'n' Roses are on the stereo, fairly loud, and Martin has his sunnies on, tapping the dashboard, wild hair, ear-stud, wonderfully hip three-day growth, weaving through the early morning commuter traffic with a very slight smile on his face . . . *All these poor characters off to their hellish offices in town, dreaming of their morning coffee break, and they don't even know that in their midst there is a man partway through*



BY NICK CARROLL

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
PETER CRAWFORD

one of the great streaks in pro surfing history, young and magnificent . . .

"Look at this," he says, in his casual cool voice. He grabs a lock of his hair. "Look at it. It's just knotted together! It's like a bit of rope or something . . . I haven't combed my hair for about eight months." And he turns up the stereo, much louder.

"Take me down to the Paradise City

Where the grass is green and the girls are pretty . . ."

To fully grasp the potency of the streak Martin Potter was on coming into the Coke Classic in April this year, you need to understand something fundamental about pro surfing competition: *hardly anyone ever wins contests one after the other.* There are many reasons for this, but they can be boiled down to three axioms: the often huge changes in surf conditions from event to event; the luck factor which sends one surfer good waves and starves his op-

THE KING OF SURF COOL



SURF COOL

ponent; and the sheer psychological strain of maintaining an iron grip on that winning frame of mind, in the face of intense competition, week after hard-grinding week.

Thus, only the cream — Australia's Tom Carroll and the USA's Tom Curren, both double world champions — have been able to open a season with twin victories. Even they have never won three out of four events at the beginning of a tour.

The streak had begun in February '89 at Santa Cruz, California. The \$60,000 Coldwater Classic, opening event of a 27-contest world pro tour. It was weird. Potter hadn't even meant to go there. Like many of the top-ranked professionals, he'd intended to go home after Hawaii in January and rest up for the rich Australian autumn leg of the tour. "But I hung in Hawaii," he said at the time, looking out across Santa Cruz's icy winter waters. "And there were things I could do for my sponsors, so I came over. I came ninth last year. I reckon if I get a fifth that'll make me happy."

But suddenly he got to the quarterfinals and something else, this new Potter, took over, and the streak was underway. It stalled briefly at the Cronulla Surfmasters, where Tom Carroll tripped him in the highest-scoring heat of the infant '89. It recharged at Bells Beach a week later, where he scored a 28 out of 30 on the first wave of the final.

People had wondered about him for years. Now it was coming true, the fear that many of the top pros have had about Martin Potter: that after eight years of surfing like a demon in practice sessions and playing Mr Inconsistent in contests, he might suddenly begin to get his act together.

"Right now I feel as much of a grommet as I ever was," he says. Potter is sitting on the floor of his apartment out the back of Palm Beach. There is a white pile carpet, three surfboards, the ultimate stereo system, a TV and eight trophies. There is no furniture except two black leather lounge suites. "It's me," he says, grinning. He is 23 years old and a very, very cool dude. The hair, the three-day growth, the leather jacket ... it's almost a rock star we have here, except for the huge barrel chest, the strong legs, the unconscious physical ease of the athlete.

"Right now I feel like I'm surfing with a little bit more of a reason," he says. "It's really hard to explain. Like, one day I just woke up and just went, 'This is it, I'm gonna think about what I'm doing instead of just writing off, walking away every time I lose and saying screw the judges, screw this, screw that.' That's what I used to do. I mean, I never learned from what happened."

So why start now? Maybe it is stability. After all, Martin Potter has never known much of that, until recently. Ever since the young British South African was launched on to the world tour in July 1981 with two

astounding second place finishes in his first two pro events, he has lived what he calls "a gypsy life."

From Day One, Potter was surf *nouveau*. He rode with a searing, aggressive power, launching himself into impossible positions on the wave. New surfing moves came to him constantly. He invented the aerial turn and dispatched it as foolish before anyone else managed to figure it out. Much credit is given to the USA's Richie Collins for creating a move called the "floater", a horizontal run along the breaking lip of the wave. Potter was doing them seven years ago.

He had the talent, this kid with the soft English-South African accent and the indefinable air of cool. But he wasn't sure what to do with it. A teenager on tour, he was easy prey for the scavengers who hang around pro surfing as they do every sport. "Travelling, you're confronted with a lot of false people," he says. "They wanna know you because of what you are. Me doing it at

6

From Day One
Potter was surf *nouveau*.
He rode with a searing,
aggressive power, launching
himself into impossible
positions on the wave

9

such a young age, I was heavily influenced by a bunch of shiteheads."

In 1984, after a particularly gruelling surf trip to Indonesia with a group of Brazilian surfers, he came close to quitting altogether.

His parents' divorce — around the time he set out on tour — made things no easier. He bought a house in Newquay, England, as an investment and to give his mother and two brothers somewhere to live; when he decided to sell up and shift base to Australia they tried everything to stop him.

One way or another, the stresses added up: until 1989, despite his scalding ability, Potter had only won six events in his eight-year career. He was ranked sixth in the world; many thought he would never rise higher. Then it began.

Martin pulls up at Queenscliff and all along the road behind the contest site, there are cars parked. Already. "They shouldn't be parked here," he mutters. He wheels the Tercel a few spots down, gets out to check the surf — four foot, mushy — gets the rear hatch open. He has been doing this for two days. "I used to come down here for about

a week before the contest," he says. "But by the time the contest started I was just thinking: 'Oh, no, Manly again' ... I was burnt out on coming down here."

"I have to get excited, not be all bored, because then you get into that negative frame of mind."

The first round heat, against West Australia's Matt Branson, is easy. He has a tighter heat with Hawaii's Marty Thomas next day. It doesn't need to be tight but the heat runs dry of waves. Derek Hynd, the coach, signals Thomas to block Potter. Martin turns to Marty and says two words: "Won't work." In the last minute nobody catches a wave. Potter is some metres from the shore when he hears the final scores called. He punches the water in relief. He comes up on to the sand and makes a gesture at Thomas and snarls: "That's the only way you'll beat me, on an interference." Thomas shrugs, beaten. "Good coaching, Derek," says Martin and walks off up the beach.

Martin's friends play a big role in his life. Once, he says, he used to try to impress people by playing at being the King of Cool — "To show that I'm in there with the boys, you know?" His mother's furious refusal to live in Australia, followed by legal action to block the sale of his Newquay house, has practically divorced him from his family. But since coming to Sydney three years ago, he's discovered real friends — guys from Avalon, guys from Palmy, guys from Newport. Average people: electricians, lifeguards, laborers, surf bums.

"There's Tom Carroll," he says. "I see a lot of Tom. Like, today we were playing ping-pong and darts together. Tom's always had these people who don't treat him like anyone special, but for who he is, Tom Carroll, the person. A lot of times they bag the shit out of him, you know? And they bag the shit out of me. It's bloody good because it keeps you with a level head and brings you down to Earth."

Now that he doesn't need to try to impress, life is more relaxed. He might go round to a friend's house, have a couple of beers, go to dinner, cruise. "I was a nervous little boy," he says. "Coming to this place I was nervous as hell. For one thing, I didn't have a stable background. I didn't know what I wanted, where I was going. I was just this young guy looking for security. Moving over here, I've found that. I've never had that sense of security, having my own car, having my own place, being me. I've always been like a little puppet on a string."

Tom Carroll is his quarterfinal opponent — the only surfer in four contests to have stopped Potter. This would be a good test. Tom Carroll ... his buddy ... the one whose self-discipline in training and bedrock of support had helped collect the thing Potter is yet to find out about: the world title.

Continued on page 150

Hair, make-up and styling by Susan Daub; Antique silver bed and chair from The Country Trader, Paddington, Sydney; Silver and white swimsuit by Risk of Crown St, Sydney; Lingerie by Undies & Things, Crown St, Sydney; White lace robe, white apron and period costume from ABC Rentals of Sydney.



KRISTINA



DYNAMITE

She's back! Kristina Dwyer, possessor of the fabulous face and figure that sold out Penthouse in her first appearance, makes a welcome return to celebrate our tenth anniversary. And she's hotter than ever. Blind Freddy can see why our sales skyrocketed when Kristina debuted in Penthouse back in June 1986 — this woman is pure dynamite.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHRISTIAN LEMECH



They wish their figures were as healthy as ours.

BUSINESS REVIEW WEEKLY
77,517

TIME
107,000

THE BULLETIN
110,000

AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY
40,886

WHEELS
62,500

AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE
128,137*

In competing for the advertising dollar few magazines have the staying power to deliver the really glittering prizes. However, while some have their ups and downs in circulation, Australian Penthouse is consistently healthy. And constantly ahead of the rest. In fact, it seems the thought of our 128,137* circulation exhausts them. What an even further increase in circulation, which seems highly likely, will do is anyone's guess. However, one thing is for certain, all Australian Penthouse figures stand up to close scrutiny. For instance, our readers have a high disposable income; far higher than the national average. And they are keen to spend it, very keen indeed. They exceed the national average in almost everything: buying cars, videos and recording devices, taking holidays, smoking, drinking and entertaining. So if you have a product whose sale figures need livening up, place the advertising in the magazine whose figures don't look tired.

Australian PENTHOUSE
NOW, MORE THAN EVER,
IT'S A BUSINESS DECISION.

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*Source: ABC Audit, April 1, 1988 - September 30, 1988

Judea 07/88

If perchance you missed Kristina's tumultuous debut back in '86, you may recognise her as the fleet-footed model in our series of advertisements that compare the circulation of Penthouse with those of other Australian magazines. Kristina's breathtaking form proved without a doubt that our figures are indeed better than theirs.





Since '86 Kristina has been in hot demand. Steady photographic work, Penthouse promotional work, dance tours and a movie appearance have kept the lissom 22-year-old in the public eye. Kristina combines hard work with hard work-outs, maintaining a fitness regimen that would stagger even a Schwarzenegger.









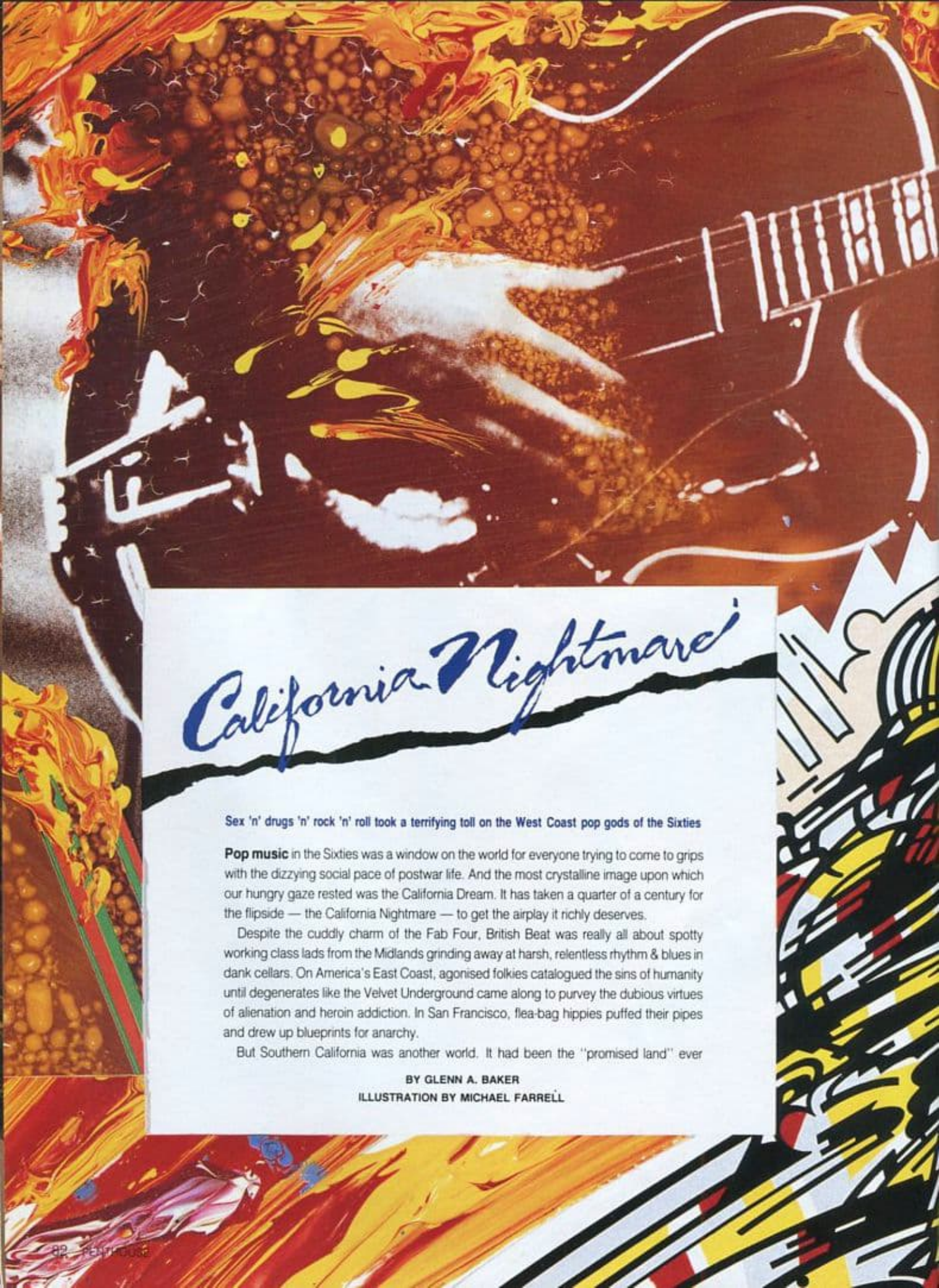
Always on the lookout for challenges, super-fit Kristina has set her sights on a gruelling 200-kilometre bicycle race across the Simpson Desert to raise money for charity. As this magazine hits the newsstands, Kristina is putting the finishing touches on her bike and limbering up for the long haul. Watch for her in the television coverage of the race. She's hard to miss.











California Nightmare

Sex 'n' drugs 'n' rock 'n' roll took a terrifying toll on the West Coast pop gods of the Sixties

Pop music in the Sixties was a window on the world for everyone trying to come to grips with the dizzying social pace of postwar life. And the most crystalline image upon which our hungry gaze rested was the California Dream. It has taken a quarter of a century for the flipside — the California Nightmare — to get the airplay it richly deserves.

Despite the cuddly charm of the Fab Four, British Beat was really all about spotty working class lads from the Midlands grinding away at harsh, relentless rhythm & blues in dank cellars. On America's East Coast, agonised folkies catalogued the sins of humanity until degenerates like the Velvet Underground came along to purvey the dubious virtues of alienation and heroin addiction. In San Francisco, flea-bag hippies puffed their pipes and drew up blueprints for anarchy.

But Southern California was another world. It had been the "promised land" ever

BY GLENN A. BAKER

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL FARRELL



California Nightmare

since the migrant farm workers immortalised by Woody Guthrie had abandoned their Mid-western dust bowl farms in the Thirties and set out for its lush orchards. Sun-kissed, sea-swept and sustaining, America's lower west coast attracted settlers from all over the vast continent, luring them with a promise of prosperity. The children of these poor wayfarers grew up accustomed to an environment virtually unparalleled in its affluence. The White Anglo Saxon Protestant lifestyle was secure, conservative but enlightened, and strongly consumer orientated. By the time the young JFK had replaced the crew-cutted Ike in the White House, California was ready to epitomise the new face of the Great American Dream.

As the Sixties got underway, there were no duffle coats, Ban The Bomb signs and concerned faces in Southern California. Fun Fun Fun was the credo and striped Pendleton shirts, baggy shorts and Hirachi sandals the standard uniform. Girl watching had predominance over newspaper watching; school was something to be true to, not vandalise; and cars were an essential aspect of survival. Bein' cool was the most important pursuit in life.

The music reflected the same values. It was bright, light and white. The groaning blues of the black man had no place in this lifestyle. Seductive California pop, a middle-class music laden with middle-class ideals, reached out and touched an awakening generation. Beginning with the cool, liquid, creamy vocal harmonies of the Beach Boys, it embraced such sunny, genial, effervescent entities as Jan & Dean, The Byrds, The Mamas & The Papas, The Fifth Dimension, The Turtles and The Monkees. It was music to feel good by; innocent, parent-charming sounds which wafted over the world like a cool Pacific breeze.

If there was an anthem from the genre it might well have been "California Dreamin'" by The Mamas & The Papas. Positive and perceptive, full of hope and harmony, this sumptuous, haunting piece of folk-rock graced with an ethereal vocal blend was a hymn for a new age. A song so popular that, a decade and a half after release, its airplay royalties would go a long way towards supporting one of rock's most astonishing drug habits.

For its writer John Phillips, and so many fellow engineers of the California Dream, the leaves were indeed brown and the sky ominously grey. As an adjunct to what may well have been rock's greatest confidence trick, they tumbled into the black void of a tragic California nightmare. In the plush mansions of the Hollywood Hills, once owned by the overpaid and oversexed screen idols of an earlier era of indulgence, they descended into debauchery and systematically fried their brains with every known addictive substance. Now, some 25 years after they all began their awful odysseys, the scramble is

on to collect jumbo dollar advances from major publishing houses for tell-all tomes which are as depressing as those glossy Sixties hits were exhilarating.

While Papa John Phillips and Byrd David Crosby have willingly hung out their own dirty laundry, the Beach Boys' facade was torn down by author Steven Gaines in the terribly, terribly sad *Heroes And Villains*, a book which truly shook America upon publication in 1986. The US media had long treated the band with a mixture of deference and possessive pride, preferring to carry photographs and footage of Nancy Reagan planting kisses on their balding foreheads at the White House than investigate a lawsuit against the lead singer's brother, Stephen Love, which claimed that he stole almost a million dollars from the members' trust funds.

The Beach Boys had become such a cultural icon to a nation revelling in its own immediate social history that any blemishes or

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Dennis Wilson
boasted that while his
daughter was being
born he was fornicating
with a groupie on
his front lawn

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past indiscretions could easily be overlooked. The FBI had labored diligently for five years to have John Lennon deported on the basis of one minor British drug offence and his publicly declared opposition to the Vietnam War. By comparison, the Beach Boys' catalogue of activities guaranteed to make J. Edgar Hoover roll over in his grave bulged at the seams. Yet, the outfit seemed untouchable. In 1983, when Secretary of the Interior James Watt claimed the Beach Boys' scandals made them unsuitable for the annual 4th of July Washington Monument concert, the furore led not only to Watt losing his job and the Reagans declaring the band to be the embodiment of all that is decent in the American people, but to a general reawakening of affection for the group.

Far from being has-beens or faded teen idols, the Beach Boys are still one of America's biggest concert drawcards. They have retained the baby boomers and also attracted a new generation of starry (as in Stars 'n' Stripes) eyed teens who missed out on the Beatles but still want a taste of the now eulogised, sanitised and deftly marketed Sixties. With the success of films like *The Big Chill* and *Dirty Dancing*, the return of

such faded heroes as John Fogerty and the new profile of the Beach Boys, Americans can now enjoy the decade as they believe it *should* have been — no Vietnam, no student riots or street anarchy, no John F. Kennedy slumped bleeding over a car seat in Dallas. They had Fun Fun Fun in 1964, and damn it, they'll have it again in 1989!

Gaines presents a base scenario of five unsophisticated, moderately intelligent teenage musicians under the thrall of a brutal, pathologically vindictive father/manager, and it's all downhill from there. On the first major Beach Boys tour, 15-year-old bassist David Marks loses his virginity to a whore and comes home with the clap. By 1964, Brian Wilson, the leader of this international chart sensation, is sleeping with a 15-year-old girl, whom he marries. His brother Dennis is living with a 16-year-old girl who has a one-year-old son. Other brother Carl later marries a 16-year-old.

While Brian delves into Afghani hash and, eventually, LSD, STP and anything else he can lay his hands on, Dennis and cousin Mike Love are, according to observers, in a copulating frenzy. Dennis forms a private gang called the Golden Penetrators and boasts that, while his daughter Jennifer was being born across town, he was fornicating with a groupie on his front lawn. He nicknames himself "The Wood" because he is "always hard." His later lovers (a daily diversion) include Christine McVie of Fleetwood Mac and, fittingly, President Reagan's daughter Patti.

With an absolute absence of anything resembling responsibility, the Beach Boys (generally with the exception of mild-mannered Al Jardine) go berserk with money. Their accountant describes them as children, preferring to spend their money on toys. CBS television producer David Oppenheim, after a visit to Brian's house, relates: "It was a strange, insulated household — insulated from the world by money. A playpen of irresponsible people." Five people who, at one stage, own 26 cars between them and who, on a 1967 tour of Britain, buy four Rolls Royce Phantom VIs on a whim.

In 1968, Dennis comes home to his mansion on Sunset Boulevard to find a hairy mystic and a dozen near-naked young teenage girls in residence — two of whom he had picked up hitchhiking and had sex with a few days earlier. As host to Charles Manson and his "Family", Dennis accepts Manson's dictum to engage in wild, orgiastic sex seven times daily, while at the same time conducting an affair with a local 15-year-old girl. The Family steal most of Dennis' possessions before moving on to other sources of sustenance, though not before Dennis gets Manson on to the charts by having the Beach Boys record his "Cease To Exist" under the title "Never Learn Not To Love", for the flipside of "Bluebirds Over The Mountain."

Tortured genius Brian Wilson, after frightening the pants off the Beatles with the

monumental *Pet Sounds* album, teeters off the edge and locks himself in his bedroom for about eight years. This ballooned, paranoid basket case, who openly lusted after his sister-in-law Diane and once hid inside his house weeping while Paul McCartney knocked on his door for 20 minutes in vain, plays in a bedroom sandbox until the group realise they can't survive without him and drag him back into the real (?) world.

As the rehabilitation of Brian gets underway with the help of songwriting shrink Eugene Landy, superstud Dennis is hopelessly addicted to alcohol, cocaine, heroin and young sex. He becomes an unbelievably tragic, pathetic figure who, at one stage, is beaten senseless by the band's own retainers. "Over the years," Gaines writes, "in various alcoholic accidents, he had cut or broken almost every appendage of his body, and everything ached. And if you looked carefully into his eyes you could see a deeper damage than that self-inflicted by drugs or booze. Dennis was being eaten away."

Dennis and first cousin Mike Love bitterly despise each other. Once Dennis had slept with one of Love's six wives; now he takes up with the singer's 15-year-old illegitimate daughter, impregnates and eventually marries her (his sixth wife), perhaps in ultimate spite. His cousin is now his father-in-law. On Boxing Day, 1983, an intoxicated Dennis dives off his boat *Harmony* into the cold waters of Marina Del Ray and is hauled out

45 minutes later. Ronald Reagan gives special permission for him to be buried at sea.

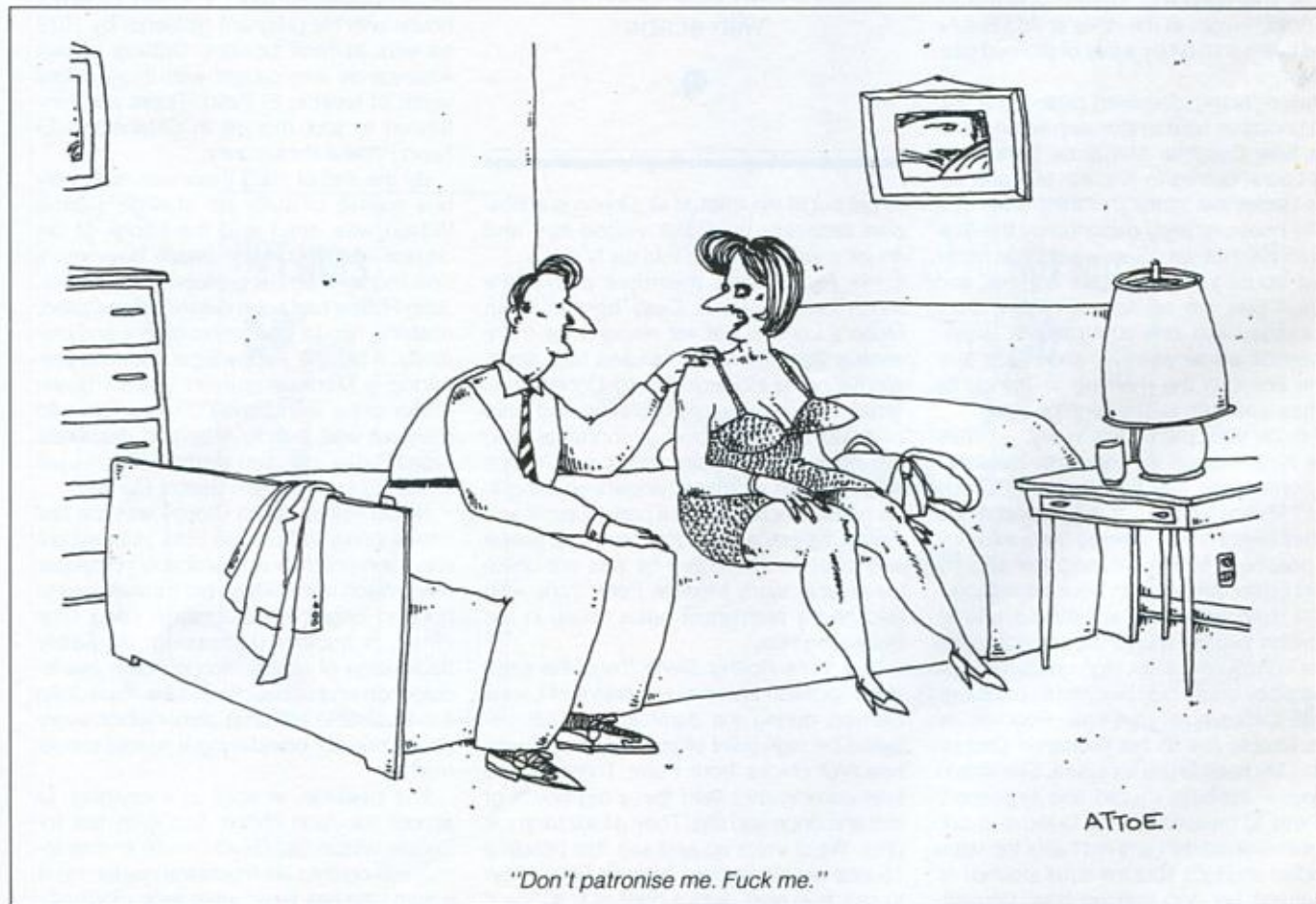
As a horror story disguised as a biography, *Heroes And Villains* takes some beating. But it meets its match with *Papa John*, a Kenneth Anger-styled book which chronicles, in the words of Bob Marley biographer Timothy White, "all the debased dreams, despoiled beauty and dashed promise" of the Sixties. Certainly Papa John Phillips was no less voracious in his appetite for sex and drugs than Dennis Wilson, although he did manage to bottom out before his spiral became irreversible. Today his heart still beats, which is about as much as he can expect out of life.

John Phillips moved in considerably higher circles than the hapless Beach Boys, his friends and lovers including Princess Margaret, Bobby Kennedy (Snr & Jnr), Mick Jagger, Jerry Hall, Warren Beatty, John Lennon, Jane Fonda, Elvis Presley, Jimi Hendrix, Mia Farrow, Keith Richards, Jack Nicholson and Roman Polanski. The only thing he had more of than friends was drugs, which he used, passed around and eventually sold. The scandal press eagerly picked up on the passage where he shoots cocaine into the arm of actress daughter McKenzie Phillips, but that incident hardly raises an eyebrow amid the ceaseless tumble of confessions from a quarter century of substance abuse by an almost completely amoral man.

Folkie turned pop star Phillips, a part Cherokee Indian, spends 557 pages reinforcing the singular message that he has not, at any stage of his life, imposed a modicum of restraint upon any of his primal urges. Even though in 1980, after having spent at least one million dollars on drugs for himself, his wife and his eldest daughter, he movingly declares: "I lost my childhood, my family, my wealth, my career, *myself*", there is still an inescapable element of boastfulness in his documented escapades.

Sexually active at 13, Phillips marries Susie Adams in 1957 (paying the Justice of the Peace with a rubber cheque) and by 1958 had "run off to Cuba to fight for Castro" (most of the action he sees is in bed with an exotic Cuban-American hooker named Rita). There follows a "voluptuous hot-blooded ballroom dancer from Puerto Rico", an ex-airline stewardess, and, encountered in a San Francisco folk club, a ravishing 17-year-old willowy blonde called Holly Michele Gilliam. After a Mexican divorce early in 1962, Phillips marries the frisky Michelle and eventually forms The Mamas & The Papas.

While this lilting folk-rock quartet is charming the world with "Monday Monday", "I Saw Her Again Last Night" and "Words Of Love", John and Michelle are racking up football scores in the adultery stakes. Michelle's scorecard includes Byrd Gene Clark, British film-maker John Shepherd, French actor Christian Marquand, record



producer Russ Tittleman, fellow group member Denny Doherty, and her husband's old crony from The Journeymen, Scott McKenzie (who had also slept with John's first wife, Susie). John's tally includes Mia Farrow, Rolling Stone Brian Jones' girlfriend Anita Pallenberg, and innumerable unnamed ladies of easy availability, including six hookers at once with Scott McKenzie in Paris, and Hollywood bondage partners ("I was into scarves and tying women up"). One coy section of text details an interesting 1969 bed romp with John and Michelle, Warren Beatty, Jane Fonda and her film director husband Roger Vadim. "Looking back," he writes, "it seems hard to believe it could have happened the way it did. So hard, in fact, that some of the people in the room now prefer not to remember."

It's actually a miracle that John Phillips can remember his own name. "I volunteered my body as a human test tube for anything I could get my hands on — mescaline, Black Beauties to keep me going, Reds to come down, hash and grass for any occasion," he recalls. Once he gulped down the female hormone, estrogen, looking for "a little downer buzz." He shared drugs with Lennon and McCartney and even added to the narcotic lexicon of the elegantly wasted Keith Richards. And when he wasn't dropping, popping, snorting, smoking or shooting, he was spending. In 1967, there were five Rolls Royces in the drive at 783 Bel Air Road being shat on by a pair of plumed peacocks.

Phillips' barely disguised pride in his lifestyle becomes hard to stomach when he relates how daughter McKenzie (whom he calls Laura) comes to live with him and actress Genevieve Waite (his third wife) at a Bel Air house recently departed by the Rolling Stones. Not yet 13, she asks her father about house rules, such as curfew, and hears, "One am on school nights, 5am weekends, with one all-nighter a week. Weekends are all yours — and never ever come home in the morning in the same clothes you left in the night before . . . You're on your own." Not really — there were always drugs for company. "Visits to our home were like *Father Knows Drugs Best*," Phillips boasts. "If they found drugs on their own, I hardly steered them away by my actions." McKenzie and her slightly older brother Jeffrey both become addicts.

Not long after her acclaimed role in *American Graffiti*, McKenzie is hitchhiking home from Sunset Strip, high on Quaaludes, when a powerfully built black man produces a knife and savagely rapes her. Readers' ire does tend to rise as her libertarian Dad relates: "My heart broke for Laura. She was in agony — sobbing, injured and frightened. She was all messed up with blood and dirt. Her rhinestoned mini and red halter top were bloodied and torn. I put my arms around her to comfort her and realised how, beneath

her precocious posing and smart-ass edge, she was still a vulnerable little girl . . . She saw that I really did love her and wanted to protect her."

Protection like that can be nearly fatal, as the Phillips private drug club found in 1980 when Drug Enforcement Agency officials arrested Papa John as the head of a distribution ring and lined him up with charges carrying 15-year jail terms. By this stage he and his wife were such hopeless junkies that friends Mick Jagger and Jerry Hall were forced to remove the Phillips' younger children from their parents' presence. John had blown every chance — a stage musical, an album for Rolling Stone Records, one opportunity after another to revive an evaporated career that only survived through \$150,000 a year broadcast royalty cheques. Cross-addicted to cocaine and heroin (and a half dozen other substances as well), he would interrupt recording sessions every quarter-hour to shoot up — if he managed

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David Crosby's
freebase habit took him
to the brink of madness
and left his body
bloated and covered
with scabs

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to get out of the toilet at all. During one hospital recovery, a dealer visited him and snuck a vial of cocaine into his IV drip.

His fellow band members didn't fare much better. Mama Cass died in Keith Moon's London flat for reasons far more serious than the much-banded ham sandwich choking incident. Denny Doherty suffered his own drug problems and was plagued by Hollywood sycophants who moved in and stripped him bare. At one stage he had so many hangers-on living in his house that he felt like a party crasher and rented the place next door for some peace and quiet. In this regard he was not unlike the lovable loony Monkee Peter Tork, who also had a permanent open house in the Hollywood Hills.

In a 1974 *Rolling Stone* magazine interview, Jackson Browne, a resident of Laurel Canyon during the summer of 1968, recalled the high point of that season. "These beautiful chicks from Peter Tork's house kept coming over with these big bowls of fruit and dope and shit. They'd fuck us in the pool. We'd wake up and see this beautiful 16-year-old flower child, who only knew how to say 'fave rave', with a bowl of fruit. She'd

get you incredibly high and then take you downstairs for a swim."

Tork certainly had a predilection for the pleasures of the flesh. Australian pop sensation Lynne Randell, who toured with the Monkees and Jimi Hendrix in a private plane across America in 1967, became aware of this first-hand. "Because I was kind of straight, nobody tried to force me into what was going on but they didn't try to hide it from me either. Peter tried to get me to drop acid every night. He was getting really out of it. He had this whole harem on board with him — Rachel, Karen, Susan, an Indian girl and probably some others. Every time I'd look around they'd be giving him head or he'd be screwing the Indian girl, and I'd try not to turn beet red."

Tork's *Kama Sutra* lifestyle was short-lived. As Randell saw it: "They all bled him dry with peace signs and bullshit." Certainly his post-Monkees saga was pathetically predictable. All the grandiose aims he expressed upon leaving the Pre-Fab Four withered and died in a stoned stupor. His new group, Release, had a fan club, lots of smiling faces in fan magazines, and not an idea of what they were doing. When record company executives came by the Tork mansion to talk business they would be confronted by scores of naked hippies disrupting discussions with absurd noises and offensive acts. When Tork's money was siphoned off completely, he sold his house to Stephen Stills and moved into a \$25 a month basement room in David Crosby's house with his pregnant girlfriend. By 1972 he was at rock bottom. Drifting across America he was caught with three dollars worth of hash in El Paso, Texas and sentenced to four months in Oklahoma's El Reno Federal Penitentiary.

By the end of 1985 there was really only one cosmic casualty left at large. Dennis Wilson was dead and the shock of his demise had shaken the Beach Boys into a new mode of almost-professional behavior. John Phillips had been detoxified and jailed, enabling him to resume his career and creativity. A healthy, happy Peter Tork was preparing a Monkee reunion tour of Down Under pubs with Davey Jones. The odd man out was a sick, filthy and desperate faded Sixties idol then surrendering himself to the FBI in West Palm Beach, Florida.

Sweet-voiced David Crosby was the last one to come in from the cold. His descent into the maelstrom was probably no deeper than Wilson's or Phillips', but he managed to hold on longer. His biography, *Long Time Gone*, is another depressing, incredibly tragic saga of almost inconceivable overindulgence and debauchery. Like *Papa John* it is a valuable anti-drug primer which every young hotshot brandishing a needle should read.

It is possible, in spite of everything, to almost like John Phillips and even feel for Dennis Wilson. But David Crosby and his totally self-centred life repels the reader. He is a man who has taken advantage of virtually

everyone who ever tried to help him, by betraying trust, support and love. In short, a classic junkie. His 489 pages comprise more of a survival handbook than the memoirs of a celebrated popular music figure. Crosby has managed to survive a dark malevolent force which covered his unwashed bloated body in scabs, scales and burns, dissolved his nasal septum, and took his mind from paranoia to the brink of madness. That force was himself.

Like Dennis and John Phillips, David Crosby had the swinging Sixties at his feet. As a member of the chart-topping Byrds and, later, as one third of the adored supergroup Crosby, Stills & Nash, he had wealth, notoriety, dazzling girlfriends (Joni Mitchell for a time) and easy access to kinky sex and myriad drugs. He was, by his own description, "a complete and utter pleasure-seeking sybarite." Displaying the same degree of self-control as the aforementioned, Crosby behaved, to use the words of Jefferson Airplane/Starship vocalist Grace Slick, "like a little Sultan." Slick was on hand to witness the "Hollywood hippie thing of having these long blonde-haired lovely human beings running around, sometimes with no clothes on — the Bacchanalian thing was pure David." In fact, the Jefferson Airplane was the first act to record the Crosby composition "Triad", which revealed its writer's particular bent.

It wasn't enough for Crosby to lust after lithe, blonde jailbait. He liked to see (and

feel) double. His trip was two sweet young things in his bed together. A standard ploy was to have one in residence on his boat, *The Mayan*, while he went cruising on land for another with similar features — a "sister."

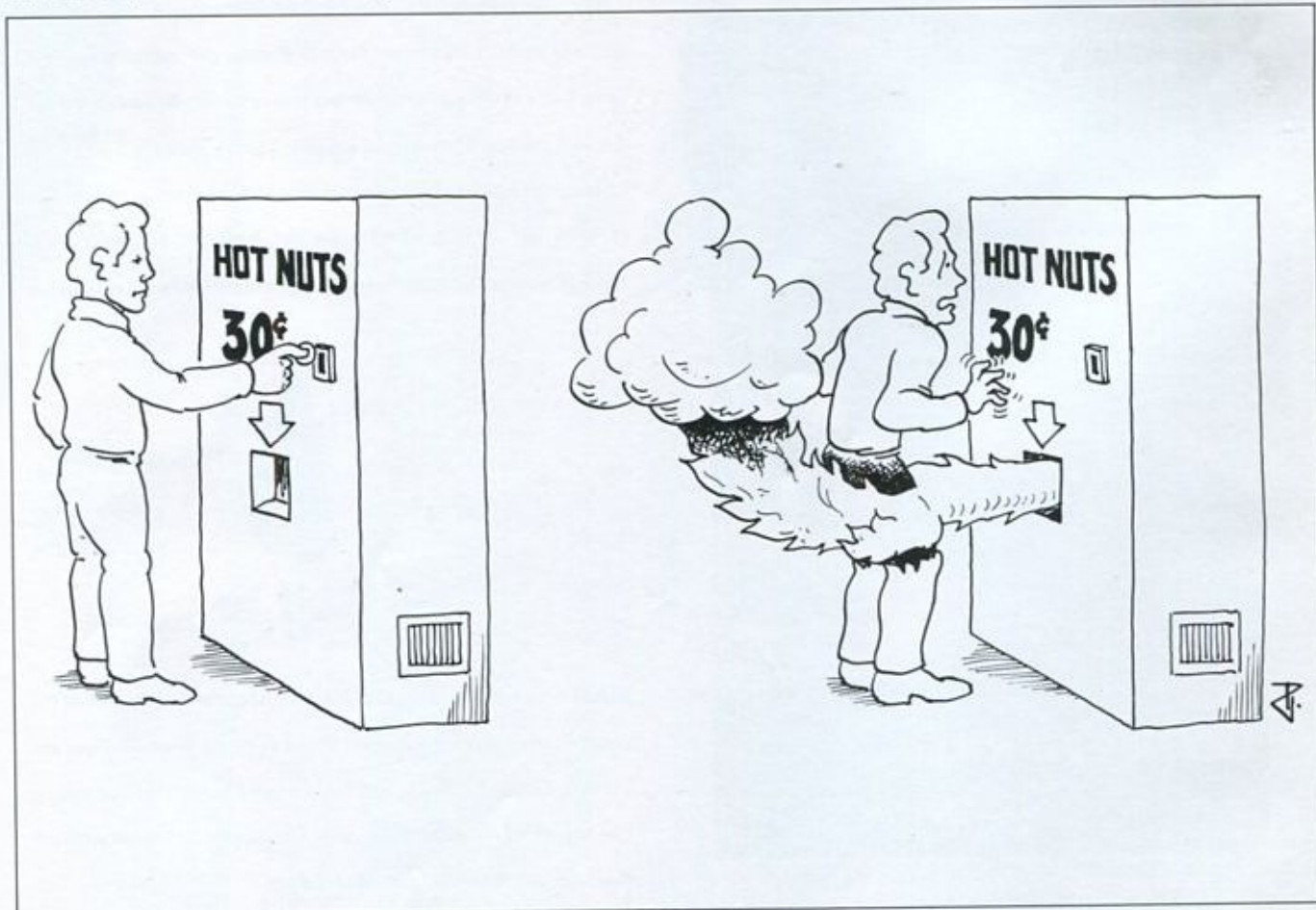
"I wanted to be the centre of attention and I was," Crosby crows, "because the girls loved me and wanted to make me happy." It seems more likely that they indulged him to suit their own ends. Crosby tends to see himself as King Cock but the girls didn't quite share the vision. One participant, Shelley Roecker, has complained: "I hate that goddamn song 'Triad' because a guy has one shot and if there's two women, one does without. Somebody stares at the ceiling all night and that was me."

As the Seventies wore on, not even sexual trysts could get Crosby off. His urge was submerged. He had taken up with girlfriend Jan Dance, whom the Crosby, Stills & Nash road crew dubbed "Death", and had moved, after experiencing virtually every form of recreational and contraband drug, from snorting to freebasing cocaine. No drug is more addictive, more enslaving than ultra-pure freebase. Crosby believes that, by comparison, heroin is a minor habit (and he should know). The addiction consumed his life and debilitated his talent. At home he would take a hit every 15 minutes. Concert performances had to be structured so he could leave the stage to "base" at least

twice a show. His portable alchemy kit included propane torches which burned like perverse "eternal flames" on tour buses and in hotel rooms. He "based" on jet airliners and once in the toilet of the jury room during a court hearing. Everything he owned that wasn't caked in filth was hopelessly scorched.

Inevitably, after more than two decades of cocking his nose at the rules of ordered society, Crosby was felled by the forces of law that he held in such contempt. Drug and firearm charges mounted and, like a desperate outlaw, he bobbed, weaved and eventually ran for his sorry life. Finally, he gave himself up for judgement and punishment and served a year in a harsh Texas prison. Today, he appears to have beaten his demons and has returned to music with impressive vigor.

Crosby wasn't the only Californian kid who fell foul of freebase. Ozzie & Harriet's cute offspring, beaming Ricky Nelson, was quite likely cooking up a batch when his airplane fell out of the sky. It seemed hard to imagine that one of television's most wholesome creations was a junkie but then, after the Manson murders, the revealed decadence of the Beach Boys, and the fall of pivotal pop figures like John Phillips and David Crosby, maybe it was almost logical. For as the Eagles once sang, in masterful metaphor, about the Hotel California: "You can check out any time you like, but you can never leave." ○—



LICENCE TO THRILL

007

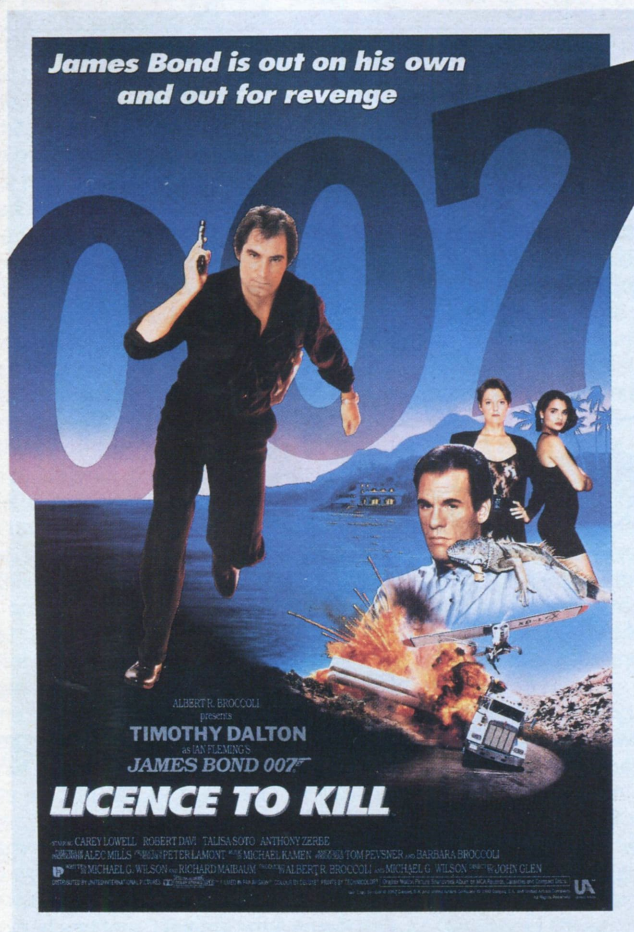
PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICK BROKENSHA



or her tender 20 years, Adelaide's Lucinda Dunn is a remarkably mature and level-headed woman and one whose ambitions are clear-cut. Not for her the usual girlish daydreams of becoming a successful model with a champagne lifestyle that sees her jetting the world for appearances in

films, commercials and magazines. It's not that Lucinda never dreamed such dreams. She did — and they all came true. Now her sweetest wish is to settle down on her farm on the York Peninsula, take time to smell the roses, spend time with the friends she loves and to apply herself to the study of graphic design.

Her down-to-earth ambitions are in direct contrast to the life Lucinda has led since she left a very strict Church Of England girls' school at age 16 to embark on a modelling career. She was a success from the word go and her first two years on the competitive circuit in Adelaide and Sydney were a full tilt frenzy of fashion and commercial work rounded out with an equally hectic social life. She was 18 when she met Australian adventurer Albie Mangels, who took her from the fashion pages and catwalks and whisked her



around the country on a safari of cattle round-ups and shark hunting expeditions in an adventure that was filmed as *World Safari III*. Then, and almost before the dust had settled, Lucinda found herself bound for Mexico City to work on the multi-million dollar film *Licence To Kill*, the sixteenth Bond epic now showing in Australian cinemas.





LICENCE TO THRILL



"It was one of those things that you read about but think, 'That could never happen to me,'" says Lucinda, still incredulous about her last four years, not the least about her Bond experience. "Without my knowledge a friend entered my photograph in a Search For A Bond Girl competition in a newspaper. These contests are held every two years, whenever a new Bond film is released. Well, I was chosen as the South Australian finalist and next thing I knew I was up in Sydney being crowned the Australian winner. I won a lot of prizes but the major one, of course, was a contract to work on the film along with other girls from around the world who'd won similar contests. It was an all-expenses-paid trip to Mexico, plus salary for three weeks' work on the movie. Let's just say I was pretty lucky."



It was right on a year ago that Lucinda found herself on the set of what is being touted as the best Bond adventure to date. For a 19-year-old from the City Of Churches to be swathed in an apricot silk Oscar De La Renta gown and mingling with famous stars was almost too much to believe.

"It was mind-boggling," she says, "but the schedule was really gruelling and there was very little time to sit around soaking up the glamor. We'd start work at seven in the morning and often we wouldn't finish until ten at night."

The intensity of the workload had the effect of bringing the enormous multinational cast very close together, Lucinda recalls. "When you're working closely with people for that length of time every day, you've just got to





LICENCE TO THRILL

get on or else it doesn't work. I made a great many close friends — men and women — and I was a bit of a curiosity on the set because I was Australian. Everyone wanted to talk to me."

And what of Bond . . . James Bond . . . played in this film by Timothy Dalton? "He was s-o-o-o English, calm, collected and gorgeous," says Lucinda, smitten. "The first time I met him — and this is typical of me — I'd just got a dress from the wardrobe department and I was told to run to the make-up caravan. Well, there were five caravans parked in a row and I just

barged into the first one. It was Timothy Dalton's. So here I was flustered, saying, 'Oh my God, I'm sorry, I'm sorry! He just sat there, calmly looked up from his script and said in his gentlemanly way, 'Don't worry about it, my dear, don't worry at all.' After that he always had a smile for me."

Lucinda admits she wasn't much of a Bond fan before her involvement with *Licence To Kill*. "I remember watching Bond films when I was really little — some of them were made before I was born! — and really I didn't think twice about them. Now that I know so many people involved in them I'll have to go back and watch every one. I particularly want to see Desmond Llewellyn, the actor who plays Q the gadget man. He's been in all 16 films and he's one of the nicest gentlemen I've ever met."

Soon after arriving back in Australia, Lucinda agreed to pose for *Australian Penthouse*, a decision that saw her travelling overseas again, this time to Paris and Normandy, where these photographs were taken.

"My feet had hardly touched the ground and here I was in Paris," Lucinda recalls. "What a beautiful city! The photo sessions were a completely new experience for me, even though I'd done so much photographic modelling before. Never had I worked with such a perfectionist. Nothing was left to chance."

Now back in South Australia, down on the farm with her two dogs and her palomino horse Camilla, Lucinda is taking time out to plan for her future. "I don't want to be a celebrity," she says. "I just don't fit into the fast lane scene. I'm not a pretentious person, I like my privacy and I like people to take me as I am without me having to try to impress them. Once upon a time I loved partying and meeting new people all the time but now I want to cherish the close friends that I have and to study graphic design in the hope of becoming a book illustrator. I think I've grown up a lot in four years."

This talk of growth reminds Lucinda of the fact that during the year she worked on the Bond film and posed for *Australian Penthouse* she actually grew an inch. "I couldn't believe it! When I went to Mexico I was five feet nine. When I came back from Paris I was five feet ten. In the most exciting year of my life I grew an inch! Maybe that's what happens when you spend 12 months walking on air." ○✚







LICENCE TO THRILL





What did we do in our past lives to deserve the craziness of the New Age movement?

BY JEAN NORMAN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BILL LEAK

The so-called New Age is not a distinct movement. It's a garbled mixture of concern for the environment, pop psychology, alternative health, business (especially sales and marketing), spiritualism, Eastern religion, yuppies who want to be hippies again but still keep the money they've made, wishful thinking and lonely people.

Perusing the advertisements in a New Age magazine is like visiting another planet. To name but a few of the available options, readers are invited to attend Loving Relationships Training, learn to walk over red hot coals in under four hours, find their soulmate, recall their past lives, hypnotise themselves, become reborn, make money via meditation, talk to God personally, worship the Earth Mother, buy a biocircuit machine to improve their brain, live Heaven on Earth and join the Australian Nudist Federation.

All the time this surreal push becomes more and more mainstream. The New Age section at Dymocks chain of bookshops has tripled in size during the past year and the books sold from there make up a third of all Dymocks' sales. People are no longer embarrassed to admit they couldn't get out of bed in the morning without their crystal.

People are going off to "workshops" and coming back with their minds gone. Their natural vocabulary disappears overnight, to be replaced by psychobabble, and all individual characteristics get erased in the process. You'll realise immediately when the mindsnatchers have got someone you know; just make a flip remark, as in "My boss is a fascist", and if the person's been New Aged they'll lean forward with a worthy expression fixed on their

THERE'S ONE REBORN EVERY MINUTE

REBORN

face, stare intently into your eyes and say: "And, what are you going to do about that?"

Despite the huge variety of New Age pursuits, the adherents have a lot in common. They're different from you and I. They affect an endless stream of concern and understanding which leaves others instantly weary, but they're secretly not that nice at all. They actually cherish thoughts of all the unbelievers being sucked up through the hole in the ozone layer one day. Or reincarnating as tree tomatoes. They are all astonishingly inflexible about everything from the food they eat to the thoughts they think. They have an adolescent mentality, believing they're the first and only people on Earth who have ever wondered about the after-life or the destiny of mankind.

They think their Armageddon complex is a new thing and that no other generation ever lived in a nastier time or felt a greater sense of impending doom. People in the 12th Century were killing their children because they felt the invention of the cross-bow would wipe out the population anyway, but New Ageists will point out that they didn't have dangerous chemical fumes from freshly dry-cleaned clothes back in those days.

They idealise indigenous and ancient races — especially ones that it's hard to prove actually existed, like the people of Atlantis. NA people have no sense of humor whatsoever unless they're at a workshop and everyone else laughs. They share a surfeit of time, money and sheeplike gullibility.

It's tricky getting hold of some of the advertisers. I telephoned Loving Relationships Training and a woman said her husband no longer lived there and there weren't any more workshops planned for months. About five of the telephone numbers had been disconnected and the woman who answered the phone at the Primal Therapy Centre screamed at me that she didn't speak English. Lots of people I needed to speak to were either: (a) in the Blue Mountains; (b) in California; or (c) attending the Whole Earth Conference. But finally I was able to experience half a dozen of the most popular New

Age "therapies" on behalf of Australian *Penthouse* readers.

Nearly every one of these therapies was based on blaming the ills of mankind, and all people's psychological problems, on bad childhood experiences. It's a miracle any New Ageists actually breed. You'd think they'd be so scared of frowning and implanting in the child a "negative block" that

these pre-birth nasties, plus the traumas of birth and childhood, will "come up" in adulthood as mental and physical illness.

I was quite intrigued till she explained that one of her illnesses had its root in a past life: "I was a daughter of a Roman Emperor and..." Why do people who believe in reincarnation always have to name-drop? This rebirther could flog her saga to Orion as a

screenplay draft for *Caligula II*, or modernise it and offer it up for a mini-series. How come nobody ever led a dull past life as a swineherd?

Before the rebirth proper, she asked a few general questions. What sort of a time did my mother have in giving birth to me? I committed a *faux pas* by saying I'd heard it was a pleasure. You're supposed to say that it was horrific — your mother was drugged off her face and at the mercy of evil surgeons, you or her nearly died, your father had run off with a bimbo the week before, you were yanked from the haven of the womb into a stainless steel fluorescent nightmare and beaten up by the doctor to get you gasping your first, reluctant breath.

That's what they like to hear. Next she asked if I'd had any grotty childhood experiences. I shook my head. "Not even an accident?" she enquired hopefully. Proudly I told her about the time I jammed my finger in a ski lift, the time I fell off the wardrobe and the time I was thrown off a horse. But these weren't good enough.

Assuming I'd repressed stacks of exciting traumas, she ushered me into the rebirthing room, where I lay down in the semi-darkness. She put on some New Age music which sounded like a pack of drunk percussionists jamming on the beach: Aboriginal instruments, xylophones, waves crashing and seagulls squawking. Standard of the genre.

Sitting beside me and holding my hand, she instructed me in circular breathing, which is the basis of rebirthing. So I lay there for ages breathing like an obscene phone caller as she affected a syrupy concerned voice to ask: "And what's coming up for you?" Nothing was, so she asked me to "go back to a time when you felt hurt or abandoned."

I recalled the time I wasn't allowed to get my ears pierced, but even though I'd sulked



they wouldn't bother. But they do, unfortunately.

REBIRTHING

Are you embarrassed at parties because you haven't been rebirthed yet? At a New Age gathering you'd be *persona non grata*. They'd all be as shocked as if you'd admitted your mother was actually a wolverine.

Frthing at the mouth with fanatical zeal, the rebirther will rave on about how rebirthing "clears negative childhood blocks, makes the soul expand and encompass every past experience, and results in full recall of one's birth and past lives."

I didn't get anywhere near recalling my birth during my session, although I was able to remember the name of the hospital where it took place.

The rebirther first sat me down with a cup of tea and explained how children can actually understand conversations from within the womb. A flip comment, such as Mum saying she was looking forward to having a flat stomach again, or Dad wishing it was all over and done with, can deeply offend the little creature and make it feel its presence is no longer required on Earth. And, she said,

for a year she didn't want to explore it so we went on waiting for something to "come up." She kept saying: "Let it out, this is a safe place", and it was obvious she was agitated.

Not wishing her to feel a failure at her profession, I remembered that my mother had once thrown a can opener at me. Exaggerating wildly, I bumbled on about how awful it was and how I'd never gotten over it. "So you felt a very real fear and anguish," she said.

"Yes, yes, I did," I bleated, trying not to get the giggles. I hadn't bothered telling her (and she didn't ask) the provocation for the incident.

"And was this acknowledged? Were you able to deal with it at the time or did it get buried? Let it come up. Clear it, you can cry. Let it out."

Recognising that I was supposed to cry, I concentrated on remembering the time my rabbit had been eaten by a doberman and produced a brief snivel. But to get the convulsive clearing sobs required I had to imagine my entire family and friends were wiped out at once in a ghastly freak accident.

Finally it was over. Rebirthing is relaxing, in the sense that lying down in the middle of the day with a nice stranger who's willing to listen to anything you say and tell you that you're a good person is relaxing. But it's debatable whether it's \$75 worth of relaxing.

I was horrified to learn that the recommended first dose is ten such sessions, and that my rebirther still hadn't "cleared" her stuff but was hoping to do so in this, or the next, lifetime.

CRYSTALS

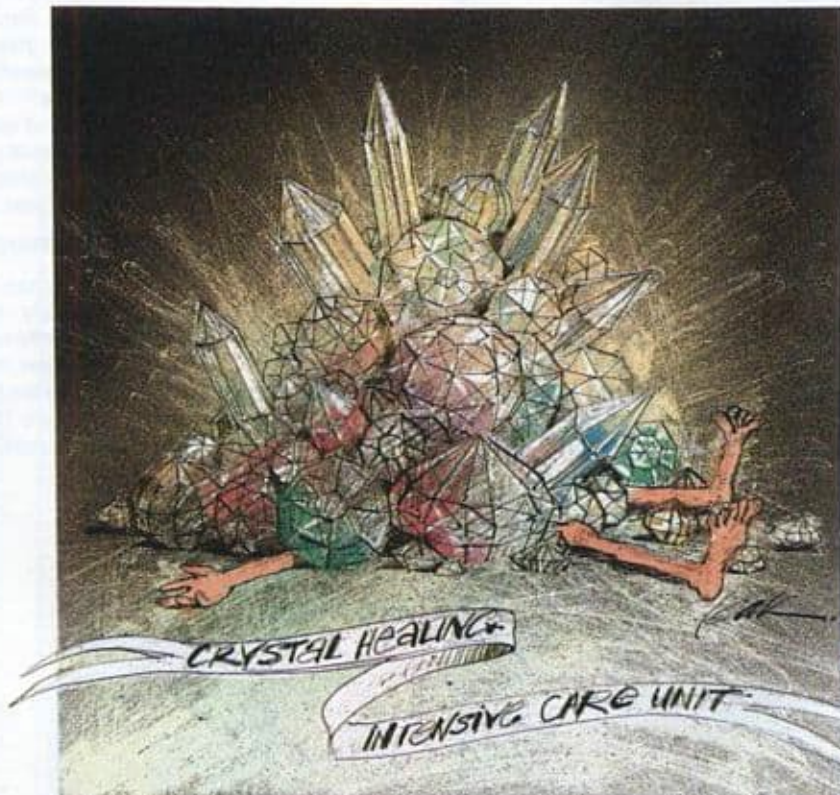
Most New Age groupies carry a crystal around with them as their passport to cosmic consciousness/integration with the Universe. They believe that the rock can be programmed with "positive, healing energy" and record information. They also reckon there are boy crystals and girl crystals.

Sexing a crystal is easier than sexing animals and humans: males are clear with no clouding and are supposed to generate a "dynamic energy", while girl crystals are "milky with a soft, nurturing energy."

So far only semi-precious gemstones and quartz crystal are used for Life Transforma-

tion, but knowing the New Age it shouldn't be too long before boulders and gravel are incorporated.

And what makes them think fondling rocks will change their boring lives? It's simple: crystals are used in quartz watches, computers and the like because they have a property called the piezo electricity effect. They emit electromagnetic energy fields.



Now the NA mob think we already have an aura which produces its own electromagnetic thingie, and they see no reason why crystals shouldn't be able to "amplify, transform, store and focus" human, as well as electronic, energy. Somehow they've dragged the gemstones into it even though these haven't the unique properties of quartz. The explanation is that quartz is versatile and can be programmed for anything whereas the gems "have been programmed by nature for specific purposes."

For example: blue lace agate apparently "clarifies our ideas for communication", volcanic obsidian "cuts through conscious thought patterns to reveal what lies beneath", and malachite "releases suppressed emotions, particularly those related to areas where we limit our power."

The main crystals are "generator" crystals, "cluster" crystals and the excitingly named "double terminator." After purchasing your pet crystal you need to perform complicated rituals to "cleanse, activate and program" it. Nobody else is allowed to touch the thing for fear that they might "imprint negative vibrations" upon it or accidentally program it with their own "life

energies."

Crystals apparently enjoy the moonlight and their owners are advised to leave them under the moon's rays as often as possible. They also appreciate dirt and should be left at the base of a pot plant or in the garden about once a week.

The crystal healer and I chatted briefly about things like star signs and he prescribed me some "affirmations" (like "I am the most wonderful person in the world") that are endemic to all NA branches, the only difference here being you say them while squeezing a crystal in your left hand. But crystals can't be prescribed because, as he explained, "The crystal will choose you."

I wanted to ask what sort of priorities these rocks had in choosing a person, and how they indicated their choice, and whether female rocks preferred male humans and so on, but he was beginning the crystal therapy. You have to take off all your clothes and lie down on a massage-type bed.

Then you're covered with gemstones and crystals like a prince in a fairytale. I had a big one behind

my head, some behind my ears, two over my closed eyes, one on my throat and others right down to my toes. He went away after telling me to relax and let the rocks "work their magic." He'd pop in to check on me every 15 minutes or so. I had 45 minutes to be transformed.

He'd said I might feel a tingling as they began to work — and yes, my foot developed chronic pins and needles. I twitched it to ease the sensation and the amethyst placed over my private parts fell off, so I leaned up to put it back and the whole lot came cascading down. It was difficult trying to put the pebbles back into their correct places and then lie down and look calm for the return of the healer.

As he removed the stones afterwards he didn't seem to notice any in the wrong places. When he came to one of them — a sweet little rose quartz — he declared that it had taken a liking to me. He raved on about how it was the "love stone" or something, and how it was definitely me. Then he tried to flog me an \$85 egg-shaped one he had in the shop downstairs by saying it was the last one and how hard they were to get. I was determined not to succumb to this quack

REBORN

sales psychology, so it was disconcerting to get home and find I'd accidentally purchased the following items: an amethyst cluster crystal; some jasper (I vaguely recall him saying it had "sprung into life" as I held it, so I had to have it); a hunk of meteorite rock from Outer Space; a book called *The Practical Guide To Crystal Healing*; a box to keep the rocks in plus a silk bag for taking them travelling; a bottle of crystal cleanser; another book; and a medicine made from daisies to cure insomnia.

NEURO-LINGUISTIC PROGRAMMING

Do you like maths? Science? Computers? Rationality? NLP is the New Age pursuit for you. If Dale Carnegie (*How To Win Friends And Influence People*) had been educated at NASA he would have come up with something similar to this. NLP is cosmic Enlightenment for power brokers and achievers... so they like to think.

One of its goals is to "develop skills which will aid the individual in problem-solving and goal setting in limited time frames." Group leaders are called Accredited Effectiveness Training Trainers and they teach that life is but a flow chart or program, we're all computers, and the universe is a mega-master-computer.

However, we've all been misprogrammed (here we go again) by negative parental messages.

NLPers eschew the classic rebirthing concept of "clearing" these childhood blocks, and the trainer stated firmly: "The only clear we're interested in is clear thinking. Form, not content, is what needs to be worked upon." So I didn't have to blather on about my childhood; instead I got reprogrammed.

NLP wins the prize for the most complicated New Age jargon. The reprogrammed schedule was written on the blackboard and we all took notes. Part of it looked like this:

- (1) Elicit submodality using calibration.
- (2) Content reframe and ecology check.
- (3) Collapse realities and meta-model.

But all they did was sit me in a chair and make me think of something I was scared of and then pretend my mind was a video camera or computer and get me to en-

hance, edit out, pan, zoom etc different parts of this picture until I was reprogrammed. It didn't work, but the rest of the group assured me that it "would in time." The poor things seemed like lonely, ineffectual little people, and I imagine any therapy would eventually have some effect on them. It was obvious the group night was the peak experience of their week.

But NLP is mostly about learning how to manipulate others apart from yourself, and that's what was attracting these people. They were trying to reprogram charisma and vitality into their floppy old discs.

"NLP," lectured the trainer, "is all about turning objections into resources and disagreements into acceptances. We'll teach you how to know someone's thinking and decision-making processes without them telling you."

For example, they use a technique called "mirroring" to make you feel at ease with them and likely to trust, like and want to be liked by them. NLPers do it with exquisite subtlety — if you cock your head to one side they'll shortly follow with an imperceptible tracking movement. This goes for everything you do and it's impossible to pick up

To short-circuit an NLP robot that's tracking you, try making really bizarre gestures. (It's a pity you can't twist your head around in a complete circle, as in *The Exorcist*, but give it a spin anyway.)

The other great NLP method of creating rapport is reflective listening. Even in a normal conversation they'll act like counselors and refuse to add any personal input apart from jargon and paraphrasing whatever you say. So if you remarked to one of them: "Gosh, hasn't the weather been strange lately?" they'd reply: "So, you're experiencing the weather as a disturbing influence in your life?" This can go on for ages but if you try and complain they'll freak out and inform you that people "own" their own problems. The phrase "That's Your Problem, Not Mine" was invented by NLPers.

CHANNELLING

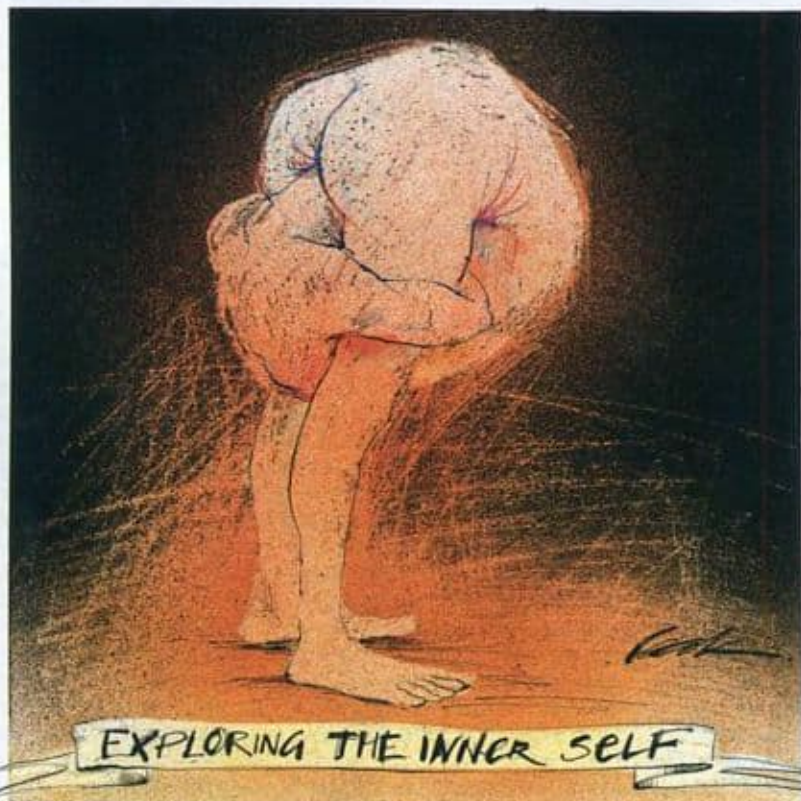
A 35,000-year-old barbarian (from Atlantis) regularly visits New Zealand and Australia to lecture and host workshops. Hundreds of New Ageists paid \$US100 to see Ramtha, as the barbarian is known, perform at Sydney's Darling Harbour Conference Centre in April.

The New Age has brought respectability to seances, mediums and communications with the "Other Side", as the Victorians called it. They've renamed it "channeling" and combined the cosmos with commerce by charging Seekers of the Truth dearly for their Enlightenment.

There are stacks of spirits being channelled, but Ramtha is the most popular and also features heavily in Shirley MacLaine's autobiographies. His promotional brochure tells us he "lived 35,000 years ago as a great warrior and achieved in one lifetime all the understanding necessary to master this grand illusion we call life."

He sounds like a prehistoric Rambo or Conan the Existentialist, but Ramtha is al-

legedly a spirit who communicates his wisdom to Earthlings through a Chicago housewife called JZ Knight. A reporter once asked this woman about her millions, her mansions and why the Ramtha courses, videos, cassettes, books and workshops cost so much. Her very cosmic and groovy New Age reply was that: "All of these things come into one limited sphere of thought."



unless you know what to look for. It's quite spooky. A lot of salesmen do NLP and they've also had great success recently teaching it to prisoners. One woman who was teaching inmates said she'd been told by a conman that he loved what he'd learnt, wished he'd known it before he went inside, and was looking forward to practising it when he was out again.

People have a limitation to manifestation." It may seem like an avoidance tactic to us, but it satisfied New Age Ramthaettes all over the world — well, all over California anyway. Nobody has yet asked her if she's a schizophrenic.

One thing Ramtha advocates is moving away from cities and beaches — we're all apparently going to get zonked by a tidal wave shortly — and thanks to this a new growth industry in real estate has sprung up in the States. Dallas actress Linda Gray has recently followed Ramtha's advice and bought herself a humble (20-room) ranch in the wops as part of her bid to "get back to nature and stop others poisoning the planet."

Ramtha Corp naturally has various business interests in tracts of property and this has come to the attention of the US authorities. But still New Ageists flock to hear him speak.

Why are people so gullible? Even if it were true and Ramtha really was talking through Ms Knight, why should we take any notice of what a 35,000-year-old barbarian has to say about modern life? I asked a couple of New Ageists these questions and had to put up with their condescending smirks and explanations. Of course I couldn't possibly understand without having seen Ramtha in action, could I?

So out comes the Ramtha video cassette — one of many. I refrained from requesting *Ramtha's Greatest Hits* and watched the television seminar intently. JZ Knight, who resembles Farrah Fawcett-Majors-O'Neal, goes through a spiel about how naive she is and how fortunate to have Ramtha possessing her, and then she flops around mumbling for a few minutes as the audience sits in awed silence. Suddenly she sits up, albeit with her shoulders now hunched, and says something like "DAAH!" — presumably an ancient Atlantean greeting — and the lecture starts.

Her voice, previously the classic Californian drawl, has switched to a strident Indo-Chinese whine.

Ramtha raves on for ages about loving yourself, about the growth of an international plastic credit card conspiracy, about the North Pole melting, about how there's another race of people living under the Earth with whom the government is ne-

gotiating at this very moment, about UFOs, and about his great and terrible army which charged around skewering everybody for decades till Ramtha "saw the light."

I was wondering whether Ramtha sometimes possessed Ms Knight unawares as she was copulating with her husband, and thought how ghastly that would be. The session concluded with questions and answers. One member of the audience said: "Ramtha, I'd like some advice..." and before he could go on Ramtha butted in to say: "Define what it is you want before you begin to contemplate what it is you want."

The bloke seemed perfectly content with this answer.

FLOAT TO RELAX

New Ageists don't float to relax in the bath, pool or ocean. They do it in a sensory deprivation tank. The brochure promised "profound relaxation, better memory, creativity, thought and learning ability, cure from sickness, pain relief, spontaneous elimination of bad habits, a strengthened immune system, beauty, youth and an inner journey."

All this, apparently, from floating in a pool

we travel through to and from being awake. And by lying in the tank for an hour, the floatee will "connect with their deeper nature." Inside the contraption there's supposed to be no stimulation — no noise and no light. But if you like you can have subliminal cassettes played, so that you don't hear a thing but your subconscious understands.

I picked "Tapping Into The Universal Life Force." Peering into the giant coffin put me off — what if I couldn't breathe, became claustrophobic or drowned? I was told to relax, that everyone has these fears and that I was perfectly safe unless I was what they called a "borderline case."

This was not reassuring and I pictured myself emerging from the tank an hour later drooling, slavering and convinced I was an alien or Anne Boleyn. But apparently everyone suspects they may be borderline so there was no way out and I was left alone in the room with the float tank.

As for sensory deprivation — I lay there fuming for the entire hour because I could hear trucks going by outside and light stole in through cracks in the roof and door. Just as I was starting to relax (and I'm sure it was the Epsom salts that did it) a rousing chorus

of birdsong came through the speakers — the cue that time was up.

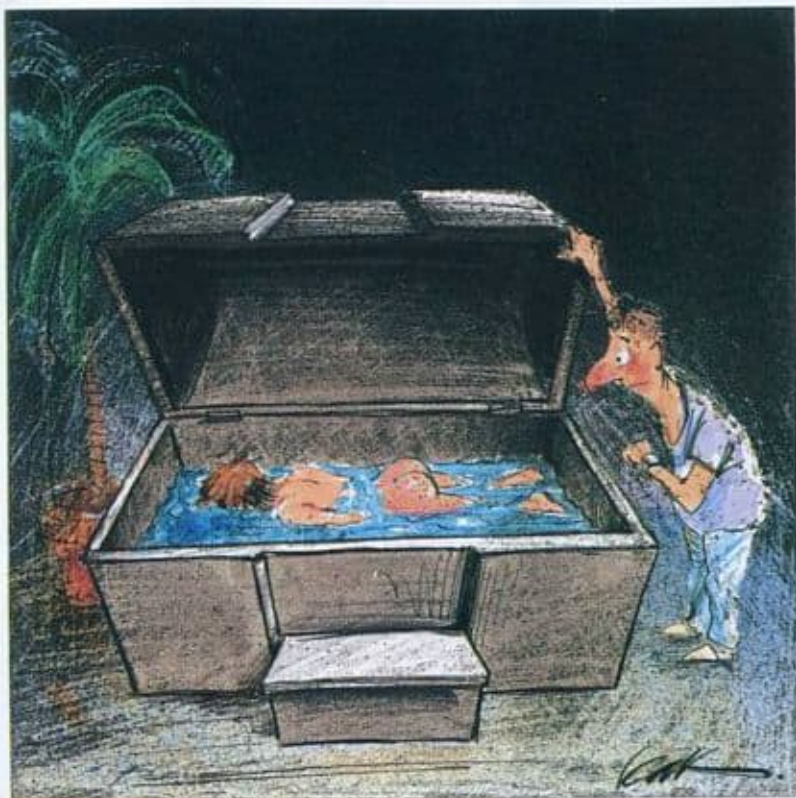
I mentioned the street noises and light to them and was told that when the mind is sensorily deprived it'll "scan for stimulation." So in other words I was hallucinating the trucks and the fact that I could see my feet.

There was a visitor's book in the waiting room where floaters had scribbled post-float thoughts. Some of these were: "I returned to the womb", "Finally that deep, inner peace I'd been searching for", "A feeling of inter-relatedness with the universe" and "A coming together of all my separate parts. I have achieved inner balance."

I scrawled something similar so as not to appear a freak. I bet there are lots of people

who feel there's something wrong with them if they don't report that something cosmic occurred in the tank, and who thus fool themselves into believing something did.

Floating costs about \$25 per session and it's recommended you do it thrice weekly at first. Or you can install a float tank in your



of lukewarm water (with about 400 kilos of Epsom salts added) in a dark, enclosed chamber that looks exactly like a giant coffin.

I was told floaters can look forward to their brain releasing more endorphins (euphoric brain chemicals that act as natural opiates) than usual because floating jolts the brain into theta stage, which is the state

Continued on page 117



PHOTOGRAPHY BY EARL MILLER

THIRST FOR ADVENTURE

Simone works as a makeup consultant for a cosmetic firm, but with an undeniable eye for beauty and a head for business, this ambitious blonde plans to open her own luxury salon. Starting a new business can be rough," she admits, "but I love challenges. Success is always sweeter when you have to work for it."





Twenty-one-year-old Simone plays as hard as she works. "I love waterskiing and scuba diving. In fact, I'm most at home on or in the water." For Simone the most perfect evening imaginable would take place on a sailboat:

"My lover and I would dine on chilled champagne and fresh seafood, then make love on the deck. There's nothing like having the ocean mist to cool your body during the heat of passion."











Between
moonlight and
shadows,
life and art
can be as one

THE GOLDEN LOVER

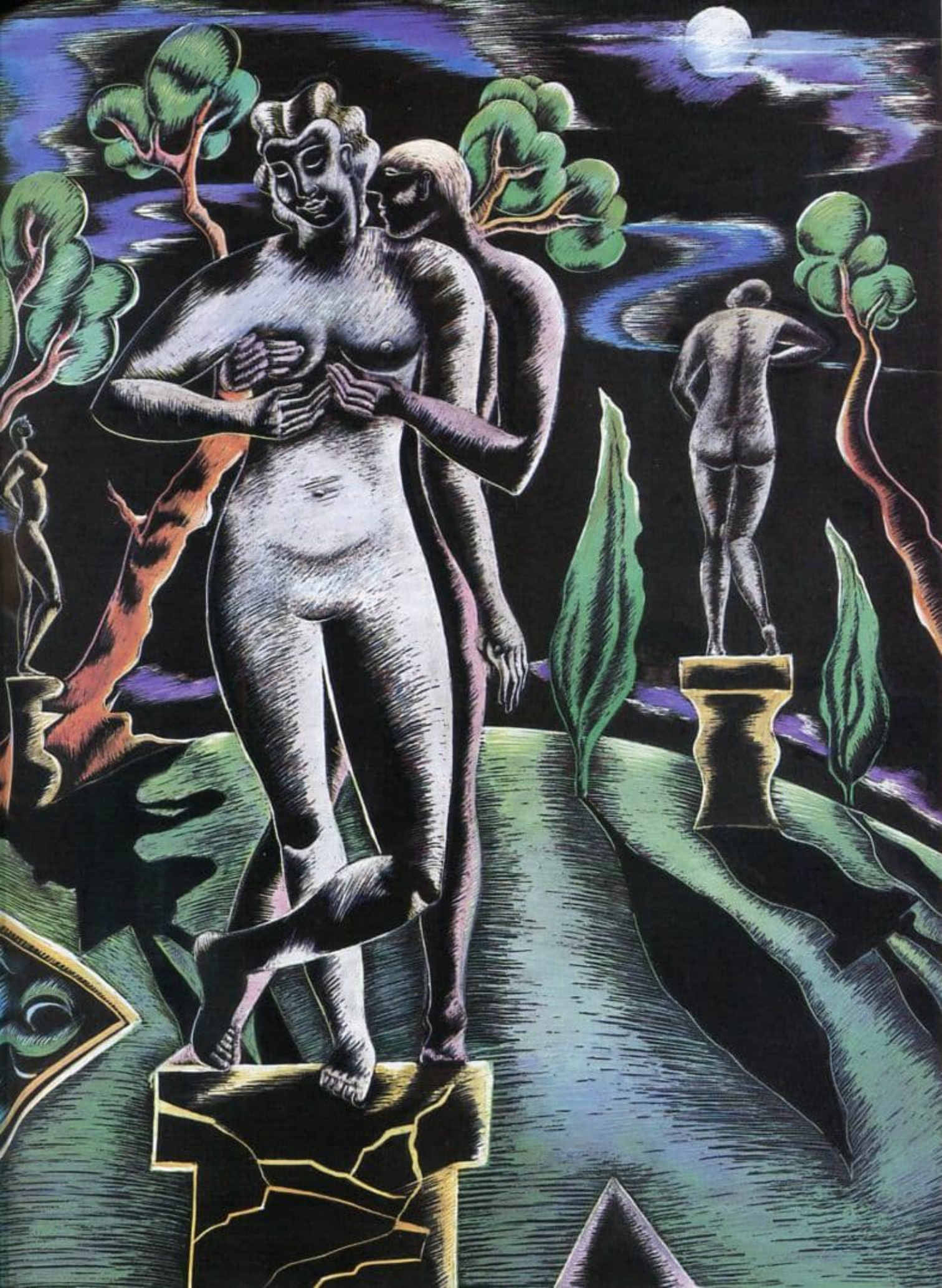
FICTION BY BRIAN MANNING

ILLUSTRATION BY KERRIE LEISHMAN

An advertisement
appeared in the *Blue
Mountains Gazette*:
"Assistant Gardener/
Handyman required.
Experience preferred."

The boy had no
experience, but he
applied anyway. He
lied about having
worked with Council
lawn-mowing gangs
and doing odd jobs
with landscaping firms
whose names he
pulled out of the
classified ads further
on in the newspaper.
He lied to escape from
the morning tired-





LOVER

ness that numbed his brain as surely as the cold lino numbed his bare feet in winter; from the stumbling atrocity of the daily 5.30am start; from the too-hot tea gulped down with the tea-bag still dunked in the mug; from the toast eaten on the run to the station, and the cattle-truck confinement of commuting.

It was as if his entire life had been spent crammed into too small a space containing too many people — hot, unpleasant, odorous humanity. First, it had been the unwashed uniformity of school; now it was on the interminable journeys to and from the city, surrounded by an over-abundance of sweat and cologne.

For what? For eight hours of incarceration in the drably co-ordinated, open-plan, ergonomic anonymity of a Public Service accounts office.

The boy wanted to be free — to walk alone through the bush high in the mountains, tiger-striped by the intense light that streamed through the canopy of gums; to throw open his arms, embracing everything and nothing at once.

The next morning, toast in one hand, application in the other, the boy ran for his train via the Post Office. But his eagerness was lost on the hung-over guard who saw him in silhouette sprinting across the footbridge. The automatic doors sighed in his face.

The reply took a week to arrive. He was invited to an interview the following Tuesday. "References should be brought."

The boy took two days off. He went to the local library, where he forged his references and read up on garden maintenance. Using his Swiss Army knife, he filleted out the key pages when nobody was looking. He felt no guilt as he folded them to fit inside his shirt.

On the day of the interview, he spent a long time looking at his reflection in the bathroom mirror. The blond hair that hung long and low over his forehead was tidy enough. The pale face with the pointed jaw could be eager and intelligent, if somewhat sullen.

The boy looked into his own clear blue eyes. After 20 years, he wondered if he would ever know himself.

It was a 40-minute ride on his old bicycle up to the sandstone house set in the ample grounds. He leaned his bike against the piled boundary stones and remembered... He had been here before as a child with his parents — parents who had never been young. He had seen the large breasts of the women in many paintings and statues; the naked, muscular men and dancing satyrs who held them with a knowledge he had not then learned. He had looked to his parents for that knowledge, but had found only embarrassment and obsession. He had never been back.

An elderly woman sat in the entrance kiosk waiting for tourists. She put down her knitting. "Three dollars, please."

He gave her his letter. "I've come for an interview." He listened to the birds and the beat of his heart. She seemed to read his letter twice.

"Right you are." She returned the paper to him. "Up to the house. It's the door on the right." She gave him a smile. "Good luck."

He remembered the statue as soon as he saw it. The way the girl's thighs rose out of the concrete plinth; the hands that pushed the breasts upward and outward in offering; the lips smeared with sensuality. He wanted to go closer, but there was no time.

The inside of the house had not changed. The prints for sale, the model ship, the woman by the till.

"The kid's here for the interview," she called to an older man. The man led him through the house indulging in small talk, past walls covered with gregarious nudity, etchings of the eternally nubile. Perhaps, thought the boy as he was shown a final room, this time I will understand.

He was interviewed by the head gardener and the trustee of the house. "Your past experience isn't as strong as some of our other applicants. However, you're young and local, and a quick learner shouldn't have any difficulty picking up the job. Got your references?"

The boy handed over his forgeries.

"Good. We'll look at them later. Post them back to you." The trustee laid them on one side. "Now, why do you want the job?"

The boy told them of his dislike for the city and its crowds. Especially the crowds. He almost went over the top on that point, but caught himself in time.

The two men showed no sign of noticing, just like they showed no emotion when he told them how he wanted to walk striped like a tiger through the bush; or sit at the cliff's edge, high among the bluffs, watching the sunrise stirring the blankets of mist that lay in the gulleys and over the Nepean plain with the river snaking through.

Afterwards, the head gardener showed him around the grounds. "Nothing much to it, really. Just keep the place tidy for the visitors."

The boy asked why the fan-shaped swimming pool down at the edge of the forest was not kept filled and maintained.

"No call for it. No-one's allowed to swim there. It's not worth the trouble."

The boy thought that it was, but said nothing. If he got the job he would clean it out and look after it. In the summer, after the last of the tourists had gone, he would swim there as the hot sun sank behind the bush canopy. He could imagine the water cool on his body.

"Some statues, eh?" the gardener asked.

The boy nodded.

"Good job they ain't real, eh?"

One of them almost is, the boy thought, but said nothing.

Suddenly, the gardener seemed uncomfortable in his presence. "Well, thanks for coming. We'll let you know in the next



"I'm afraid your husband has just popped out."

few days." Then, as an afterthought: "Have a look round the house if you want."

It was in the final gallery room that the boy saw his likeness. The long blond hair low over the forehead; the pointed jaw; the pale body lit by a strong shaft of light in the midst of the blue-green trees and spreading ferns.

And there in his arms, half-struggling, half submissive, turning away from his knowing grin, was the face of the girl in the statue.

The boy looked at the title of the painting. It was "The Golden Lover." And at last he understood.

The letter was waiting for him at the end of a hot day devoid of life. The rejection of him took just four lines.

He tore the flimsy piece of paper into as many shreds as his fingers could manage. If there hadn't been a fire ban he would have burnt them, scattering the ashes in the bush. Instead, he had to be content with flushing them down the toilet.

Then he walked until the light was so poor it was almost impossible to see. But the boy knew where he was. He was near the fan-shaped swimming pool and he would show them what he could do.

The boy waded into the water. The large reflection of the moon began to ripple and break. The bush was silent, anticipating. He wondered how long it had been since someone had disturbed this pool. The cold water crept up his legs. The mud squeezed between his toes. He felt the initial revulsion of

the unseen as living things tickled his flesh under the water. He shrugged it off as nothing. The sludge felt thick and clung like glue. It would be impossible to remove without emptying the pool first and that would require planning.

The boy walked up the steps cut in the track that led to the house. They were strangely placed, causing him to push off the same leg each time he stepped up.

The house stood dark and deserted. The statues that dotted the garden glowed as white as ghost gums in the moonlight.

He felt no apprehension as he approached the statue of the girl in the painting with the Golden Lover. With him. He gazed up at her for a very long time — taking in every curve and undulation, looking for some impossible spark of life.

That was when he felt the strength of the Golden Lover flowing through his arms and he stepped up on to the pedestal, embracing the girl from behind. He placed his hands over her hands as they offered her breasts up to him. He felt the coarse concrete and willed it to become flesh.

Then, as the moonlight streamed down, and he moulded his body to hers, he feared for his new sanity.

The trustee was mildly concerned. "What do you mean, it's empty?"

The gardener repeated himself slowly. "I tell you, the damn thing's got no water in it."

"And there's no leak?"

"Not so far as I can see — unless it's under the mud." The gardener paused.

"What are we going to do?"

"A swimming pool's got to have some water in it."

"Even if it's never used?"

"It's what the visitors expect."

The gardener shook his head. "Seems like a waste of water to me."

"I'm not asking you to fill it up to the top. Just so it covers the nets as before. We've had lots of rain. The reservoir'll stand it."

Delay was the only obstruction the gardener had left. "I'll do it after the weekend," he said.

The boy returned later that night, trepidation beating at the drum of his heart. Perhaps suspicions had been aroused? Maybe the pool had been refilled and hidden figures were waiting to bind him?

He crouched in the bush and listened until he had interpreted every dry wood crackle, every creeping sound. When he was certain he was alone, he went to where the mud lay hard and brown at the bottom of the empty pool. The going would be easier now, but the night would still be long, hot and dirty. He stripped off his shirt and picked up the mattock. As he swung it high he wondered if he should have spat on his hands first.

Dawn was splitting the sky when he finally gave up. It would be the weekend before he could start the water flowing down the hillside.

The boy hid his tools and walked with the

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ
KL NOPQR T
UVWXYZ

Only research can fill in the gaps.

MS

Multiple Sclerosis.

LOVER

care of exhaustion up the path. The statue stood cold and grey against the lightening sky, but the boy saw only marble smoothness, and felt its cool touch make him shiver as he moulded his body to hers.

Both men were incredulous.

"Someone's been cleaning out the pool," the gardener said again.

"Who'd want to do that?" asked the trustee.

"Bugged if I know," the gardener said, and wondered why he suddenly thought of the boy with the forged references. "But the mud's been dumped in the bush."

The trustee did not think for long. He did not want to call in the police yet. "We'll watch and wait," he said to the gardener, who'd feared as much.

The boy crouched in the bush and listened to the crackling of the dry wood and the creeping sounds of things unseen. Finally, he believed he was alone.

The two men saw him scrape the last of the dried mud from the pool and remove the remaining leaves. It was deeper than the two men had imagined, and they were not surprised when the boy stopped to rest on the steps. They licked their lips and envied him when he poured the coffee from his thermos; they glanced at their watches when he did, and noticed there were still three hours

till dawn; they held their breath as they followed his repeated journeys up the path with eight rolls of hose, until the moment when he turned the tap at the side of the house and set the water flowing down the hill.

Then they watched as the boy climbed up behind the girl on the pedestal and put his hands over her hands.

They saw the shiver run through his body.

The two men sat in the trustee's office and considered their position. That night, after the tourists had gone, the statue of the girl would be covered with a tarpaulin which would be padlocked to the four short posts that carried the present token cordon chain.

That was the easy part.

And the boy? That would depend on what he did that night, on his reaction to the covered statue. Either the police would be called, or he would receive a letter warning him off.

"I picked him as a bad 'un at the interview," the trustee said.

"Bulshit you did," the gardener thought, as he stoked his pipe tobacco.

But later, as the two men silently watched the pool, they saw only the first heavy storm of the early summer. The boy did not appear. There was no rainbow with the dawn.

It was the same the following night, when the heavy rain came again, reminding them of Malaya and the black leeches that took

your blood while you watched and waited for the little yellow men. Eventually the memories crowded the two men out and they nodded their consent and went their separate ways to the brick and fibro homes that glistened like toads in the wet.

The rain had stopped when the boy woke. He saw the stars through the window and felt the warm wind that had dried the storm.

He rode his bicycle to the usual place and left it hidden off the road. Then he walked silently through the bush and saw his flesh turned to tiger stripes by the moonlight and shadow.

He was not surprised to see the girl waiting where the strong shaft of light burst through the canopy of leaves.

He put his hands over hers and felt flesh instead of stone and did not ask "How?"

He did not say "Why?" when he felt her body half-submit and half-struggle as her face turned back to his knowing grin and the Earth smelled close.

Afterwards, she led him to the pool. She showed him the clear water of the recent rain and the large flowering lily she had placed where the depth was greatest.

The boy watched her dive and disappear. After 30 seconds he laughed at her sense of fun. After 45 seconds, he marvelled at her endurance. When a minute had passed, he obeyed the beat of fear in his heart and dived in where she had.

The gardener inspected the pool early that morning. He was halfway down the steps when he saw the boy. He was floating, naked, on his back, in water so still he might have been suspended in amber. His head was pillowed on a large flowering lily that had not been there before; the eyes stared unblinkingly at the sky.

The gardener saw the blue-tinged skin and bloodless lips, and knew why the boy had not responded to his embarrassed cough.

He laid the boy on the sandstone surround. Rivulets of water ran off the cold body, staining the stone where he landed. The head lolled without resistance. Most likely he'd broken his neck diving in the too shallow water.

Overhead, the heat stoked up its pressure beneath the canopy of the gums. A bellbird tinkled close by. Nature, thought the gardener, has no time for tragedy.

He made his way up the steps cut in the hillside. Difficult pushing off the same leg each time.

Before going into the house, he paused to remove the cover from the statue of the girl. He stared up at the face he'd seen a thousand times — at the lips smeared with sensuality; at the breasts that jutted upward and outwards in offering. And for an instant he was tempted to climb up behind her; to put his hands over her hands, and mould his body to hers.

But then a shiver ran through him, and he went to make his call. ☎



REBORN

Continued from page 103

backyard for about \$3800 (not including the Epsom salts and installation costs). It could be fun for parties and perhaps a very effective way of disciplining small children.

AURA READING/CONTACTING YOUR SPIRIT GUIDES

New Ageists are in "close, personal contact" with their guardian angels, who they term "spirit guides", and wildly *au fait* with the colors of their auras. They boast to one another about the extreme rarity of their personal "cosmic electromagnetic force field" and believe that just as your health or lack thereof can be inferred from your complexion, your level of cosmic evolution is obvious from the state of the aura. Aura analysis is a popular New Age career — the advantage being that nobody can tell whether or not the analyst is bullshitting.

I was slightly late for my appointment but the "reader" brushed away my apology with a statement that she'd known I would be. She could see in my aura that part of me was against personal growth and so I had subconsciously tried to avoid the reading. It didn't seem appropriate to tell her about the cab driver who spoke only Yiddish and refused to go over the Sydney Harbour Bridge to get to the North Shore, so I simply de-

manded to know what my aura looked like.

"Oh, it's beautiful," she gushed. "I could see it glowing as you walked down the street." She bumbled entertainingly about chlorophyll green, rose beige coral and cornflower blue until I started to feel I was with an interior decorator or paint salesman. I asked her what it meant and she looked surprised.

"Well, you'd be good as an actress, writer or artist," she said finally. This was endearing, of course, but she could hardly take my money and not be sycophantic.

The reader then digressed on to the Structure of the Universe speech. You'll be pleased to hear that it's run along efficient lines with great regard for both community values and the development of the individual. She explained this with gusto, dramatic pauses and convincing expressions of joy, awe, compassion and wonderment — despite my interruptions to ask if cats had auras and whether the aura could be affected by irradiation. ("Yes, cats do and no, I have no idea, and do you want to know how the universe works or not, Dear?")

We all reincarnate and reincarnate but between our lives on Earth we holiday in Higher Realms, which isn't a housing estate — it's Heaven — and while there we spend time with our other dead friends and family before sitting down with our spirit guides to plan our next life. Everything that happens to us, she said, has already been scheduled for our spiritual refinement and growth. So it's no use trying to help people in trouble

because you'd only be interfering.

Perhaps I'm a spineless sceptic but I couldn't buy the idea that the Universe is run like an IBM personnel management course.

Anyway, it was time for her to summon my spirit guides for a progress report. Everyone has two of them, she explained, a man and a woman, and they're advanced souls who've done their time on Earth. Shirley MacLaine says she's got a whole mob of them including ex-concert pianists, Russian emperors and Cherokee Indian chiefs, so I was curious to see what sort of creatures mine would be.

They were supposed to materialise in the living room and we waited expectantly, but they stood me up. She said that the guides had communicated their love and apologies etc, but they felt I didn't require them at the moment and that I'd be better off listening to the wisdom of the reader.

She couldn't even tell me what they looked like. I bet everyone who goes there finds their spirit guides mysteriously unavailable for comment.

Is it possible, you ask, that there are people out there who are willing to pay for these pathetic and patently absurd "therapies"? Indeed it is, and as far as I'm concerned they deserve exactly what they get.

On the way home I experienced a cosmic revelation. It suddenly dawned on me that the world is going mad. You and I are probably the only sane ones left. Hang in there, for God's sake. ☐

TOYS FOR THE BOYS?



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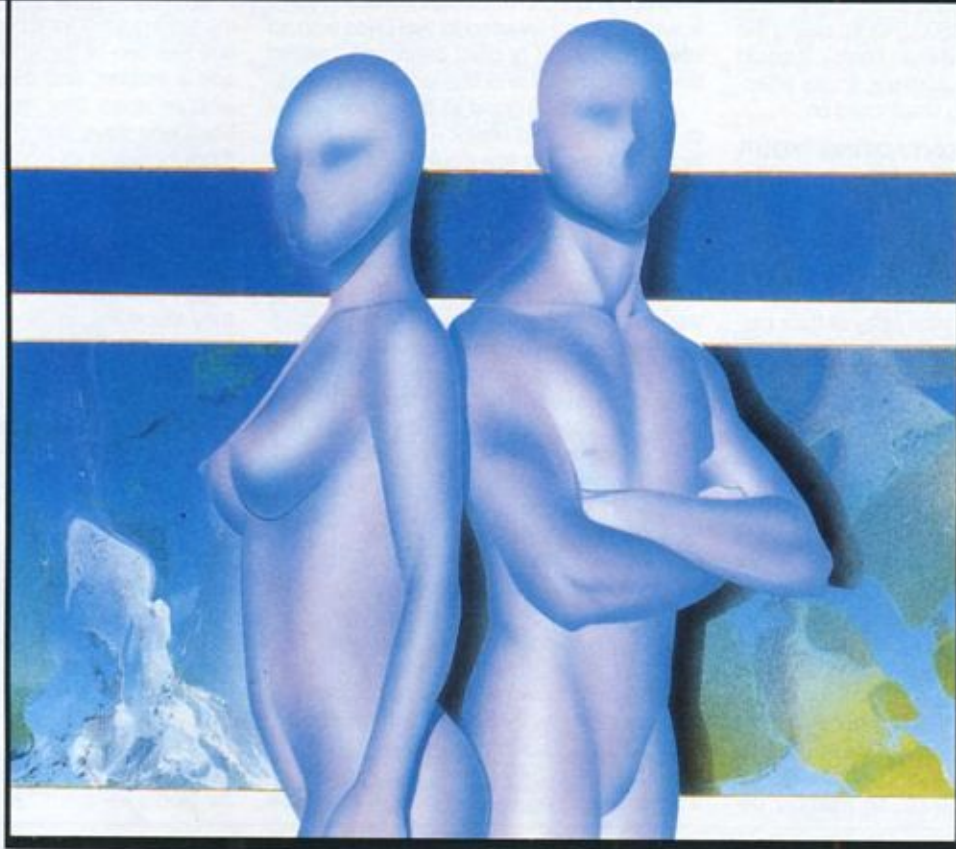
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THE MORNING AFTER

Ethics and etiquette of the one-night stand

Dr Bob Montgomery is a distinguished clinical psychologist who runs a Melbourne-based consultancy. He has given guest lectures on psychology throughout the world, is the author of several best-selling self-help books, and has been a regular guest on various radio and TV programs in Australia. He is currently the "resident psychologist" on Nine's *Today* program.

It was a great night, but now it's morning and something is happening you hadn't counted on. She wants to know when you are getting together again. Last night you had merely hoped to spend the evening together. This morning she is talking about spending your lives together. How did you get yourself into this? More important, how do you get out of it, without unnecessary hurt to anyone?

For a start, notice the key word in the last question. It was "unnecessary." There is no pain-free way out of your immediate dilemma, so don't look for one. If you really only wanted a one-night stand and don't want to change your mind now, but she seems to have expected your night together to be the start of something

bigger, then you are both in for some bad feelings. The only questions are how bad and when, not whether.

This is a difficult dilemma for me to advise you on without sounding like I'm moralising, which is not a psychologist's role. It's certainly easier for me to make the suggestions because it's you who will have to carry them out. But I can only tell you what I believe is genuinely in your own best interests, in the long as well as the short term.

People often have difficulty balancing short-term and long-term "pay-offs." We are easily swayed by the short term, frequently to our own detriment in the long term. For example, she is now saying something like: "That was a beautiful night. You're so con-

siderate and caring, not like most of the men I've met. How about we go to my flat next time?" The short-term temptation is for you to say something like: "Yeah, it was really great. Actually, I'm pretty busy right now. I'll call you." There is some immediate cost to you in knowingly lying to her, and probably some guilt for you in watching her immediate disappointment. But if she believes you will call her, she won't react too

apparent your expectations were different.

But, you may be thinking, what if she can't find me again and we don't have any mutual acquaintances? How can she dump her bad feelings on me then? She can't, but the second way your soft option may rebound on you is through your own conscience. I realise conscience may not be a fashionable concept, but the psychological fact is that unless

yourself repeating the situation.

The second: your code says it is okay to deceive and use people for your personal gratification, so you won't feel guilty about how you treated her. But I would predict there is a very good chance that you will eventually wind up lonely and lacking in successful, meaningful relationships. You can fool most of the people some of the time, but eventually they tend to wake up to you, and to tell each

lead you about that, because that wasn't my intention. And I'm sorry if my saying this hurts you now, but I don't want to mislead you. I don't want to take our relationship any further."

Yes, you probably will feel bad making a speech like that, especially if she shows you that she feels very bad. But I repeat my advice that these immediate bad feelings are almost certainly less painful than the ones you will cause if you take the soft option of lying about your intentions.

Of course, it's always easy to be smart after the event, but it's also dumb not to learn from your mistakes. If you are already in this dilemma, I believe your best option is the short-term bitter pill of clearing up your expectations. But the even better option is not to get into the dilemma in the first place, by being honest about your expectations before you go to bed.

Try saying something like: "I'm having a great time with you and I'd really like to make love with you. But I'm only suggesting we have fun together tonight. I'm not suggesting anything more serious than that."

No, it's not terribly romantic and it may cost you an evening of pleasure, but we are back to you strengthening your ability to weigh up the short-term versus the long-term pay-offs. Being able to juggle

"Initial honesty may cost you sexual opportunities but it will save you from later dilemmas"

strongly now while her falsely raised hopes remain intact. You head off on your separate paths, with minimum immediate pain. It's easy to see why this approach, or some variation of it, will tempt you at the time.

My advice is to resist the temptation. You can help yourself to do that by considering the long-term pay-offs.

She apparently has hopes for a relationship that you don't share. You have at least allowed her to keep those hopes alive, if you have not actually encouraged them, by saying you will contact her. As the days and weeks go by without your promised call, her hopes will sour and be replaced by disappointment, hurt, humiliation and anger.

You could say that's her problem, and certainly at that point they're her bad feelings. But they could become yours in two ways. First, she may understandably dump them on you — whether she seeks you out, or bumps into you again by accident, or tells mutual friends or acquaintances what she thinks of you. Since you did deceive her by promising to call when you did not intend to, you have brought yourself eventually more bad feelings than if you had been honest as soon as it was

you are a "sociopath" (a potential mass murderer) you certainly have one.

Normal human development involves each of us acquiring our own moral values and then judging our own behavior against those values. Normal humans feel bad when they have to decide their behavior has broken their own moral values.

Of course, there are as many different personal codes as there are people, but on this point there

other what sort of person you are. I can't guarantee this, any more than I can guarantee that you will die of heart disease or lung cancer if you smoke. I can only advise you that the risks are so high I can't recommend the behavior.

So my suggestion is to pay the immediate cost of being honest about your expectations and how they differ from hers, because I think that will most likely be less hurtful for you, and certainly for her, in the long run. Try saying

"As the weeks go by without your call, her hopes will sour into humiliation and anger"

are really only two possibilities.

The first: your code says it is wrong to deceive and use people for your personal gratification, and you are going to make yourself feel bad over how you have treated this person. You may have postponed the bad feelings, but you will probably find they last much longer, especially if you find

something like: "Yeah, I had a great night, too. It was really enjoyable, but I'm troubled now that you seem to have different expectations of what happens next. I'm sorry we didn't get this straight last night, but I was not expecting anything more serious than spending last night together. I'm very sorry if I did anything to mis-

short versus long-term pay-offs is a hallmark of maturity. Being honest about your intentions may cost you an occasional sexual opportunity but it should save you from some distressing dilemmas. And that little voice inside your head will be entitled to be proud of you for dealing with other people honestly. 

WALKMAN



th
Anniversary



GIVEAWAY

Australian Penthouse isn't the only famous entertainment product turning ten this month. The Sony Walkman, first and only choice of connoisseurs of personal audio equipment, is also notching up ten big years on the world market. Yes, a decade and 50 million Walkmans later, Sony Walkman is joining with *Australian Penthouse* to kick up its heels and party.

To celebrate, Sony and *Penthouse* are giving you the opportunity to win fabulous Sony prizes — we have 130 up for grabs, with a total value of more than \$7000. One lucky entrant will win, along with a top-of-the-line Sony Walkman, a double invitation to next year's tenth Pet Of The Year celebration party and a night's accommodation for two in a leading Sydney hotel.

Entry is simple. Just turn the page for details on the Sony prizes to be won, then fill out the entry coupon and send it to *Australian Penthouse* before October 13. A visit to your nearest Sony stockist will also help you answer the questions over the page. It may be our birthday, but the presents are all yours. Get yourself wired for sound with Sony and *Australian Penthouse*.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN CLUTTERBUCK



WIN WITH **SONY** AND AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE



WIN A WALKMAN

Sony's 1979 invention of the Walkman Personal Audio Product revolutionised the audio industry. It gave mobility to the traditionally housebound tape recorder and opened up a whole new product category — a category which today includes not only the famous Walkman products but a host of lesser clones from other manufacturers.

Way back when, audio tape players were large open-reel decks. The audio industry as we know it today really began with the development of the compact audio cassette. Standardisation of the cassette in the late Sixties saw the market open enormously with sales of many brands of players and pre-recorded music tapes. Such is the current scale of the audio industry in Australia alone that sales of audio equipment last year topped \$285 million. Sales this year are

expected to reach \$300 million.

Since the Sixties, various trends have emerged within different audio categories. For example, overall sales of traditional cassette radios have dropped dramatically in the last five years. Approximately 775,000 units were sold in 1984. This year, industry predictions put sales at only 535,000.

However, for Walkman type products, the sales story is one of spectacular increase. Back in 1984 they were selling 195,000 units. For 1989 they predict sales of 500,000 units.

When Sony launched its revolutionary personal cassette player in Japan in 1979, the name Walkman wasn't on it. It was a model known as the TPS-L2 — the world's first compact, lightweight, stereo cassette tape player, with featherlight high quality headphones and shoulder/belt strap — that drew crowds in their thousands wherever it was demonstrated in Japan. Visitors to

Japan went crazy for the model and the export market and the name Walkman were launched.

Since that time Sony have sold over 50 million Walkmans world-wide and they're currently marketing more than 20 different Walkman products in Australia, in a variety of colors and with features to suit any situation.

Sony and *Australian Penthouse* have selected three Walkman models to comprise the prize pool for our tenth birthday celebrations. We're giving away ten of each, plus, for runners-up, 100 special compilation cassettes featuring tracks from the world's hottest recording artists. See your Sony dealer for details of the artists who appear on this cassette.

Heading the list of Walkman prizes is the Sports Walkman WM-F63 featuring auto-reverse and FM stereo/AM tuner. Valued at \$249, it's water and dust resistant with splash resistant fontopia stereo earphones, plus two mode auto-reverse with Dolby and noise reduction.

Then there's the WM-BF64, the \$199 model with mega bass power. The mega bass circuit boosts bass to three selectable levels. It also has FM stereo/AM reception, analog tuner with three FM station preset capability, two mode auto-reverse, mono/stereo switch for FM reception and auto-shutoff in playback.

The third Walkman model up for grabs is the WM-BF48 FM stereo unit, valued at \$119 and featuring two-mode auto-reverse, auto-shutoff, tape type selector switch and fontopia stereo headphones with acoustic turbo.

To win one of these fabulous Sony Walkman prizes, plus the chance to attend the 1990 *Penthouse* Pet Of The Year Party and accommodation, simply answer the questions on the coupon and post your entry to *Australian Penthouse*. Entries close Friday, October 13. 

Send completed coupon to *Penthouse*/Sony Walkman Competition, PO Box 42, Cammeray, 2062, by Friday October 13, 1989.

1. What was the model number of the first Sony Walkman?

2. Name three of the artists who appear on the Walkman 10th Anniversary compilation cassette. (Check at your Sony dealer.)

3. How many million Walkmans have been sold worldwide since 1979?

Name: _____

Address: _____

Telephone: _____

Permit no: TC 89/1906

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

Your entry must be on the official coupon. Entry to the competition is open to all residents of Australia over the age of 18, other than employees of Australian *Penthouse* and employees and promoters of Sony and their families. Prizes include all delivery costs anywhere in Australia.

Closing date for postal entries is last mail Friday, October 13. Winners will be published in the January issue of *Penthouse*.

Winners will be drawn from all correct entries received. To ensure fairness, 26 winners will be drawn from five state groupings: NSW, Queensland, Western Australia, Victoria-Tasmania and South Australia-Northern Territory. On all questions disputes and matters arising in relation to the contest the editor's decision will be final. No correspondence will be entered into and entry into the competition indicates acceptance of all rules and conditions. The competition is brought to you by Sony Australia and Australian *Penthouse*.



FORUM

Continued from page 14

about to come and I had no intention of disappointing Andrew either. I went to work on the tip of his cock with my tongue, my lips surrounding him, sucking him for all I was worth. He sighed and began pumping hot semen into my mouth, and I had to swallow to take it all. I released him to look at Sue and Michael. He had come in her hand. I kissed Andrew and walked over to Sue and held her hand up to her mouth. She dribbled the semen into her mouth, and stared into my eyes with desire.

I'd felt the desire for a woman before, but seeing Sue clad in just her panties, semen on her lips and that wild look, I was overcome by her. I bent and kissed her, her mouth responding hungrily to mine, her tiny tongue running over my lips and darting inside my mouth. She took complete control, forcing me down on to the carpet. She leaned over me, offering her breasts. I took her nipple into my mouth, excited beyond belief that this was happening. She worked her way down my body, her hands pausing at breasts, stomach and thigh. She rolled off my stockings, and began playing around the lace edge of my panties. Her tongue dragged across my belly and down, licking me through my wet panties. I was screaming with lust, my body rising to meet her mouth. I came as she slid her tiny hand inside my panties and pulled them away.

Michael and Andrew joined us on the floor, Sue moving aside allowing Andrew to position himself. With Michael urging him on, he entered me, burying his cock up to the hilt. He drove himself into me time and time again, roaring like a bull. At the same time Michael forced his cock into my mouth, and I again sucked for all I was worth. He came in great spurts almost in time with Andrew's final thrust.

I still had to have Sue. The guys released me, allowing me to approach her. I kissed her as before, this time my hands playing with her young body. I loved the

texture of her skin, the feel of her breasts on mine. Her heavy breathing and soft moans fed my own passion. She still had her tiny panties on, and through the sheer fabric I could see her wetness. I grabbed her expensive underpants and ripped them away, exposing her mound. I kissed her between her legs, dipping my tongue inside her and stroking with my hands. I was loving this first-time experience, moaning and almost in tears. She came as I sucked her clitoris into my mouth.

We lay in each other's arms exhausted and stunned. The guys, too, couldn't believe what the four of us had done. We spoke about it later, all agreeing that it was a rich experience and wanting it to occur again.

Like that evening our next meeting will be a time to remember. — *Name and address withheld*

Interior work

I am writing to you about an experience I had recently, an experience that I will cherish for as long as I live.

I'm 25 and make my living as a contract cabinetmaker. A friend of my wife's parents wanted some interior work done at her place and I agreed to take the job. The woman in question is about 35 and a very busy legal accountant. I dealt with her husband initially, getting all the information needed for the job. It was a fairly extensive job, building a number of ward-

robes and shelves.

After about four days' working on my own — there was never anyone in the house, they were both workaholics — I was surprised to hear a car pull up in the driveway at lunchtime. It was Kate, the accountant. I didn't take much notice, just saying hello before going on working.

She told me she was going to an afternoon cocktail party and had come home to change. I have to admit that at this stage I was starting to get a few ideas, Forum-type fantasies along the lines of "Wouldn't it be good if she . . ." You get my drift. I just carried on working, but I'd developed a semi-hard-on.

I heard the shower turn on and more thoughts flooded my mind, thoughts of what it would be like to seduce this woman or be seduced by her. They were just fantasies, of course. I'm too shy to ever do anything like that.

As I was taking some measurements for the built-in wardrobe in the bedroom, I had a distinct feeling that I was being watched.

I turned around to see Kate wearing only a towel staring at me.

I immediately apologised for being in the room and started to hurry out so she could get dressed. As I reached the doorway she literally dropped her towel in front of me. Needless to say, my jaw dropped along with it when I saw the

Continued on page 129

EVER HAD ONE IN WARM TROPICAL WATER?

It beats a land-based holiday every time. Instead of your accommodation being firmly attached to the ground, we offer movable addresses — fully provisioned luxury yachts and flybridge cruisers, all with 360° water views. Drop into a resort for a rage. Disappear to those secluded places people daydream about. Or both. The option is yours. Get together a group of friends who could handle the pace and we'll provide the fixings. See your travel agent or call us toll free for our free booklet.

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The Killing Fields was an historic story of friendship, tragic separation and triumphant reunion. Unfortunately for Australian war photographer Neil Davis and his Cambodian friend An Veng, history did not repeat itself.

WAR STORY

A strange closeness develops between men in the thick of battle, when to be in the right place and to do the right thing at precisely the right time means the difference between living and dying. And it is said that history repeats itself, but not quite.

It is not unexpected, therefore, that the experiences of a Cambodian refugee, An Veng, and legendary Australian war photographer Neil Davis should closely resemble those of Dith Pran and *New York Times* war correspondent Sydney Schanberg in the true story immortalised in the Academy Award-winning film *The Killing Fields*.

The similarities between the two stories are recognised by the participants. An Veng possesses a treasured postcard which reads simply: "To An Veng and family. Good luck. Dith Pran."

In David Puttnam's *The Killing Fields*, Dith Pran was Sydney Schanberg's translator-driver-soundman. Pran's family was refugeeed from Phnom Penh before the fall of the city in 1975. Pran himself stayed behind to cover the war with Schanberg. Both took

Illustration inspired by a photograph featured in Tim Bowden's best-selling biography *One Crowded Hour* - Neil Davis, *Combat Cameraman*, Collins Publishers Imprint Series.

BY DENNIS GODFREY
ILLUSTRATION BY IAIN MCKELLAR



Jim Kellor

WAR STORY

refuge in the French Embassy.

When the Khmer Rouge took the city, the two men were parted. Schanberg and Pran's family eventually reached New York, but Pran was forced into the hell of a re-education camp.

All the while, each desperately tried to re-establish contact.

Pran escaped in 1979, to make his way through the skeleton-lined Killing Fields to the safety of the Red Cross, Paris and ultimate reunion with his family and Sydney Schanberg in New York.

During that era, when there was a purge of intellectuals and more than three million people were slaughtered, only the silent survived. The regime called it "Year Zero", the time when all memories of love for family and the former Cambodia had to be dispelled.

For An Veng, however, there was no reunion with his former boss of five years, Neil Davis. On April 12, 1975 Davis, physically and emotionally exhausted, was airlifted from the compound of the American Embassy in Phnom Penh.

Amid the chaos of American helicopters leaving and the bombardment by the arriving communists, Veng could not reach Neil Davis. Like Sydney Schanberg and Dith Pran, Davis and Veng desperately sought to make contact again but were kept apart by continuing atrocity and war.

Neil went on to record the fall of Saigon on April 29, 1975, giving the world graphic pictures — filmed with a gun at his head — of communist tanks smashing through the gates of the Presidential Palace.

For Veng, the years ahead under the Pol Pot regime were filled with terror. Three of his children were hauled off into the countryside and murdered by zealots. He had given up hope that Davis would ever be able to sponsor him and his family for migration to Australia. But Veng and his son Meng escaped from a commune to the sanctuary of a refugee camp on the Thai-Kampuchean border. It would not be until 1986 that he would see his wife again.

Neil learned on September 7, 1985 that Veng was, after all, alive. There was to have been an emotional reunion, but just two days later, Neil Davis was cut down by heavy-calibre fire as he was filming an abortive coup on a Bangkok street.

Davis' biographer Tim Bowden tells in his book, *One Crowded Hour*, of how Davis, professional to the end, had contrived in his final seconds to film his own death. And during those final seconds, incredibly, An Veng sat bolt upright in his refugee camp bed, his heart pounding like heavy artillery, sweating profusely, his eyes ablaze. He had dreamed the vision of Neil Davis running towards him crying: "Goodbye! Goodbye!", his body all shot up and his clothing burned.

Veng's worst fears were confirmed in a

Voice Of America broadcast that same day.

Neil Davis' colleague Gary Burns, who dragged the man's body away from the Bangkok gunfire, took it upon himself, as a sponsor, to fulfil Neil's dream and reunite An Veng with his family in Australia. Veng, his wife Chea and son Meng arrived in Australia as refugees on November 17, 1986. Both father and son are employed as fork lift drivers with a Sydney firm.

The first thing you see upon entering An Veng's Fairfield flat is a pair of Australian citizenship certificates, displayed on a mantelpiece like trophies.

We sit barefoot and cross-legged on the floor, Cambodian-style. We drink green tea. An and Chea, newly-proclaimed citizens of Australia, are smiling. They are in Sydney, Australia, and the killing fields are a million miles away. They both bear the scars of the Pol Pot regime on their brows. Their clothing looks awkward on their wiry frames.

6
At the exact
time of Neil Davis'
death, An Veng sat
bolt upright in his
refugee camp bed,
sweating profusely

Mr Pen, from the Department of Immigration's Telephone Interpreter Service, Bankstown Office, translates.

Says An Veng: "I was born in Choy Chong Va on the Mekong River 55 years ago. As a child, I spent many happy hours playing by the river and swimming.

"Survival was something I learned early, even to come through the Japanese invasion in 1941. At the age of 12 I became a monk, with shaved head and yellow robe. I survived, as monks did in those days, by travelling and asking for rice. Well, that went on for three years.

"I became a taxi driver at the Royal Hotel, Phnom Penh, and became friendly with the NBC [American TV] driver. Neil Davis asked my friend from NBC to look out for a driver for his white Mercedes. That's how our great friendship started and I drove Neil all over Cambodia as the war unfolded between 1971 and 1975.

"On April 12, 1975, at 5am, Neil called at my place to tell me that his mission in Cambodia was over. He wanted me to take him to the American Embassy. He said whether I wanted to go or stay was up to me, but he had to go because the Khmer

Rouge takeover was imminent. Defending forces were leaderless, he said, and troops had laid down their weapons. When the Khmer Rouge forces entered the city, everyone was waving white flags.

"As things turned out, chaos suddenly overtook us. I was left with only a few minutes to fetch my family. I dashed off for them, but when I returned, it was too late. So I raced in the car back to the Royal Hotel, thinking there would still be some Americans there awaiting helicopter evacuation. There, I got a message to say that all Americans had left Cambodia and no more helicopters would come. I was left stranded at 9.45am on September 9, 1975.

"After suffering many horrors and outrages, I eventually escaped the commune to a refugee camp on the Thai border. There, many journalists took photographs. I got them to make copies of my photo of Neil and gave them each one in an effort to find him.

"Two days before he was killed, when he returned to Bangkok from leave in the US, Neil received my message on the back of one of the photos. It read, 'Please help me. I can no longer stay in Cambodia.' Neil's friend in Bangkok, Gary Burns, helped my wife reach me and my son in the refugee camp.

"I am now a part of Australia, out of love for my great friend in an island of peace.

"Under Pol Pot, I was 'accused' of being Chinese. When I turned to the Chinese, they said I was Cambodian. The government there classifies people according to their complexion. I was, in my complexion, carrying 50-60 percent Chinese, according to the authorities."

The tears were brimming — an appropriate moment to invite all to a Cambodian restaurant, where it became very clear that the An couple had become accustomed to sparsity.

Later, there were hearty good-byes on the sidewalk outside the restaurant. An Veng said in parting: "I want to thank the Australian Government and the Australian people for allowing me to come to Australia and for the settlement service assistance given to us. Becoming citizens of this wonderful, free country, at peace with the world, is joyous to my wife, to my son and to myself.

"It is a treasured commitment of belonging, given greater meaning in fulfilling a dream I have had for many years — to take on the nationality of my greatest friend and colleague, Neil Davis. I know that if Neil were here today, he would feel so proud."

Then, the new Australian citizens sped off into a brighter future. An Veng's car hooted a long and loud farewell.

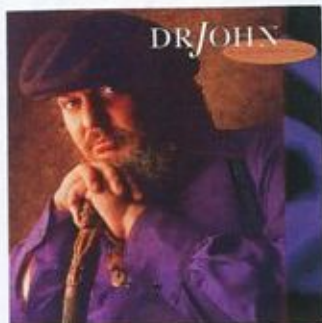
It was the clarion call written on the flyleaf of each of Neil Davis' diaries, as revealed in Tim Bowden's biography:

*Sound, sound the clarion, fill the life.
Throughout the sensual world proclaim:
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name!*

— Thomas Osbert Mordaunt

SOUNDS

The Neville Brothers sing like black angels under their *Yellow Moon* (A&M). Their Creole funk with dashes of the Caribbean and soul has meant some exquisite shuffling splendor since the mid-Seventies — including last year's "Mickey Mouse Club Theme" from *Stay Awake* (A&M). With this their most "spiritual" album they make their most direct statements about usual angelic concerns — peace, love, understanding and unclipped wings in general. Their choice of tracks also covers a broader range of styles than in the past, but they don't limit themselves to just championing the rights of colored brothers ("My Blood"). Bob Dylan's "God On Our Side" is given a slow dreamlike treatment complete with plaintive vibrato. While "Healing Chant" glows with subtle rhythms and jazz-flavored horn solos, the brass-sparked funk of "Fire And Brimstone" taps Mammon's pulse, partying in the face of the Devil: "Mardi Gras Injuns down in New Orleans, They the wildest thing you ever seen" ... or heard.



New Orleans has been the melting pot of numerous diverse and complementary influences. Mac Rebennack, or **Dr. John** as he became known, predates the Neville Brothers by many years in his use of African, American, Creole and Caribbean elements. A session musician (guitar, keyboards) in the Fifties and early Sixties, he came into his own in 1968 with *Gris Gris* when he flaunted voodoo trappings the way Liberace did satin jumpsuits. Thirty years later we find Dr. John in *A Sentimental Mood* (WEA). Here he has delved into the annals of pop standards. Most songs fall victim to his shuffling rhythm and blues piano style but they are willing sacrifices as the good Doctor

dissects them with his distinctive gravel tones. Tracks include Duke Ellington's "In A Sentimental Mood" and the classic tale of Play Around Sam — "Makin' Whoopee!" — where he duets with Ricky Lee Jones. The horns often have the Crescent City attack, but the feels never develop any real edge and strings also soften the blow. This is very much big Mac reminiscing into his beard.

Not Drowning Waving lay some *Claim* (Mighty Boy) to terra firma with their latest. They've tamed their sonic meanderings into more obvious songs this time, though still remain within the pigeon hole of atmospheric urban primitive. Rippling hand drums, didgeridoo, strings (cello, viola), guitars and sometimes funky drums merge with the meditatively intoned vocals. They've as much in common with strut and thrust as spandex tights have with a nun's habit.

You've been mugged, your car has been stolen and you missed the last bus home. When you finally get home you find the fire brigade has beaten you to it. It's then time to go to a friend's (if you've still got any left), strap on the cans and ignite **The The's** *Mind Bomb* (Epic). You could also approximate the above state of mind by reading, watching and listening to all the news every day. Matt Johnson has always been on about man's inhumanity to man, echoing "the melancholy cries across the flatlands of planet Earth." The The was always Johnson with sympathetic studio players, but now he has assembled a core quartet that includes Johnny Marr (The Smiths) and David Palmer (ABC) to record and finally tour his jolly vision. Unlike the jagged syncopations and big rock bash of his earlier albums, this version of "Armageddon Days Are Here (Again)" has more of an acoustic swing to it. The first single, "The Beat(en) Gener-



ation", sounds very much like that — with harmonica and acoustic guitar. The music may be more subdued but the songs still have Johnson's dark, breathy vision of the world.

Hailing from bands like Adelaide's Speedboat and Sydney's Mambologists, **Blat'n** prove themselves to be very much *Funky Children* (WJP). Live, the tight syncopated drums, choppy guitar, two basses, sax and trombone owe much to the spirit of people like George Clinton and a more free-wheeling approach to funk that screams of last decade. Independent recordings often have the band's live spark doused by tiny budgets (like last year's effort by Jump Back Jack). This EP, however, seems at least to capture the live feel of the Blat'n brothers.

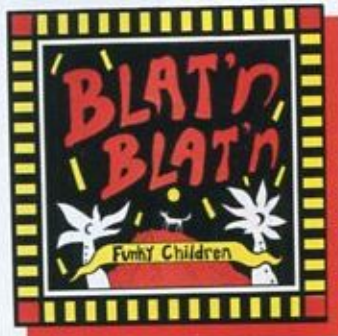
Adrian Belew, whose guitar has impersonated rhinoceri on heat for Talking Heads, King Crimson and Laurie Anderson, has another disc of his own design as *Mr. Music Head* (Atlantic). This is no guitar hero running amok in the studio. Belew handles all instruments and vocals, playing more keyboards than guitars. The only other voice is that of his daughter on "Oh Daddy (When Are You Going To Make The Big Hit, Yeah?)" To which he can only answer "Don't hold your breath 'cos it'll make you blue." In the meantime he offers her and us these idiosyncratic ditties to ease the wait. — *Jeremy Cook*

WILD THINGS

Clockwise from far left: The latest from gravel-toned Dr. John; More urban primitive from Not Drowning Waving; Dark vision on The The's *Mind Bomb*; Live feel on Blat'n's *Funky Children*.



MIND BOMB



IT'S A SIN
SHE'S GOING TO LAUGH AT ME
I CAN CATCH SOME HORRIBLE DISEASE AND DIE
MAYBE SHE LIKES GIRLS
I'VE GOT A LITTLE DICK
WILL SHE RESPECT ME IN THE MORNING
WEAR THE EXPENSIVE COLOGNE
SHE'LL THINK I'M KINKY
SHOULD I BRING A GIFT
CONDOMS



Cummings



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN COPELAND

WORKING OUT

Elizabeth keeps her superb body supple in her job as an aerobics instructor. "I've always been a bit of a fitness fanatic. There's nothing like the feeling of a hard workout — it gives you a real high."









But when it comes to men, Elizabeth stresses the importance of brains over brawn. "I want a man who is intelligent, interesting and easy to talk to. Of course, it would be nice if he had a great body too, but that's not a priority. Ultimately, I feel, you make love with your mind."









FORUM

Continued from page 123

magnificent body she'd been hiding beneath her staid working outfits. She had a gorgeous set of tits, tipped with nipples so erect that they stood out like beacons, and really sensuous curves right down to her toes.

No words were exchanged as she led me back to the bed and lay me down. I was too much in shock to say anything. She undid my trousers, with difficulty because my dick had grown so hard that it was getting in the way. Once she'd peeled them off, Mr Johnson was really standing to attention and Kate, without further ado, came down on it with her mouth. I couldn't believe it — this was heaven on a stick. Heaven on my stick, anyway. In about 40 seconds I lost my load somewhere at the back of her mouth.

At the sensation and taste of my orgasm, Kate became extremely horny, which had the effect of keeping me rock hard. She jumped on top of me, slid my rod all the way into her in one tight and slippery stroke and started pumping away on me for all she was worth. We were both very hot and wet and my inhibitions disappeared out the window along with our yowls, squeals and groans that probably scared the shit out of the neighbors. Finally, after about ten minutes of almost intolerable ecstasy we both exploded in unison — something which, just like this encounter, doesn't happen to me often — and we both collapsed, gasping for breath.

All I could say was, "Wow, that was fantastic!" Not the most eloquent of summations, but then, I make wardrobes for a living. As I lay on the bed dazed, Kate got up, cleaned herself and got dressed. Before I knew it, she was walking out the door saying goodbye. As reality hit me, I got up and dressed. I picked up a couple of tools and stared at the wardrobe for a minute or so before saying, "Fuck it!" and taking the afternoon off. It's not every day a man's fantasies come true. It was going to be at least a week before I finished the job and before I made Kate's wardrobes I wanted to dream over and over of making her drawers. — *Name and address withheld*

Hairy incident

After having my last child my doctor prescribed me a different Pill. I've had a lot less trouble with it, but one side-effect has been an increase of body hair, especially in the pubic region. I am 32 years old and consider myself to still be a very attractive woman. I like to wear bikinis to the beach and have thus kept shaving and trimming my bush back to avoid embarrassment. During winter last year,

however, I let it grow a bit and my husband loved it. He didn't want me to trim it back again. So now my pubic hair is a veritable jungle; it starts at my navel and extends right around to my bum. Ever since I discovered the pleasures of masturbating as a teenager, I have been doing it regularly. And I must admit, I have grown to quite like my bush myself.

But the beach is not the only place a woman is likely to be embarrassed by such an adornment. I play squash every week in a women's team and whilst I usually don't shower until I go home there are occasions when I do. Late last year was such an occasion. When I got out of the shower there was no-one in the change room and I made no effort to conceal myself. As I was putting my pants on, however, I walked Lisa. I saw the rather astonished look on her face as her eyes stared at my crotch. The panties I had chosen went nowhere near covering my pubes. That whole incident probably took three seconds, but it seemed like three minutes to me. Finally we spoke — well, at least I did, as I asked her how she had gone.

Lisa is in our team and I would say she was the woman I knew the least of all. She is an attractive blonde, married and in her late twenties. She has a small but very nice figure. For the next few weeks she seemed to follow me around. I got to know her a little better and I quite liked her sudden attraction to me. I had a notion that she had sexual desires towards me, and even though I'd never had sex with another woman, I was not altogether turned off by that idea.

It was a month after the incident in the

showers that I offered Lisa a ride home one night. She lived not all that far from the courts and usually walked, but it was raining. Instead of taking her straight home I asked if she was hungry and we drove to a road-house for a hamburger. When we got our food I parked by the river, quite out of the way, so we could eat. The rain was really driving hard, and the windows were all fogged up. The radio was on softly. It was quite a sexy scene, really.

Once we had finished eating I pushed my seat back as far as it would go and lay back. I could feel Lisa's eyes on me and I knew that she felt hot for me. But I could also feel that she was nervous that she may let this opportunity slip. I was wearing a track suit and I lifted my top slightly, saying to Lisa that my tummy was full; at the same time I reached for her hand and placed it on my stomach for her to feel how full it was. At first her hand was still and then her fingers began to very gently tickle my skin. Because of the position I was in, my bottoms had been forced down a bit and so my navel was exposed. I felt her finger drop into it and feel around. She was still holding back, though. I put my hand on hers and massaged her fingers and then up her arm. That was the catalyst! I heard Lisa breathe deeply and her arm slipped ever so gently under the band of my bottoms. It was a wonderful moment for us both. I felt her warm fingers playing with my hairs and then she reached my steaming slit.

I lifted my arse and slipped my bot-

Continued on page 136

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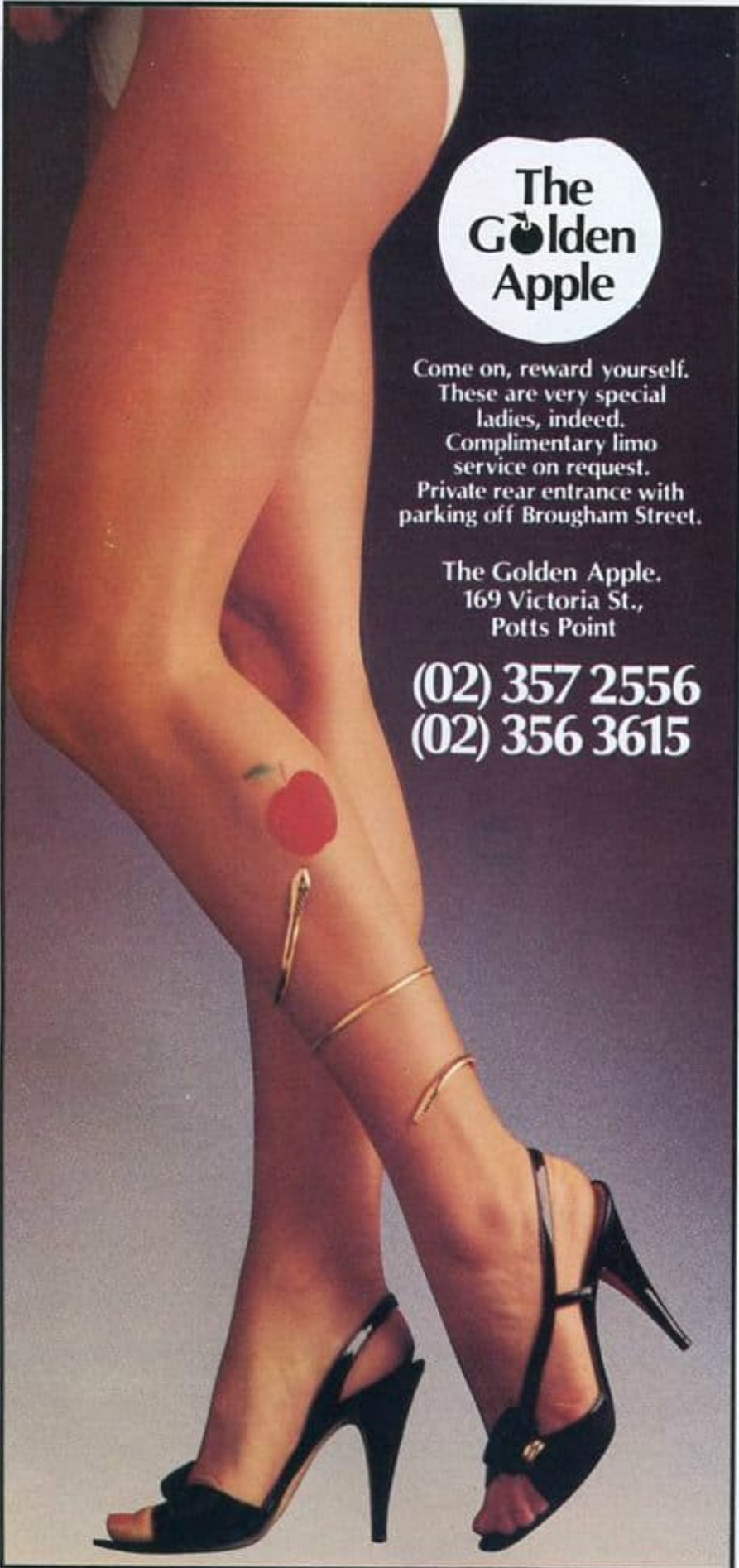




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FORUM

Continued from page 129

toms down for her. Then I returned to her arm and moved my fingers slowly up it and then felt her boobs. Lisa's boobs are not big but they feel great anyway. Her nipples were very taut and she sighed as I played with them. She moved her face to mine and we kissed passionately. I enjoyed that kiss immensely. It felt so good I almost forgot the beautiful attention my clit was receiving.

Then she went down and got her face into my bushy pussy. She obviously enjoyed what she was doing and so did I. I massaged her neck, back and boobs, when I could, as she ate my cunt like I'd never felt before. I eventually erupted into a beautiful orgasm which Lisa kept going forever.

Lisa spent a good part of the next day, and many days since, in my bed. She has revealed to me that she has been bisexual since her school days. I love her to tell me about some of her lesbian encounters as she makes love to me. Like my husband, Lisa really loves my hirsute crotch, so I'm definitely keeping it. When we spend time in bed I reciprocate in oral sex with her and enjoy it, but her face is never far from my cunt. — *Name and address withheld*

A night to remember

I'm a student at a small local college and I never thought I'd be writing to you, but . . .

Last week I had an important mid-year exam coming up. My roommate was out for the night so I decided to stay in for the night and do some necessary reading. I sat taking notes until about 9.30. The telephone didn't ring, nor was there a knock at the door. I didn't have to get up to answer it only to find some blonde, brunette or redhead co-ed cheerleader whom I had lusted after in physics class standing at the door in a flimsy nightie. Nor did I have to invite her in, only to have her confess that she secretly lusted after me.

She didn't grab my rampant nine-incher and force it down her throat. Following this, she didn't rip her clothes off and beg me to fuck her for hours on end. I didn't come in quarts, and when we weren't finished she didn't give me a little peck on the cheek and promise to come back the next night with her girlfriend, one she "knew I'd like."

Instead, what happened was that no-one interrupted me that evening. I studied until 11, had a beer and went to bed. I rose early the next morning, showered and shaved, then attended class for the exam. My mark was an A. While I was in class, a sexy blonde ignored me. — *Name and address withheld* ☺

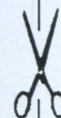
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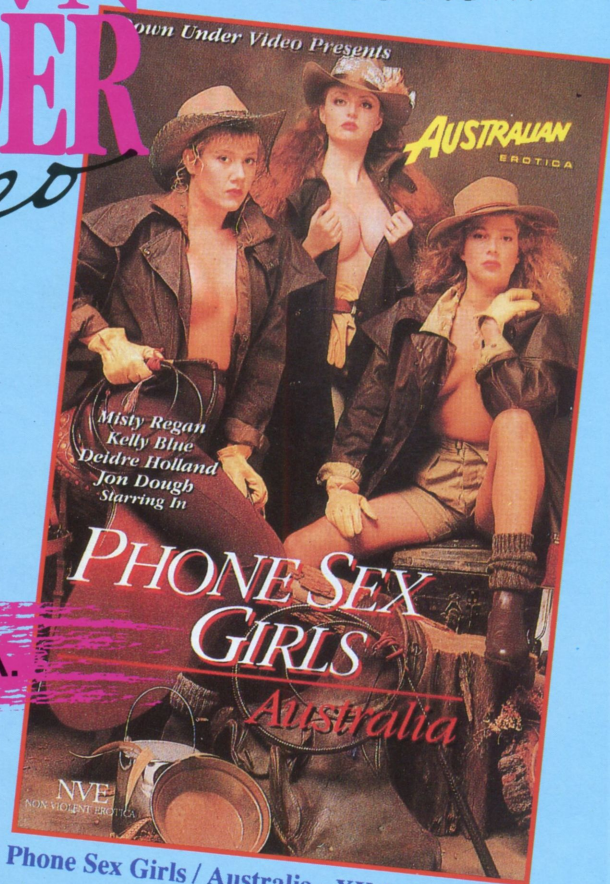
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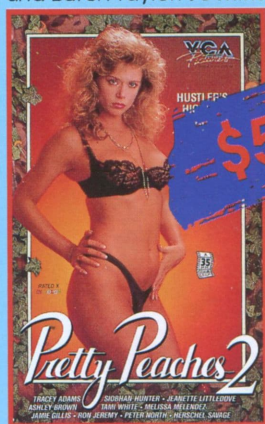
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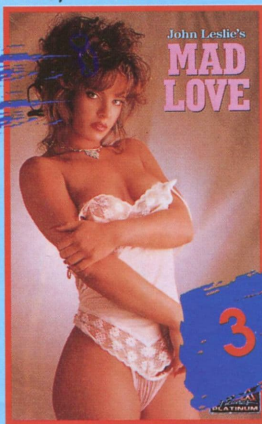
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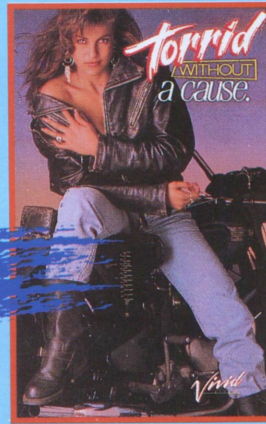
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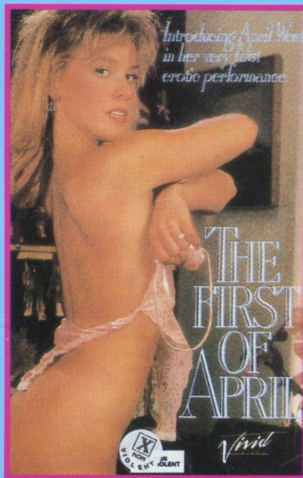
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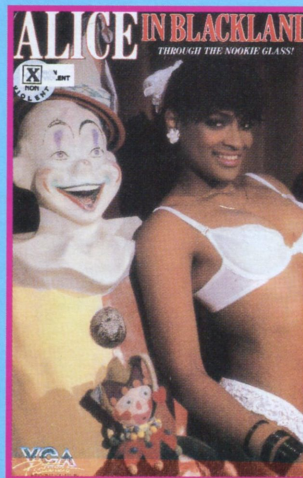
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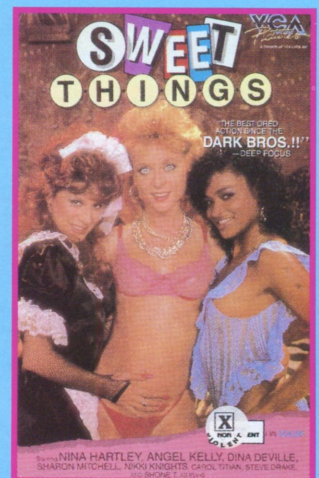
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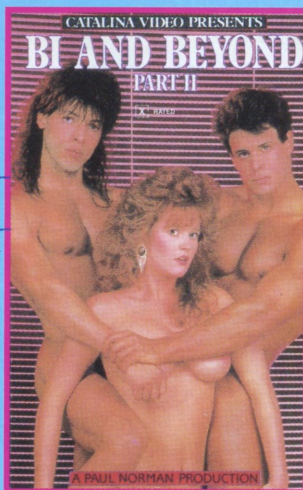


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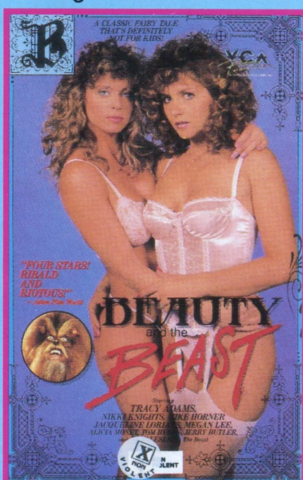


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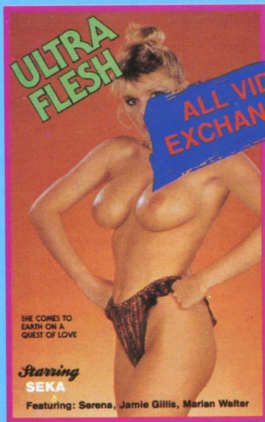


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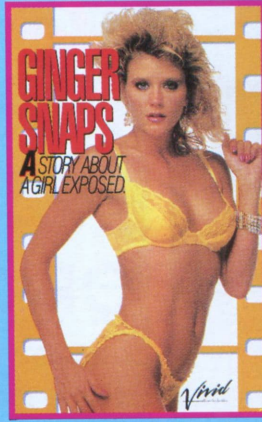
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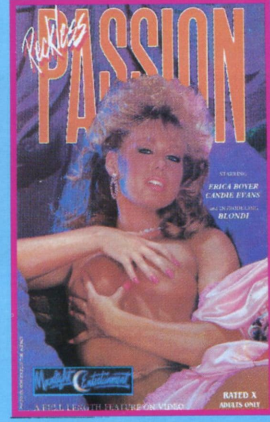
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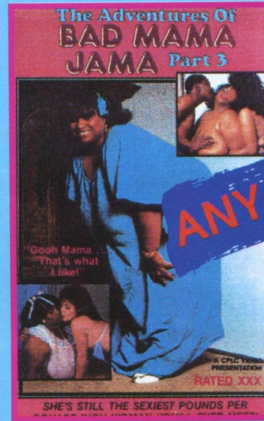
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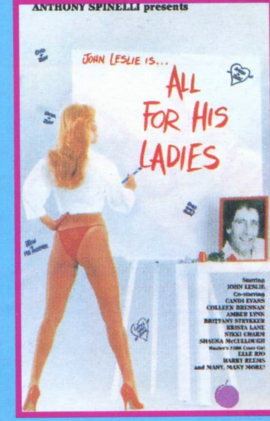
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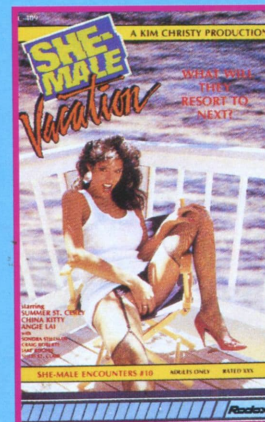
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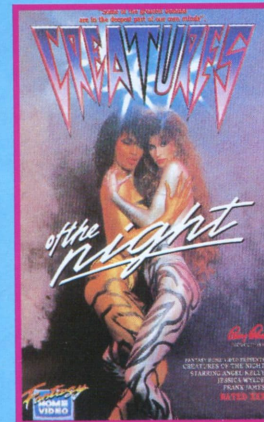
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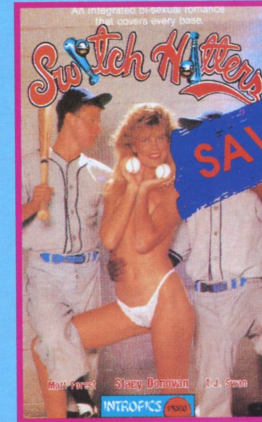
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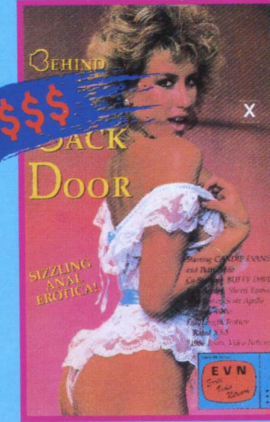
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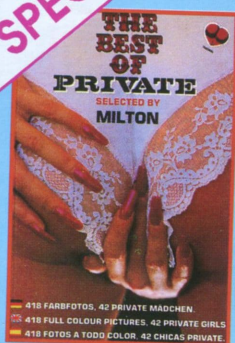
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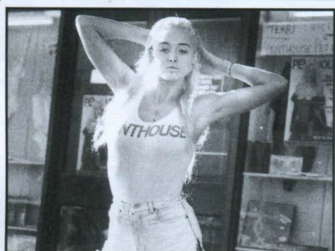
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Sweet 21-year-old Kitty Rogers is the shy, retiring type. "I'm always tongue-tied when I meet a new man," she admits, "especially if I'm attracted to him. I go weak at the knees."

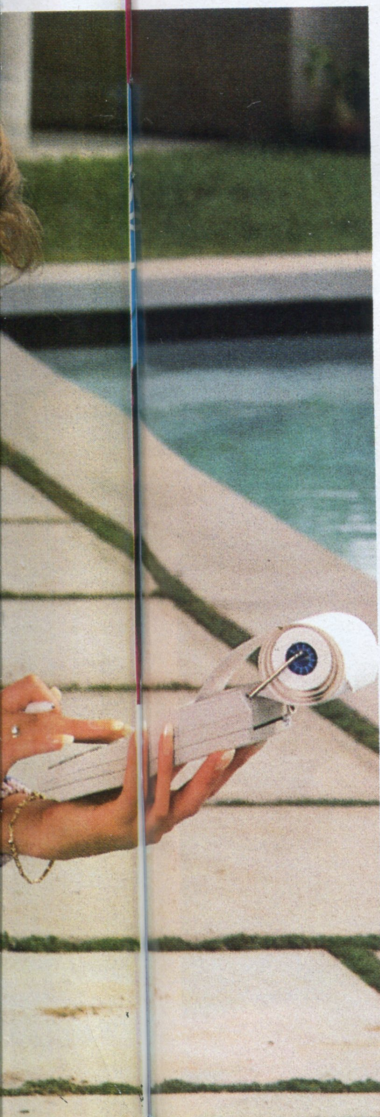
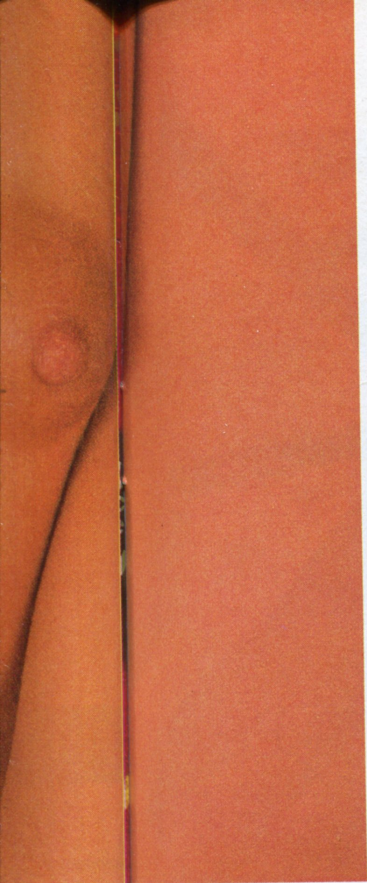
WEAK AT THE KNEES

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL BEAL











When it comes to body talk, however, Kitty is eloquent. She has a wide vocabulary of alluring postures. "There are more ways to tantalise than with language. Often there's no need to talk at all." These photos say it all.

SURF COOL

Continued from page 68

The heat is extraordinary. Carroll lets a wave go in the opening seconds and Martin is on it, raging down the break. It forces Carroll, with wave priority, to wait for something decent. Nothing arrives. Finally Carroll has to catch a wave. He does, but the next wave, Martin's, is better. That rhythm flows throughout the heat, and Potter gets his best wave right at the bell.

Afterwards Martin and Tom and his friend Glen Stokes head back home for some ping-pong. Potter plays a lot of ping-pong. He sometimes plays 20 games in a row until he's wringing wet with sweat, losing one, winning another, not stopping until he's satisfied. "He's pretty good," says Glen. "Tenacious is the word. He doesn't like losing, put it that way. He's been known to throw his bat."

Anyway, he dusts off TC 21-17, a little harder than it's been lately. Potter has a couple of beers and goes home to bed. The streak is still running. Next day would be a semi-final, and another (current) world champ: Barton Lynch.

Martin watches world champions. Never yet having been one, he wonders about them. He's not even sure if he needs it. "I mean, you know, you see someone win a world title, and you look at him and you go: 'Wow, that guy's stoked! That guy is stoked!' And then the next week you see him walking along, stressing... Why? The guy's just won the world title and he's not very happy. What's going on?"

"Like, I've learned so much by looking at guys like Shaun Tomson, and Tom, and Mark Richards, and... even Barton [Lynch] and Damien [Hardman]. And Curren. You know? These are the guys who can take a no-win situation and turn it into a full-on win situation. You don't have to be the best surfer in the world to be world champion. You've just gotta have your life in whack — and having that all assessed, I reckon your surfing just comes naturally. Because you do it every day, you rip the shit out of it every day, then you paddle out in your heat and lose it — I mean, it's just utterly stupid. You know, a heat can make the best surfer in the world look like the ultimate kook."

9.30 am, Sunday morning, and Martin is relaxing up near his car on the Queenscliff verge with some of the crew.

He takes his time getting ready for the semi-final with Lynch. He sits on the grass with Glen. "Barton's scared of me," he growls. "I know he's scared of me."

The heat is extraordinary again. It is almost an exact repeat of the one against Carroll. Potter grabs a wave early, somehow knowing the tide is doing some odd things, and backs it up immediately. Fortune favors him with a small third wave that runs forever

down the sandbank. After eight minutes Lynch falls on his first wave, and his rhythm is shot from then on.

Martin comes up to the competitors' area. He is shaking, wild-eyed, panting, on his face that look athletes get when they are in the grip of forces almost beyond them and they are a little dazed by the flow of events. He pulls on a sweatshirt. "What time are we back in?" he asks. "One-thirty?" And he walks off into the crowd in a trance, Justin cutting a path ahead.

Can his friends pick something about this new Potter? "What I've noticed is he takes losing better," says Glen Stokes. "That's changed a bit. He evaluates things a lot more. In surfing, that is."

His manager, Peter Colbert, believes the streak can be quantified, measured. Years ago he'd told his young star that the most important thing for success was a solid base, friends, somewhere to live. "Put it this way. I'm not surprised that it's happened. It's really amazed me that everyone wrote him off. It seems to me that people don't realise Martin's been going through one* of the most emotional periods of his life. He's the survivor; he's come through as a survivor."

Tom Carroll has it simply. "The potential's always been there. People, unless they were stupid, would've realised that. As soon as he got confidence... like a rat out of an aqueduct, mate."

The final runs in a different rhythm to the quarter and semi. It starts out like everything is in reverse — Potter with one okay ride, Hawaiian Derek Ho with two beauties. World champ Barton Lynch is in the media tent, listening to the scores come in. "You feel like an alien, once you've bombed out in one of these," he says. "I hope Derek wins... give it a bit of balance."

Then on his fourth wave of the final Martin Potter produces everything. He hits one move — a top-turn-snapback-cutback that is an absolute full-risk, instinctual monster from somewhere out of the depths of the frightening Potter armory. It scores him 27.3 out of 30. From here on Ho is fighting; Potter is settled.

Three contests out of four, Lynch is numb. "We've seen people get off to good starts before," he half-snarls. "It's not like we're dealing with a robot. He's human."

Potter gets his ten grand cheque from the Divinyls' Chrissie Amphlett and is covered with champagne on the dais. Someone throws confetti and streamers from the judges' tower. Martin goes out the back for a press conference, that dazed look still on his face. All the way through this he leaves the winner's singlet on. Finally, when the TV crews are milling about, having got their shots, he tears it off. Small silver and gold stars are still clinging to the hair on his shoulders. He half-laughes in amazement, shakes his head slightly. "I dunno what I am at the moment," he mutters.

Metropolis nightclub is a crazed scene that night and Potter doesn't surface again until Tuesday, when he rolls into Peter Colbert's office at 11.30am and immediately has a beer.

"It's okay," says Colbert. "He can have a week off."

The whole pressure of a year is yet to come down. The assassins — Hardman, Lynch, Carroll — will watch him like sharks and wait for slip-ups, a weakening of the flow, an injury.

By Hawaii, January '90, everything may have changed.

But maybe it won't matter what they do. "I think now," says Martin, "I dunno. It's really hard to say, I feel different. I feel like I'm doing something I wanna do and I love to do it and I'm finally happy with what I'm doing... I don't think I'm too old at the moment, I'm still young. I still feel that I have enough there to do it."

And he smiles, a good smile, wild hair, the three-day growth, the ear-stud, the casual voice... The King of Surf Cool!

Martin Potter is still young enough, and — while the streak continues, anyway — may God help those who stand in his way.

Addendum: As this article went to press Martin Potter was in the process of winning the \$105,000 Marui Japan Open. That victory extended his streak to four out of the first five contests — a feat no other surfer has ever accomplished. 



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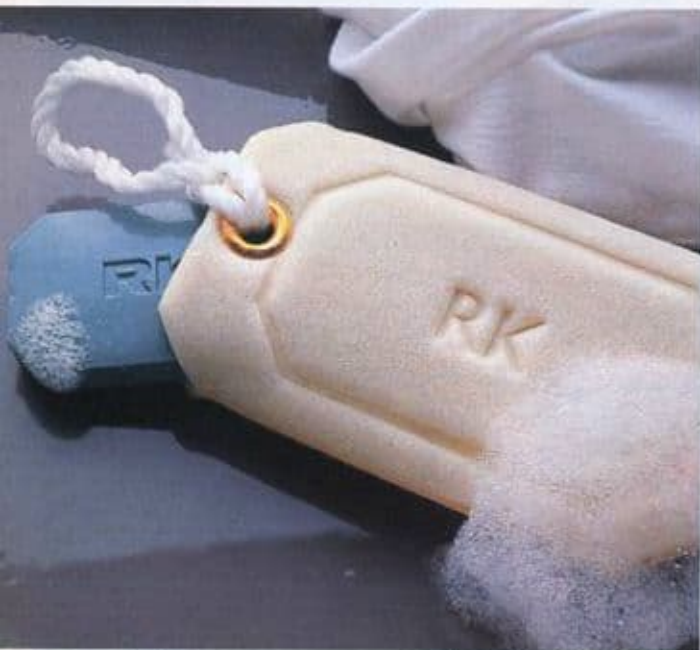








LOOSE ENDS



FRESH FACED

Here's a new twist on the old soap on a rope. Redken have just released men's skincare kits that comprise three acid-balanced non-soap cleansing bars and a double-sided sponge sleeve with cord to hang from tap or shower. The bars are formulated to protect, condition and maintain the natural pH of the skin and a special Allantoin ingredient soothes after shaving. One side of the sponge is abrasive enough to slough off dead skin cells; the other is softer to gently pamper the face. The bars fit inside the sponge sleeve. The kits sell for \$19.95 at Redken salons nationwide.

PUSH BUTTON ELOQUENCE

Everyone knows what a brain drain it is searching for the right word for a quick backhand in a verbal fist-fight. Now you can push a button and it will be at your fingertips. The new pocket Wordmaster from Dick Smith is a piece of electronic wizardry designed for instantaneous eloquence. It contains a thesaurus, a dictionary and game-player. The thesaurus features more than 35,000 entry words and returns

470,000 synonyms from Merriam-Webster's Collegiate Thesaurus. Unlike most conventional thesauruses, it gives you definitions for each "sense" of a word. The Wordmaster also corrects and checks the spelling of 80,000 words from Merriam-Webster's dictionary and provides the hyphenation points for each of the words on the list. It also has several word game functions including Scrabble and a crossword puzzle, and a fill-in-the-letters function that threatens to make crosswords obsolete. The Wordmaster also comes in a pocket-sized model and retails for \$199 in Dick Smith stores throughout Australia. You need never be lost for words again.



COMPUTER MATE

Who needs friends when you've got a chess computer? These technological playmates serve not only as tireless opponents prepared to give you a game no matter what your level of expertise, they are also teaching facilities designed to improve your skill without the tedium of book learning. For the beginner there are useful coaching features, and some, including the Saitek Kasparov Conquistador pictured here, will show you eight of the most instructive and exciting games in the history of chess. It'll even evaluate your level of play. The Conquistador was supplied to *Penthouse* by leading electronic games importer and distributor Computerplay, on (02) 57 3482.

WIN AN ALPINE CAR SOUND SYSTEM

This month *Australian Penthouse* and Alpine, world leaders in car audio, offer you the chance to win a car sound system valued at more than \$1200.

Alpine have been unchallenged as the world's number one car audio company for over eight years and are the only company authorised to use the exotic Lamborghini Countach for advertising and promotions. Lamborghini chose Alpine for their vehicles because they believed them to be the best car audio available.

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To be in the running, simply tell us the name of the car used exclusively by Alpine in their advertising promotions. Write your answer on the back of an envelope and post it to: ALPINE COMPETITION, *Australian Penthouse*, PO Box 42, Cammeray, NSW. Entries close last mail on Friday, October 20.



CLASS GLASS

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BLOODBOWL

Eye-gouging and groin grabbing are mere child's play compared to Bloodbowl. This fantasy football boardgame is a bloodthirsty version of the grid-iron Superbowl played by goblins and humans. The macabre match is played on an asphalt field and the idea is to score goals and massacre the other team. As it says on the box, "It's not winning or losing, it's mayhem and violence that counts." An addition to the gruesome game called Dungeonbowl is also available. It features dastardly dwarves pitted against evil elves in a play-off of death and destruction. The ball is hidden in a treasure chest deep in the dungeon and once it is found a serious battle ensues for possession. The first team to survive to score a touchdown wins. Bloodbowl retails for \$79.95 and Dungeonbowl for an additional \$49.95. It's available from The Games House in Sydney and other leading toy stores.



LOOSE ENDS



EUROPEAN STYLING

Newly available Australian-made Brooksfield business shirts offer European styling, quality and finish at an affordable price. The 100 per cent cotton range features soft constructed collars, narrow cuffs, smooth fitting shoulder yoke and a slightly larger fit to eliminate unsightly "pull." Fabric design reflects the latest in European trends with lots of stripes and the sombre colors of bottle green, burgundy, navy and olive green featuring. Brooksfield shirts retail for around \$68 at David Jones, Grace Brothers and most good men's shops nationally.

SINK A FEW

As well as being great for the home, the MacGraw Indoor Basketball Hoop is being touted as an executive novelty par excellence. Hooks on the backboard allow you to simply slip the gizmo on to the top of a door to provide a stress relieving opportunity to sink a few baskets or test your skill with balls of waste paper. The fun kit sells for around \$32 at toy and sports stores, or phone PJW Sports on (02) 477 7996 for availability.



THE JOHNNIE WALKER COLLECTION

Johnnie Walker Red Label Old Scotch Whisky is a major sponsor of the PGA Tournament at Sydney's magnificent Riverside Oaks Golf Course to be held on November 9-12.

To celebrate, a range of golfing accessories all reflecting the color of the brand have been designed and are being offered to Johnnie Walker fans as a special promotion on bottles of Red Label Old Scotch Whisky. You simply send in the necktag order form with a crushed Johnnie Walker Red Label bottlecap for each item, together with the appropriate payment.

And, if you visit Riverside Oaks during the tournament, you'll find the range for sale in the Johnnie Walker stand.

The high quality, 100

percent Australian-made lambswool sweater (Item A — sizes M, L, XL, XXL) is available for just \$35; the cotton/polyester colored golf shirt (Item B — sizes M, L, XL) is \$25; sunshades (Item C

— padded for comfort, one size fits all) are \$5 each; baseball hats (Item D — adjustable) \$8; Slazenger DDH golf balls (Item E) \$6; the popular Johnnie Walker golf umbrella (Item F), double-ribbed for extra

strength, will sell for a mere \$35; and the red vinyl wood cover with see-through panel (Item G) is \$7.50. It is only available through this *Penthouse* offer or via the Johnnie Walker necktag. The famous

Johnnie Walker striding figure features as a stylish gold emblem, unobtrusively positioned on each item in the range.

If you'd like to order any of the Johnnie Walker golfing specials, please identify the item, size, quantity and price and enclose your cheque or money order (or give your Bankcard/Mastercard/Visa Card number and expiry date) and send, with one crushed bottle cap for each item purchased, to: The Johnnie Walker Collection, Post Office Box 2016, Manly, NSW 2095. Remember to include your name and address. Please allow 28 days for delivery. If they do not arrive within that time, please call the Johnnie Walker Collection Hotline on (02) 975 1000.



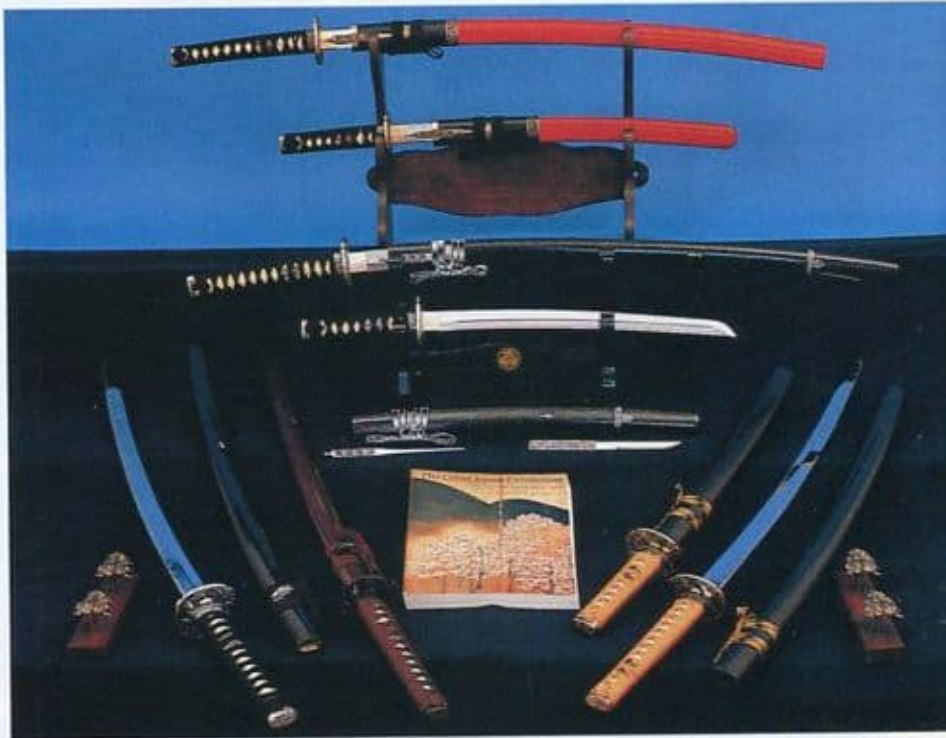


SKIMSLAM!

Here's a new game which might lure you back to the beach without troubling you with fears of pollution. Skimboards Australia presents Skimslam!, the world's first legitimate body contact beach sport, developed specifically for the sand and the waves. This is no two-handed touch-up with a pig's bladder or hit and giggle racquet game. Skimslam!, played on skimboards at the water's edge, is a sprint and slide game where you jostle your opponent into a "face-plant" while you glide majestically across a glassy wave, then pressure drop back on to the sand. The game is a high action, crowd pleasing face-off where the winner is determined through a points scoring system that rewards cunning and bravado. Skimboards range in price from \$150 to \$400. For more information, Skimslam! rulebooks and lessons, contact Ron Aggs, the inventor of the game, on (02) 953-5711.

SAMURAI SWORDS

The ancient spirit of the samurai is resurrected in the Samurai Warrior collection from Zen Imports. They have a bloodcurdling variety of cut-throat blades which are authentic replicas of original and historic Japanese swords. The Samurai Warrior blades have an increased curvature in accordance with tradition and to enhance their use for exponents of Laido, the art of sword drawing. All hilts are bound and knotted into the Kushira, the Sageo cord is traditionally secured to the scabbard and the sword is finely crafted in minute detail with classic fully armored Samurai Warrior designs. To order one call Zen Imports on (02) 818 1955.



PEDALLERS POLISHED

For the complete power dresser there's no such thing as a minor detail. Scruffy shoes can be enough to send your corporate strategy into a free-fall. Now to complete the executive ensemble a shoebox is available from Five Way Fusion in Sydney. This shoe case from Rossetti is fashioned from fine oak and

contains three colored brushes and matching shoe polishes as well as a special brush for suede. It also houses four clothesbrushes in different colors to banish any tell-tale bits of fluff or specks of dirt from the old bag of fruit. Priced at \$595, it makes the perfect gift for the man who has almost everything.



RECKONING

Continued from page 65



Brisbane's Bobbie Reynolds

A QUICK PEEK AT NOVEMBER AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Abducted? — Controversy over alien abductions has taken hold in Australia. Just how genuine are the bizarre stories of those who claim to have been kidnapped by extraterrestrials and subjected to weird examinations before release? Is this just a social phenomenon, or are we dealing with something real? Find out in November *Australian Penthouse*.

Antarctica — The most desolate place on the planet's fragile ecology is under threat. Mining, tourism and many other influences are damaging this pristine wilderness. Next month *Penthouse* investigates the impact of development in Antarctica and considers Australia's responsibility to the coldest continent.

Skinheads — They're the fastest growing gang in England. Their uniform consists of steel-capped "bovver boots", blue jeans, shaved heads and tattoos. It is skinhead brutality which has been largely responsible for the racial violence on Britain's streets and soccer fields. Are they redundant drones or the voice of tomorrow? November *Australian Penthouse* has the story and the pics.

Pet Of The Month — November's main attraction is 19-year-old model Bobbie Reynolds. Bobbie flew down to Sydney from her home city of Brisbane to be photographed by *Penthouse* lensman Nick Brokensha. Catch her dazzling act in next month's centrespread.

already done a great deal to reduce CO₂. "The passenger car fleet in Australia has, between 1978 and 1988, improved fuel efficiency by 20 per cent," Pound argues. Pound also suggests that the unleaded fuel/catalytic converter technology introduced to Australia in 1986 banished half of the harmful oxides of nitrogen gases that are a "reasonable contributor to the Greenhouse Effect." That Holden could do more by using smaller, more efficient engines is not part of Pound's argument.

New South Wales' State Pollution Control Commission has initiated much motor vehicle emissions legislation in recent times, but the current global warming issue is, according to the deputy manager of Noise and Transport, Noel Trompp, not the SPCC's problem. The SPCC, he says, deals with reducing emissions, not in the promotion of fuel efficiency. "Australia's contribution to the Greenhouse Effect is marginal, anyway," he adds. "Although we must do our bit."

How we do our bit is the responsibility of Federal Environment Minister Senator Graham Richardson and the Australian Environment Council. Trompp believes the AEC will "most likely push for a reduction in CO₂; I don't think the present situation will be allowed to continue."

The industry remains optimistic. Holden's Pound feels the Australian Government will not introduce fuel-efficiency targets: "I don't think that approach is acceptable here — the government would be voted out of existence. We've been down the small-car route here before, and people don't like them."

Governments are also looking at other means of cutting back fossil-fuel usage in motor vehicles. Smoother traffic flow is an obvious move, and this means more free-ways, greater restriction on inner-city traffic movement, the elimination or upgrading of poorly-timed traffic lights, no bridge or expressway tolls. As well, major cities will be looking at ways to revolutionise public transport, to offer a genuinely attractive alternative to personal car use.

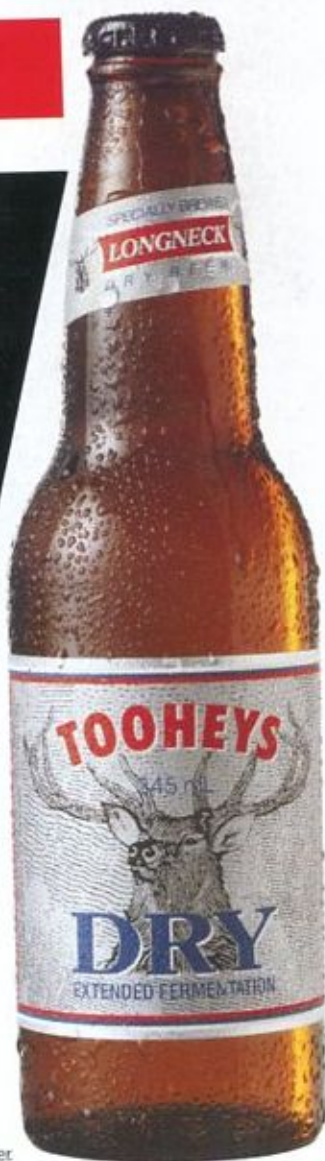
The world, it seems, must wean itself off its unnatural dependence on the car. The conundrum is that potential solutions often pose their own problems, creating new safety and environmental issues. A move to smaller, lighter cars raises questions of occupant safety. Electric cars may create toxic emissions when lead-acid batteries are overcharged. And battery-pack disposal could be an environmental distress. Methanol has been touted as an alternative fuel source, but CO₂ emissions can be double that of conventional petrol engines and in any case methanol produces formaldehyde, a suspected carcinogen . . . For 100 years, the car has been living off Mother Earth; now she's calling in her dues. 

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